

S-W Extension, showing Fiume


A MAP OF
HUNGARY
B C B
0 10 20 40 60 80 100
Scale of 100 Engl: Miles
Dukla Pass
Keleti Beszkedek Mts
Uzsok Pass
Carpathians
Ung-var
Sátoraljaújhely
Csap
Munkács
GALICIA
Beregszász
Tisza R.
NYIREGYHÁZA
Tisza R.
Marmaros-Sziget
CZERNOWITZ
Haidu Nánás
Szatmár Németi
Haidu Böszörmény
Nagy Károly
Szamos R.
Nagy Bánya
DEBRECZEN
H. Szoboszló
Bükk Mts
Borgoi P.
E. Carpathians
Szilágy
Zilah
Sebes Körös R.
Nagy-Várad
Réz Mts:
Mezöség
Szász Régen
Gyergyoi
Nagy Szalonta
Kolozsvár
Fekete Körös R.
K. Küküllö R.
Maros Vásárhely
Bihar Mts:
Fehér Körös R.
Nagy Enyed
TRANSYLVANIA
Gyula Fehérvár
Nagy Küküllö R.
Segesvár
Bereczk
Ojtoz P.
Maros R.
Déva
Nagy Szeben
Aluta R.
Szászváros
Fogaras
Vajda Hunyad
Brassó
Lugos
Vörös torony Roten Turm P.
Tömös P.
Predeal
Iron Gate P.
TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS
Karánsebes
Fehértemplon
ROUMANIA
Orsova
Vaskapu
Iron Gate
Turnu Severinu
BUKAREST

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HUNGARY AND THE HUNGARIANS



THE PALACE OF THE KING—FROM PEST

37635h

HUNGARY
AND THE
HUNGARIANS

BY

W. B. FORSTER BOVILL

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR BY
WILLIAM PASCOE
AND TWELVE OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

METHUEN & CO.
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TO

MY FRIEND

ZSOMBOR DE SZÁSZ

WITHOUT WHOSE AID AND COUNSEL

MUCH OF THIS COULD NEVER HAVE

BEEN WRITTEN

PREFACE

THE task of writing something about "Hungary and the Hungarians" has been a very pleasant one. For years past I have felt that the Hungarian point of view ought to be presented to English readers in a picturesque form, and with this aim I send my impressions and opinions into the great critical world, conscious of many defects, but convinced that both English and Magyar alike will not charge me with being afraid to express myself.

The unbounded hospitality of the Magyars, and their almost over-accentuated desire to appear to advantage before Englishmen, has not blinded me to their defects, and, as far as I have been able to distinguish such, I have unsparingly criticised them. Everything has been done to enable me to see the country and the people as they really are, to travel at will the length and breadth of the land, and to have intercourse with representatives of every social and political grade. For much of this I am deeply indebted to Count

Albert Affonyi, the present Minister of Education and Religion, and M. Francis Kossuth, the Minister of Commerce. Both have been most kind, considerate, and helpful. Throughout the book one will find many apparent mistakes in spelling, but most of these have been left in to preserve the euphony of the sentence, and also that visitors who may chance to bring the volume to Hungary with them may find the expressions in their native form, just as Hungarians would use them. This I have particularly tried to accomplish in relation to names of places and persons. Furthermore, by way of explanation, the volume is not only about "Hungary and the Hungarians," but some idea, I hope, may be gleaned of the many nationalities inhabiting Hungary. Many things doubtless are missing, but I have attempted to outline those features that naturally come up for consideration during travel, and to explain and answer some of the questions a visitor is likely to ask.

My thanks are also due to the directors of the Magyar Kiralyi Folyám és Tengerhajózási Részvénytársasáy and the Erste K. K. priv. Donau-Dampfschiffahrts-Gesellschaft for their continued kindnesses in allowing me to explore the far reaches of the Danube. To Mr. Eugene

Golonya, Könyves Kálmán Magyar Mükiadó Részv. Társ, and V. Hornyánszky for the right to produce several of the illustrations. There is also a large crowd of people who have ministered to my needs, many of their names have amid the general rush and worry of publication escaped me, but the memory of the deed remains, and it is to these I desire to express my deepest gratitude.

W. B. F. B.

BUDAPEST

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	PREFACE	vii
	INTRODUCTION	xv
I.	THE GLOWING PAST	1
II.	MODERN HUNGARY	24
III.	THE CARPATHIANS AND ITS PEOPLES	40
IV.	WHERE THE MAGYAR REIGNS	56
V.	ON THE GREAT PLAIN	75
VI.	BUDAPEST AND ART	91
VII.	BUDAPEST AS IT IS	109
VIII.	LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE	125
IX.	POLITICS AND POLITICIANS	146
X.	TRANSYLVANIA AND THE TRANSYLVANIANS	166
XI.	SZÉKLERS, SAXONS, AND ROUMANIANS	185
XII.	THE GIPSIES AND THEIR MUSIC	204
XIII.	CROATIA AND THE CROATIANS	222
XIV.	CUSTOMS, COSTUMES, AND CHARACTER	239
XV.	MUSIC AND SONG IN HUNGARY	255
XVI.	HUNGARY'S POLITICAL RELATION TO AUSTRIA	271
XVII.	THE DANUBE	280
XVIII.	AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE	297
XIX.	FROM BEATEN TRACKS	315
XX.	THE FUTURE OF HUNGARY	335
	INDEX	349

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN COLOUR

THE PALACE OF THE KING—FROM PEST . . *Frontispiece*

LAKE CSORBA IN THE CARPATHIANS . . *Facing p.* 44

SLOVAK PEASANT OF THE TÁTRA, NORTHERN HUNGARY . . . . . „ 54

EVENING IN BUDA . . . . . „ 90

THE CORSO, BUDAPEST. (OUTSIDE THE HUNGARIA HOTEL) . . . . . „ 110

FARM-FOLK RETURNING FROM MORNING MARKET, KOLOZSVÁR, TRANSYLVANIA . . . „ 166

TRANSYLVANIAN PEASANTS, KOLOZSVÁR . . „ 182

NIGHT IN A GIPSY CAMP . . . . „ 208

STREET SCENE IN POZSONY LEADING TO THE OLD CASTLE . . . . . „ 212

MARKET-FOLK, NEAR ZÁGRÁB, CROATIA . . „ 236

NIGHT ON THE DANUBE, LOOKING TOWARDS BUDA „ 270

MARIA THERESA'S CASTLE, POZSONY . . „ 280

ON THE DANUBE NEAR VISEGRÁD . . . „ 288

A FARMHOUSE NEAR PÉCS, TRANS-DANUBIAN HUNGARY . . . . . „ 302

BEHIND THE TOWN OF PÉCS . . . „ 326

TYPE OF SOUTHERN HUNGARIAN . . . „ 334

IN MONOTONE

MAP FROM A DRAWING BY B. C. BOULTER . . *Front cover*

BUDAPEST . . . . . . *Facing p.* 1
From a Photograph by R. LECHNER, Vienna.

THEBEN . . . . . „ 42
From a Photograph by THE PHOTOCHROME CO.

HUNGARIAN GIPSIES ON HORSEBACK . . „ 76
From the Painting by CARL STEFFECK By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

A CASTLE ON THE DANUBE . . . . „ 130
From a Photograph by THE PHOTOCHROME CO.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, BUDAPEST . . „ 146
From a Photograph by R. LECHNER, Vienna.

A TRANSYLVANIAN MARKET PLACE—NAGY-VÁRAD . „ 172
From a Photograph by THE PHOTOCHROME CO.

NAGY-SZEBEN . . . . . „ 192
From a Photograph by THE PHOTOCHROME CO.

THE MARKET PLACE, ZÁGRÁB . . . „ 228
From a Photograph by THE PHOTOCHROME CO.

ORSOVA . . . . . „ 282
From a Photograph by THE PHOTOCHROME CO.

THE AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM, BUDAPEST . . „ 298
From a Photograph by R. LECHNER, Vienna.

A TOWN ON THE DANUBE . . . . „ 312
From a Photograph by THE PHOTOCHROME CO.

FIUME . . . . . „ 330
From a Photograph by THE PHOTOCHROME CO.

INTRODUCTION

"The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are."

DR. JOHNSON

TO start out for a long holiday in a country and then to settle down there is sufficient proof of the enchanting qualities of scene and character resident therein. To see the initial sights as one of an organised crowd is one thing, and to revisit and re-see them alone, amid the blessed silence of one's own irresistible self, is quite another thing.

No country demands individual attention more than Hungary, and perhaps no country has suffered the lack of individual attention more than Hungary. Leaving as I did, or at least thought I did, Teuton influences behind me at Oderberg, I entered the picturesque land of the Three Mountains and the Four Rivers from the Carpathian side, and beheld immediately something of its unique glory, whilst I caught at once the subtle, lurking spirit of the mosaiced nationalities packed away there amongst the simple hill folk. Without imagination and bereft of that peculiar capacity of rapid acclimatisation, only a very meagre idea of the Magyar character can be obtained. There is a psychological moment for

entering a country, which if neglected leaves one cold and cheerless, reducing man's supremest efforts to soulless clay. In Hungary everything demands atmosphere and temperament. There is so much to be accounted for, to be forgiven, and to be overlooked. It sounds an obvious truism applicable to all nations, but the possibility of error usurping the place of truth, when truth and good feeling is intended, is, alas! so often the result of a rigorous application of Western ideas to the actions of a race just emerging from the influence of the Orient. Hungary is no emporium of the so-called Western blessings, economics, or progress. Neither is it devoid of the capacity for such; and though preserving its own peculiar national features or character, it nevertheless does not scorn to borrow where borrowing contributes to value.

It is a land of surprises. In its politics, its commerce, and its social life the element of contradiction and surprise looms largely. Let this be counted for righteousness and all will be well, but leave no margin for imagination, and bitter disappointment will ruin the best intentions of the most kindly disposed visitor. It is old yet remarkably juvenile, primitive and yet in many ways up to date. The clashing contrasts of the land are confounding. As soon as you enter the country you are told that "the Hungarian never forgets"; this is perfectly true, but it sometimes takes him a lifetime to remember. It would be better to say, "The Hungarian never hurries." There is an artistic lethargy in his nature which sometimes irritates

the Westerner. A kind of sublime inertia encompasses him which allows him to put off till to-morrow what could have been very well done to-day. O Procrastination, thou thief of opportunity! I soon found out that the Oriental conception of time was prevalent, that what was meant was "more or less." Hungary is practically unknown. Few indeed could state her geographical boundaries, or give their countrymen a correct idea of the Magyars, their language, literature, and customs.

In the realm of misconceptions Hungary is a great sufferer. The French writers describe the Magyars as *ces peuples slaves.* Many English readers retain the idea that the Magyars, as a Viennese correspondent once called them, "*the paprika-fed Magyars,*" are still savages, dangerous to meet and impossible to understand. Hungary being slightly beyond the touring area, this conception lives. Neither will geographical books help one very much. Take, for instance, those geographical readers in use in the schools of the Hungarian nationalities—on home ground, so to speak. Here you find the Saxon and Roumanian completely out of harmony with the idea of the unity of the Hungarian State. In most of the Saxon schools Austria and Hungary are huddled together and surrounded by the same geographical boundary line. If you consult a Roumanian geography, you will find Transylvania separated from Hungary, and Roumanian names given to the counties, towns, villages, and rivers. In one Roumanian book I found Debreczen called the

capital of the so-called Kriscana. Could anything be more absurd? In another Roumanian book appears the following astounding assertion: "In the middle of Europe lies Austria-Hungary, the capital of which is Vienna." It is difficult to estimate the evil done by such misstatements as these. In his *Studies on Homer* Mr. Gladstone says: "When long established falsehoods have had habitual and undisturbed possession of the public mind, they form an atmosphere which we inhale long before consciousness begins. Hence the spurious colours with which we have thus been surreptitiously imbued long survive the power, or even the act, of recurrence to the original standards." What is known best in England is founded, I fear, on "long established falsehoods," and the public mind dislikes being disturbed.

In Servian books one is taught that "every land in which Servians live is a Servian land," consequently Bács county, belonging to Hungary, where many Servians reside, is Servian land. In German readers Hungary is designated as "East Austria," and Budapest described as consisting of two parts, "one of which, Buda, is the town of Austrian or German officers and soldiers." French books speak of Croatia and Transylvania as distinct and separate States. Dutch books treat Hungary as if it were an inseparable part of Austria, and in Spain one reads that "the Austrian Empire is divided into seventeen provinces; one of these is Hungary, and another Transylvania, each of them having its own capital." In some of the

Swiss books it is the "Empire Austria-Hungary" that is described, with an "Imperial Ministry" and various provinces governed by "Imperial Governors." Russia for the most part is correct, though some districts of Northern Hungary are labelled "Red Russia." In the spring of last year one of the most eminent Hungarian publicists arrived at Malta, and was of course asked to state his place of residence; on replying that he came from Budapest, he was at once entered as an "Austrian" subject. Despite repeated remonstrances, he remained an Austrian subject. Often letters from distinguished writers in England have reached me addressed "*Budapesth, Austria.*" Why not "Budapest, Hungary"? To this very day the wrappers of one of the leading London dailies arrive addressed "Budapest, Austria," to which the coffeehouse-boy invariably murmurs, "*Szemtelenség!*" which is to be interpreted "Impudence!" Even Mr. Gladstone in his famous Wirral speech spoke of "Austria's emancipation of Hungary." Surely the great Liberal statesman overlooked the fact that Austria did not create Hungary as it now exists, but Hungary practically created constitutional Austria. This torrent of complaints met me soon after my arrival, and though it failed to seriously arrest the attention of my English companions, I must confess that it led to a resolve on my part to probe if possible the underlying causes of Magyar discontent, and to find out how far they themselves had been responsible for it. It remains embedded in the mind of the Hungarian that the

world is against him in his great national and individual struggle.

"You only know us," said a very distinguished Hungarian traveller to me one day, "through the medium of the German language, and even then you know not the best about us. Our great rulers and literary forces you in England do not even know the names of, and you imagine that gipsies, Kossuth, music, wine, and Jókai are all we have produced." How very true! But why is Hungary misunderstood? I must confess that in some cases misunderstanding is wilful. There are also racial, geographical, and political reasons.

Misinterpretation and misunderstanding have, I fear, now degenerated into mere political barter and loss. Hungary at least understands the truth of the statement that indefinite definitions are long-lived because they possess political value. But one of the chief reasons adducible is the individualistic and often conservative ideas of the Hungarians. There is now no one great national aim upon which the entire nation is united and to which it works. The ubiquitous Jew, with that instinctive virtue of his, has captured the commerce of Hungary. Politically he is a wobbler, party considerations having little weight where the question of dividends enter. In 1848 a definite and distinct aim existed, ambition has since then largely become individual. Politicians sincere and insincere have their own little hobbies. The difficulty, however, commences when they imagine that Hungary is the

world and that outside are only resident those who in the scale of importance do not count. There is a tendency to exaggerate the place they occupy amongst the nations on the part of most Hungarians, and consequently a depreciation of the forces of resistance which must necessarily be encountered in the march towards the ideal. Hence the Anglo-Saxon may often find in that almost strident accent of infallibility which invariably preludes some great national crisis in politics, an obstacle to understanding rather than an adjunct. The temptation to live amongst the many heroes of the past, to gloat over the Golden Age of Matthias, to revel in the doughty deeds of Rákóczy II., and to sing the captivating Kurucz songs, is but one part of life, and that not an over important one. "*Hungary has not been, it is to come.*" When such is the motto of the nation, then the parochialism prevalent to-day will vanish, and the firm establishment of Hungary amongst the nations will really commence. The Hungarians are the most bewildering, fascinating, and hospitable race in Europe I have ever met, but to know what they are going to do next is to assume the office of the seer.

. . . . Let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd.



BUDAPEST

HUNGARY AND THE HUNGARIANS

CHAPTER I

THE GLOWING PAST

"The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings."—LEWIS CARROLL

THE Magyar enjoys retrospect. The songs of to-day are unsung; the books of to-day remain unread; the men of to-day, save in the arena of politics, are unknown. My dear old Hungarian host away in the Carpathians, how he delighted in sitting on the balcony those wonderful autumn evenings and speaking of the dead heroes of his land! At that moment the past had no fascination for me. I was a mere lounger in the land. Even the present—that out of which the future would be made—only concerned me but little. It is true there were vague questionings, and a desire to see the natural beauties of the land, but the seriousness of study had not fallen upon me then. Notwithstanding this absence of seriousness, I felt peculiarly amenable to impressions. The scent

of those stately pines, the wild untaught song of the Tót servant as she gave liberty to her emotions and allowed the historic episode she perchance had dreamt of to find suitable expressive notes, the awful silence of the Carpathians and the unique charm of my environment, all these lifted me at this moment of my sojourn in Hungary high above the bickerings of the time-serving politicians residing in Budapest. It was atmosphere I was looking for, and it was atmosphere that I found. But, as my host reminded me on one occasion, when I had displayed some signs of distress during a long harangue on the virtues of the Matthias period, the present was made out of the past, and I must learn all about it. Now I realise the many lost opportunities, the many notes I might have taken, and the many stories I ought to have remembered. He was a genuine Hungarian this host of mine. Retrospect was his virtue—and vice. In him memory became an organised agency against inexactitudes. His first words as I recall them now were these:—

"Banish from your mind everything that you have ever heard about my country, its history and its politics, and let me give you my view. Make as many notes as you will, and in a year's time, when perhaps you can speak our language, talk with others, and then winnow the wheat from the chaff."

But there was little chaff to be winnowed, though it was hard sometimes to part with pet theories and ideas encrusted with ignorance and believed to be truth. My dear old friend could teach history as I had never been taught it before. I could almost hear the thin, insistent tones of the prophets of the past, men whom few regarded it as worth their while to

listen to. Sometimes a group of men would concern us, and so close did we get to them that one almost caught the warmth of their breath. One afternoon a single historic figure stepped down from the High Tátra unattended, with none of the mustiness of the tomb about him, stepped down to retell the story of courage and sacrifice. Man in his varied rôles of benefactor and destroyer was portrayed, until one realised fully what G. M. Trevelyan calls the " Poetry of Time."

Whence came this strange company of warriors? Opinion even now is very divided upon this question. Some say the Magyars are the descendants of the Scythians who before 884 were satisfied with the quietude of the borders of the Caspian Sea. Others assert that they are a Finnish-Ugrian tribe who formerly inhabited Central Asia, and who, of a fighting, roving nature, entered Hungary by the pass of Vereczke, in the north-east of the Carpathians, more than a thousand years ago. Even the late Count Eugene Zichy, though he undertook an expedition of discovery to Central Asia, was unable to adequately satisfy the critics as to the origin of his race. There is a hypothetical uncertainty about the birth and parentage of these Constitutional Magyars. But whatever obscurity concerning their origin may exist even to-day, one thing history has made exceedingly plain, viz., that by the end of the eleventh century Hungary had so developed both materially and morally that it was able to take a commanding position amongst the independent States of Europe.

Professor Vámbéry, as the result of much research, has satisfied himself as to the Turkish nationality of Árpád and his companions; whilst the historian Ranke declared that the Magyars overrunning

Hungary at the close of the ninth century were really Turks. The story of the "coming of Árpád" is not without its elements of romance. How real it was all made to me by so many! I could almost see this mass of humanity being swept as it were against its will from the basin of the Lower Irtis and Ural rivers Westward; ever subjected to the privations, to the calamities consequent upon nomadic pursuits; and at last overtaken and stricken by the birth-pain of a new ambition, the ache of aspiration and conquest.

A halt was called somewhere between the Pruth, Sereth, and the Dniester. Here the wanderers rested a while, whilst the chiefs of the seven tribes not only united under one Prince, but gave evidence of a recognition of the value of federation. Árpád, long regarded as a compendium of wisdom, was elected Prince, and this son of Álmos was raised on a shield whilst the seven chiefs of the tribes allowed themselves to be robbed of some blood, which was placed in a common vessel, thus sanctioning by the Eastern *blood-covenant* the election and federation. Thus was it that Hungary's first constitutional Prince was elected. The founding of a kingdom, however, was left to one Vajk, a successor of Árpáds, who, embracing Christianity, at once sought to Christianise his followers. On his conversion Vajk took the name of Stephen, and was rewarded by being created a saint by Pope Sylvester II. Thus came the title of "Apostolic King." If Hungary has sometimes forgotten to erect monuments to her illustrious sons, her noble line of kings have not been neglected, and St. Stephen is an unforgettable name. It is difficult to appreciate fully the material out of which he built up so strong a

kingdom. There was that nomadic, roving instinct which dethrones development and retards progress, whilst the warlike tendencies of the followers of Árpád were not conducive to a cultivation of the "arts of peace." But, as my old friend of the hills told me, the rough edge had been taken off these traits, and the Christianising influence of St. Stephen himself did the rest. It was an important epoch in history, because not merely the spirit, but in many cases the form of St. Stephen's ecclesiastical administration remains the same in Hungary even to-day. Order and prosperity thus rose from the ashes of chaos and failure. Christianity was, however, soon called upon to defend its title, for an outburst of pagan feeling followed the death of St. Stephen; but though priests were severely persecuted and churches razed to the ground, the success of the disturbing elements was only of a temporary nature.

Ladislaus the Saint, who succeeded Béla I., is regarded in literature as the "beau ideal of Hungarian heroism and courtesy." His reign was rendered interesting by his attempted organisation of Croatia and the founding of the bishopric of Zágráb. This work was excellently supplemented by Könyves Kálmán (Koloman the Studious), who conquered what was known as mediæval Croatia, and carried the subjected territory to the seacoast, and thus brought many Dalmatian cities under subjection. It will be useful to remember—for the Croatian Question is eternally present in every epoch—that from this period Croatia has been an integral part of Hungary. The King, however, had his little foibles, for after massacring a host of crusading emigrants in 1096, he successfully stopped all prosecutions for witchcraft,

straining his kingly prerogative and knowledge by declaring the non-existence of witches. Meanwhile, unconsciously to all, a new epoch in history was dawning. The dark period through which the nation had passed, the main product of which had been the development of administrative organisation, was ending, and the birth-joy of a new hope encompassed the Magyars. Endre II., like his English prototype John, was a weak king. Ambition and avarice brought both to the feet of the nation. Singularly enough, both held strong religious tendencies and an overweening ambition to figure prominently in the religious world, for Rome at this period was dominated by that master craftsman Innocent III. The Pope wanted more help in the Crusades, and the price of Innocent's support to Endre in his contest with the people was a promise to aid Catholicism in the East. Endre by craft and subterfuge collected men and money, and even succeeded in having himself crowned King of Jerusalem, but in the meantime he lost his grip of the country, and returning found it now beyond his grasp. In 1222 (exact date unknown) he found himself with a few hired fighting men behind him confronted by all the best elements of national life, headed by the heir to the throne. Thus the weakling, bowing to necessity and cowed by desertions, called the Diet together and granted the *Bulla Aurea*. This was not the end but the beginning of national struggle. It is worth noting that this Hungarian Magna Carta has only been subjected to two changes. Firstly, Louis the Great in 1351 omitted Article V., which deprived the nobility of their right of making a will in defence of male heirs; whilst the second change came in 1687, when Article XXXI. was deleted, an article which sanctioned

the *ultima ratio* of armed resistance "and gave such a revolutionary character to the Charter." Ever since, the *Bulla Aurea* has formed an integral part of the Coronation oath. There comes an end even to weakness. Béla IV. sought to rule in 1244. Much trouble had been nursed up for him by the Mongols, who commenced to overrun the land again. In vain did he beseech his neighbours help him disperse them. Even the Austrian Duke Frederic of Badenberg, with whom he was supposed to be on friendly relations, not only refused to aid him, but robbed the Queen of her jewels when she fled to him for safety, and finally occupied a part of Hungary. Those were the good old land-grabbing days. Béla IV., however, was not devoid of qualities, and, roused by the ingratitude of his neighbours, sought to utilise his own skill and power in restoring his kingdom. Such a task demanded infinite patience and a stout heart. In many respects he succeeded, but at a great personal cost. It was during the reign of Béla IV. that human flesh was sold for food, probably during the famine caused by the devastating plague of locusts which followed on the heels of one of the Mongol invasions. One of the practical ideas of Béla IV. was to introduce German colonists to make up the deficiency caused by the massacres of the Mongols. It must also be remembered that Hungary paid its first blood-tax to the House of Habsburg at this period, supporting as they did Emperor Rudolf against the Bohemians.

With the decease of Endre III. in 1301 the male ruling line of the House of Árpád became extinct. Hungary now became a factor in international politics. Monarch vied with monarch for Hungary, and after many vicissitudes the Neapolitan family of Anjou was

introduced in the person of Charles Robert of Anjou (1308–42). To no small degree he proved an excellent ruler; bringing as he did the nation into contact with Italian culture, he thus placed it on a level with Western civilisation. His son Louis, who succeeded him in 1342, possessed many of the qualities of a great ruler:

"The more you took from him the greater he appeared."

One of his first acts was to march on Naples, capture the city, and punish the murderers of his brother. To permanently hold the city became an impossibility. His influence on the nobles was beneficent. Recognising that military service depended upon them, he strove to improve their material condition. One tax, not perhaps very popular at first, the tax of a ninth which vassals must contribute of their total fruit and wine crops to the lord of the manor, was finally willingly paid by all. In all his enterprises he was gallantly supported by the nobles. They helped him to humble Venice and recapture Dalmatia. It was during the reign of Louis the Great that the Eastern Question began to disturb European chancellories. Another of his achievements was to subjugate Bulgaria, and make Widdin the direct property of Hungary. It may be said that from this juncture Hungary became the sentinel of Western civilisation against the Turk. Louis reigned forty years, and the nation enjoyed exceptional prosperity. Sad to relate, his death marks the period of national decline. Zsigmond of Luxembourg succeeded him, and was considered by some to be a man of great force, seeing that he was also Emperor of Germany and Rome. His first encounter with the

Turks in the spring of 1396 at Buda revealed the cowardly, craven heart of the man, for his 30,000 troops were for the most part routed owing to his temerity in action. Neither was he able to suppress the Bohemian ravages in Northern Hungary. Fortunately for the nation, a man of rich qualities rose to influence and power in the person of John Hunyadi. Truly was he called a pillar of the House of Jagelló. Chiefly owing to Hunyadi's genius, the Sultan Murad begged for a peace of ten years, which both Parliament and King accepted. For no apparent cause, Ladislaus broke his oath, and when the Pope attacked the Porte, Cardinal Julian was sent to urge the King to a new war. On November 10, 1444, the Hungarians were deserted by their Italian allies at Varna, Ladislaus was killed in battle, and the Hungarians defeated. Hunyadi, however, escaped, and his fiery genius averted a total national disaster. Bent upon revenge, he enrolled an army at his own expense, and, aided by the eloquence of a monk named John Capistran, marched on Belgrade, and there annihilated the besieging Turks. Pestilence overtook this brave man in 1456, and he died, leaving two sons behind, the elder of which the King ordered to be executed, whilst the younger son—Matthias—he carried with him prisoner to Prague. The death of the King broke the bonds that bound the young Matthias Hunyadi, and, returning to his native land, he was placed upon the vacant throne. The reign of Matthias Corvinus covered thirty-two years. It was a period of unrest and accomplishment. War followed war, success inspired success. He captured Vienna, but, before doing so, routed the Turks at Kenyérmezö, and defeated Podiebrad of Bohemia. The instinct of

generalship burned fiercely within him, and he created the celebrated "Black Band" of infantry. Organisation in him became almost a craze, but that it worked well for the nation is seen in the fact that he succeeded in making himself independent of the narrow, selfish aristocracy of the day. His ambition was to base his empire upon the lower nobility, and thus raise a new aristocracy. Such was his influence and gifts, that it was called "the Golden Age." He loved his people, was a great legislator, a munificent patron of the arts, and a great judge. Even to-day one occasionally comes into contact with the motto, "Matthias is dead: there is no more justice." It seemed on the decease of Matthias that the nobility, weary of an energetic king, desired a respite. Ladislaus of Bohemia, who now assumed kingship, was a mere shadow of his predecessor. Absolutely indifferent to the dignity of the crown and the vital interests of the nation, his main achievement was that of always purchasing peace under shameful conditions. Naturally under such a ruler the country went to ruin. The imposition of heavy burdens upon the vassals led to a peasants' revolt, and ended in Zápolyai of Szepes, a great landowner, heading a movement which at the death of the King made him Regent. Domestic disorders and Turkish troubles were the characteristics of the reign of Lajos II. Solymon the Great took advantage of the inertia of Lajos II., and on August 29, 1526, came the calamity of Mohács. The Hungarians were overwhelmed, and Lajos killed in the act of retreating; consequently the Turkish leader took Buda without opposition. After devastating the land, Solymon left in October. Following the departure of the Turks, Hungary was honoured by having two

kings. The Parliament of Székesfehérvár crowned John Zápolyai King; whilst during the closing days of 1526, Ferdinand, brother of Charles V., was chosen King. It has rightly been described as a period of political fluctuation.

In the summer of 1527, Ferdinand was crowned at Buda, driving all opponents of such an act to Poland. The position, however, was a difficult one to hold, for John Zápolyai returned, and, aided by Solyman, his claim was regarded as most secure. French politics also at this epoch did something to undermine the power of the Habsburgs, and thus Solyman was encouraged to contemplate a second march on Vienna. His efforts, however, were frustrated by Nicholas Jurisics. In nine years Buda again suffered from Turkish occupation. Internal development under such conditions of national life was practically impossible. Kingly caprice repeatedly sacrificed the national well-being to a personal whim. A kindly Providence, however, gave Hungary from time to time a noble array of commoners, literary statesmen, and warriors. Pen and sword were often allies. Just as another such man was needed, Nicholas Zrinyi appeared. What a crowd of stories my old friend of the hills told me of Zrinyi. But of Zrinyi, more in another chapter. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the two great controversies were the prerogative of the nobility, and the religious question. This latter was natural for Mohács, and the Turkish hegemony considerably weakened the ancient organisation of the Catholic Church, whilst the spirit of the Reformation stirred the burgesses of the towns, creating an unrest which bore no good. Protestantism even at this time was not a force to be lightly pushed aside. Melancholy

King Rudolf wilfully tampered with the laws, and introduced a clause empowering him to arrest wealthy magnates on the most ridiculous of charges, and by such means secure their property. By force he deprived the Protestants of their cathedral at Kassa. Order under such conditions became an impossibility. The occasion demanded a new force or figure, and Bocskay, that stout defender of Protestantism, made his entrance. Owing to the intervention of Bocskay, the Protestants received complete religious freedom and unconditional permission to practise their faith without interference. Protestantism fought valiantly for its existence, and Bocskay with Bethlen Gábor did much to stave off the extermination movement. Transylvania had now reached the height of its glory, and Bethlen Gábor was the greatest of its princes. He was contemporaneous with Cromwell, was a staunch Calvinist, a successful general, a man of the most determined resolution and untiring energy. Many of his habits have been styled Puritan, and he would have presented a fine figure in fustian. He composed Psalms which were sung in the churches, and rumour hath it that he had read his Bible through twenty times. His two constant aims were the banishment of the Jesuits from Transylvania, and the securing of the rights of the Protestants. The part that he played in the Thirty Years' War gave an European importance to Transylvania. It was impossible to heal the divisions of Christendom by force, and Transylvania knew it perhaps better than many larger States in Europe. Bethlen Gábor was followed by George Rákóczy, who was a man of peace, but who willingly took up arms in the Protestant interest, and allied himself with the Swedes. Gloomy days

were in store for Protestantism, for Leopold I. declared his object to be to "impoverish, enslave, and re-catholicise Hungary." His treatment of the Protestants was disgraceful, and led to a plot to break with the House of Habsburg; the ringleaders of the conspiracy, however, were discovered, and for years the hangman was busy. The Viennese Court in revenge tried to utilise the occasion, and attempted to destroy the constitution of Transylvania. Constitutions, like monarchs, are not often killed by hard names. At Pozsony Protestant persecution was so rigorously conducted by the Viennese Court, that the fate of the victims awakened European sympathy. The principle of "forcible conversion" failed, and Holland sent out Admiral de Ruyter to free those sent as galley slaves.

Thököly and the Kurucz (fugitives) almost captured Vienna, for he was supported by the Sultan, and this Protestant uprising was one of the most successful of the period. Leopold, seeking the aid of Sobieski of Poland and others, then fell upon the Turks and overwhelmed them, and from this point their influence begins to wane in Hungary. One of the remarkable features of Hungarian history is the rallying capacity of the nation. A stupid blunder, scarcity of troops, it mattered but little the cause of the defeat, what was of real moment was the assurance that the nation would soon be "up and at 'em" again. Even history, it is said, has its dull moments, but Hungarian history is surprisingly scant in this direction. The nation settled down in 1687 to the idea of legalised succession in the male line of the House of Habsburg. Many since have called it a mental lapse. Perhaps the people were again tired out and desired peace at any

price. Or, better still, were contemplating an uprising which in a short time would undo the wrongs of past days. Less than twenty years elapsed ere the great outbreak of the common people stirred the very foundations of the House of Habsburg, and struck with despair the hearts of its supporters. Who has not heard of Rákóczy II.? His history was as exciting as it was possible. Born the first son of his father, who died in a dungeon, he was carried from Transylvania to Austria to be educated under the influence of the Jesuit priests of Prague. His father, who had been a co-conspirator with Wesselényi, had his estates confiscated, but these were returned to his son on his marriage. The freedom of the young Prince was only short-lived, for Leopold I., afraid that Rákóczy would ferment the hostile spirits of the Hungarians, ordered him back to Austria, from whence he escaped to Poland. Here one day he was surprised in his solitude by receiving a deputation of North Hungarian peasantry, who pleaded with him to place himself at the head of the peasants of his Fatherland against the yoke of the Austrian. He did so, but not before securing the support of France and Poland. Issuing a national manifesto, the whole nation drew to his side. All the enemies of Austria supported the rising, and Rákóczy was chosen to command the combined forces. Success in dainty gown came out to meet him, and he was crowned Prince of Transylvania. On May 31, 1707, Leopold was forced to proclaim the independence of Hungary. It was a war of liberty, and thus far the common people had won. In all such successes one may find the germs of disaster and defeat. The moderates left his side to treat with Austria, an action which led to the Peace of

Szatmár (1711), with which Rákóczy was dissatisfied; consequently he withdrew to a foreign land. First Paris sheltered him, and finally Turkey, where he was ministered to by some kind-hearted priests until the end came. The element of tragedy is seen in the fact that he died and was buried in an alien land, though his ashes now rest at Kassa. This practically closes the era of civil wars. It may be that Rákóczy and his movement came a trifle too late, and this accounts for his apparent lack of success. It is not to be doubted that at this juncture the nation was exhausted.

The reign of Charles III. was short but striking. Firstly, there was the organisation of a standing Hungarian army, to be fed by recruiting agencies; secondly, Parliament expressed its willingness that succession should be entailed in the female line of the Habsburgs; whilst finally, what is known as the Pragmatic Sanction, the first constitution-like alliance between the patrimony of the Habsburgs and the kingdom of Hungary, received parliamentary consent. The weakness of the Pragmatic Sanction is that a principle only is expressed, and not the manner of its relationship, consequently violent constitutional conflicts ensued. The gift of Charles III. to Hungarian rule was Maria Theresa, who was nobly defended by the nation against her neighbours. Several educational changes were introduced. The University was transplanted from Nagyszombat to Buda. A law faculty and schools was founded, middle schools formed, and she—the Queen—applied the entire wealth of the suppressed Jesuit order to the cause of education, regulated agrarian matters for the benefit of vassals, and commenced a system of better water-supply and

road-making. Joseph, her son, possessed the kingly grace of tactlessness, but to some degree furthered the reforms of his mother. His gift was autocratic rule, and he refused to be crowned. With a waywardness that brought its own revenge, he made German the official language. His tactlessness robbed his reign of usefulness, and towards its close he revoked most of the measures which contained the germ of national well-being. During the two years' reign of Leopold II. the unity between crown and nation was restored. It has often been asked, How far did the spirit of the French Revolution penetrate into Hungary? The answer is written with the iron of suffering upon the pages of history of the reign of Francis I. Whenever it appeared and whoever championed it, it was suppressed with cruel vigour by the Government. Nearly all the literary world was thrown into prison, but the whole country became imbued with French ideas. When Napoleon called in 1809 to Hungary to recover her political independence and select a new king, the idea fell flat. Leopold during the Napoleonic wars simply played at constitutionalism, but when the dangers consequent upon the activity of "the incomparable Corsican" were passed, he revealed himself in his true character, suspending the Diet, and levying taxes and troops at will. One of the most fascinating epochs now dawns. National consciousness awakened, intellectual and material needs were easily recognised. The spirit of reform was in the air. Neither was the country bereft of the essential man. In looking over the achievements of Count Stephen Széchenyi, one is reminded of the truth of Emerson's saying, "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." In Budapest to-day the "lengthened shadow"

of this man is seen everywhere. He was an untiring apostle of reform. In the Parliament of 1825 Széchenyi was one of the most prominent figures, and he won the heart of the nation by devoting a year's income—some 60,000 florins—to the establishment of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. Reform and practicality went hand in hand with him. He regulated the Danube and the Tisza, founded the Danube Steamboat Navigation Society, built the chain bridge over the Danube, and instituted the Agricultural Society, together with a host of other things. Metternich was the great opponent of reform. Széchenyi, Deák, and Kossuth, with a crowd of others, captured the feeling of the nation, and the Viennese Court knew it, but failed to appreciate the growing body of new opinion it represented. Kossuth the eloquent and literary was soon driven into the ranks of the irreconcilables. The aims of Széchenyi and Kossuth were fundamentally alike, but the former kept in view peace with Vienna, whilst the latter, rightly as it proved, regarded Vienna as the sworn foe of all Hungarian progress and reform. In the Diets of 1839 and 1843 some progress was made, particularly regarding the official use of the Hungarian language, the admittance of commoners to public offices, and the granting of equal rights to all Christian denominations. It was impossible, however, to stave off 1848. There was something international about 1848. Nationally it remains considerably more than a name, a date, a mere historic episode. It is an inspiration even to this day. The cry from Hungary was "Reform." The answer Vienna gave was, "No Reform." Responsible ministers such as Batthyány, Deák, and Kossuth foresaw Austria's refusal to grant measures—not an open opposition, it is true, but a secret

movement. Students of history are well aware what happened, that agitators were thrown amongst the Croatians, the Serbs, and the Roumanians in Hungary. Vienna fanned the flames of local discontent. Terrible massacres ensued. Whilst the Croatians, Serbs, and Roumanians sought the aid of arms, the Germans, Slovaks, and Ruthenians loyally supported the national cause. Parliament unanimously voted the necessary military and financial means for suppressing the insurrection. In the September of the year the Viennese Court threw off its mask and recalled the Palatine Archduke Stephen, and appointed Count Lamberg as his successor. Parliament repudiated these acts, and Count Lamberg was murdered by the enraged Hungarians directly he appeared at Budapest. The Ministry resigning, a council of national defence was formed, with Kossuth as President. In a remarkably short time a very capable army was marshalled and sent out to meet Jellachich, who was marching on Budapest at the head of the Croatians. Thoroughly beaten, he fled, after an armistice, to Vienna. A short time after this came the news of the abdication of Ferdinand and the institution of Francis Joseph I. Success and failure, victory and defeat were the characteristics of the closing days of 1848. Bem subdued the nationalities for Hungary, but a great part of Hungary was captured by the Austrians. It is interesting to note the words of Palmerston concerning this conflict:—

"I firmly believe that in this war between Austria and Hungary there is enlisted on the side of Hungary the hearts and souls of the whole people of that country. I believe that the other races distinct from the Magyars have forgotten the former feuds that

existed between them and the Magyar population, and that the greater portion of the people have engaged in what they consider a great national contest. It is true that Hungary for centuries past has been a State which, though united with Austria by the link of the Crown, has nevertheless been separated and distinct from Austria by its own complete constitution. That constitution has many defects, but some were remedied not long ago, and it is not the only ancient constitution on the Continent which was susceptible of improvement. . . . I take the question which is now to be fought out on the plains of Hungary to be this:—whether Hungary shall continue to maintain its separate nationality as a distinct kingdom, and with a constitution of its own; or whether it is to be incorporated more or less in the aggregate constitution that is to be given to the Austrian Empire. . . . It is impossible to disguise from ourselves that, if the war is to be fought out, Austria must thereby be weakened, because if the Hungarians should be successful, and their success should end in the entire separation of Austria from Hungary, it will be impossible not to see that this would be such a dismemberment of the Austrian Empire as will prevent Austria from continuing to occupy the great position she has hitherto held amongst European Powers; if, on the other hand, the war being fought out to the uttermost, Hungary should be completely crushed by superior forces, Austria in that battle will have crushed her own right arm. Every field that is laid waste is an Austrian resource destroyed; every man that perishes on the field among the Hungarian ranks is an Austrian soldier deducted from the defensive forces of the Empire."

There is truth in every line of this, but there were no hearing ears. Prince Windischgrätz besieged Buda, and the Government fled to Debreczen, where a strong national army was organised under the generalship of Görgei, Klapka, Damjanich, and the Pole Bem. These drove nearly all the Austrian troops out of the land. In vain did Hentzi besiege Pest, whilst Buda was recaptured by the Hungarians. On April 14, 1849, Parliament dethroned the Habsburg dynasty. Such was the chaos in the land. Unfortunately, so much was left to chance that no final form of government was determined upon. Kossuth was elected Governor President, but too much was left to his initiative, whilst in the ways of war he was not well versed. Trouble then loomed from their own ranks, for Görgei refused to listen to the advice of Kossuth upon a point upon which the latter was perfectly right. This cost the nation much. From this point the flag of victory began to droop. Görgei, instead of advancing on Vienna, decided to retake Buda *en route*, thereby giving the Austrians time to join forces with their Russian allies. This naturally led to many heated disputes between Görgei and Kossuth, until finally the latter resigned, the General then enjoying complete command. His first act was an abuse of his newly gained power, for he unconditionally surrendered himself to the Russian troops. It was a despicable act—an act of unpardonable treachery, as was afterwards proved. He tricked thirteen other generals into following his example, whilst many of the real leaders fled to Turkey. Görgei himself was sent to Klagenfurt, where he enjoyed a small pension. Világos was a dark day for Hungary. Then followed scenes of indescribable cruelty, of exceptional and

unnecessary violence, of bestial revenge. Nothing was heard for months in Hungary but the groans of suffering men and women. Every prison was filled. Trial was dispensed with, and a coarseness and brutality equal to that of the French Revolution reigned supreme. Wholesale hanging was the order of the day. The gallant old Honvéds were enrolled in the Austrian army. Hungary was incorporated in Austria. German again became the language, and all national endeavour was stifled. How my blood boiled as I listened to stories, highly coloured doubtless, but by eye-witnesses, of the terrible havoc made by hangman Haynau! Professor Vámbery also described his witnessing the Evangelical clergyman Paul Rarga carrying his own gallows up the Szamárhegy at Pozsony, and how that his five little children were forced to the scene to witness the execution of their father. It was a blood drama. Licence took the place of liberty, and blood was the only negotiable currency. On the Hungarian calendar stands a day underlined with red. It is October 6, 1849. No one is allowed to forget it, it is "Arad Day." Every year on this date Budapest clothes itself in black. It is the nation's mourning day. Never have I heard a nation sing as the Hungarians sang the first "Arad Day" procession I witnessed. But what is "Arad Day"? It is simply the day upon which the thirteen generals were killed at Arad by order of an illegally constituted Court-martial called together by Haynau the butcher.

These betrayed souls died nobly, as men and Hungarians only can. On the same day was shed in Pest the blood of one of the noblest martyrs in the cause of freedom, Count Lajos Batthyány. In

vain did he protest against the Court called together to judge him. Strangely enough, the Court-martial acquitted him, but a second one condemned him to die on the scaffold. The first Hungarian Minister President revolted against such a death, and the Countess Károlyi smuggled a stiletto into the prison, with which Batthyány so wounded his throat that it became impossible to hang him. He was accordingly shot. Even women did not escape the cruelty of Haynau, "the Hyena of Brescia." No woman can forgive Haynau for ordering Mrs. Maderspach to be dragged to the market-place of Ruszkabánya, there undressed by the soldiers, and beaten within an inch of her life. Her husband, when he learned of the episode, could not survive the dishonouring of his wife, and committed suicide. Hungary and the Hungarians will ever remain grateful to the employees of Messrs. Barclay & Perkins' Brewery in London for the thrashing they gave Haynau when he visited them.

Many, however, were simply cudgelled to death. There was the case of the old coffee-house keeper Liedermann, who was thrashed by order of General Schlick. When revoked for his brutality, the General said "he did not mean it," but did not suppose "that sixty blows would kill a sixty-years-old man." But one case must not be omitted: it was that of a Honvéd lieutenant named Lamborg, who was badly wounded and imprisoned. When Haynau was in Arad it so happened that the lieutenant met him one day on his way to the pharmacy. Unable by reason of his bandages to doff his hat, this Austrian Marat immediately sent for a bench, placed the lieutenant upon it, and had him so thrashed that all his wounds opened, and amid indescribable sufferings he died in front of

a huge crowd who were cowed by the brutality of the man.

From this story of "'48" one name is missing, and I have wilfully left it for the closing lines of the chapter—it is the name of the great Hungarian poet Alexander Petöfi. Some even to-day are able to recall the picture of a handsome, patriotic, but impetuous poet reciting to a vast crowd his "Talpra Magyar" on March 15, 1848:—

"Magyars, up! your country calls you;
Break the chain which now enthralls you;
Freemen be, or slaves for ever.
Choose ye, Magyars, now or never.
For by the Magyars' God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear."

After this, the crowd marched to a printing-office, drove out the representatives of the Censor, took possession of the machines, and printed the poem, which was circulated all over Hungary. The spirit of the song awakened all, and it is impossible to overestimate its contributory force. The poet then joined the Honvéds, was made captain and attached to General Bem, and met a brave soldier's death at Segesvár at the hand of a Cossack.

The old order now giveth place to the new.

CHAPTER II

MODERN HUNGARY

"I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old."—CANNING

MODERN Hungary practically begins with the emergence of the nation from the torpor consequent upon the cruelties which followed Világos. For ten years a kind of passive resistance was practised which in a quiet way frustrated all schemes for the centralisation and Germanisation of Hungary. The first sign of repentance or recognition of value was shown at the close of the war with Italy which ended so disastrously. In 1860 it was impossible to collect the taxes. The Hungarians are adept at passive resistance. Everybody was seized with an inability to pay their taxes. Neither was it any good seizing goods and submitting them to public auction, for the Austrian official could never find a purchaser. I was told of a case where the tax amounted only to a florin, and a cow was offered to a large crowd for that amount, but no one would buy. It is in incidents such as these that the quality of national patriotism is exhibited. The futility of continuing the struggle against stubbornly patriotic people at last dawned upon the mind of the Viennese statesmen, and the Diet was convoked in 1861, where Deák expounded his famous

principle of "Jogfolytonosság," the continuity of the law of the land, or full restitution of the constitution of 1848. Was it wise to ask as much just then? That is a question which one has asked oneself a hundred times, but to ask less was but to meet with the same result. The necessity of considering the claims of Hungary had not yet entered into the circle of political conception around which the Austrian mind wobbled. There were those doubtless who foresaw the attainment of every demand, but the majority only said "hands off" what we have acquired.

During the Prussian War the Hungarians again saved Austria from utter annihilation, and thus forged another claim to consideration. Reconciliation did not come, however, until 1867, and it was largely the achievement of Deák. The famous Compromise, or "Augsleich," was simply an endeavour to give a precise turn to the duty of mutual defence undertaken under the Pragmatic Sanction by the creation of an administration in which the countries bore an equal part of the control of foreign affairs and the united services. The coronation of Francis Joseph at Buda in June 1867 was another binding but highly conciliatory act. Then followed an era of comparative peace if not of contentment. Civilising influences were not long making themselves felt. For at least ten years no gigantic constitutional issue could disturb the nation, for the question of the revision of the "Compromise" was admitted only after such a lapse of years. The nation was driven to introspection, and naturally strove to express its new conception of liberty in a multitude of forms. Hungary had to be re-formed, re-shapen, and re-made. The task was a huge one, and the labourers were few.

Many imagined that the "Compromise" did everything, secured everything; consequently little was submitted to criticism or challenged. It is true that there existed a section of the political thinkers who continually advocated separation from Austria, but it was rarely made a supreme cry. There was no real hostility at this moment to the Emperor-King. Meanwhile the nation steadily utilised or absorbed the examples provided by Western civilisation, and Modern Hungary sprang into being. In politics new men began to loom, men of talent, not to say genius. The situation even now was beset with thorns. Germanisation was dreaded, whilst there was a desire to preserve the most friendly relations with the Ottoman Empire, because of their kindness in receiving the exiles of 1848.

The question of military expenditure in 1878 was an important one, and Kálmán Tisza, who succeeded Kálmán Széll, had no little difficulty in quieting the public mind on this point. Gradually the nation underwent change. Reform after reform was rushed through Parliament during the fifteen years' régime of the elder Tisza. The House of Magnates was remodelled, the Hungarian language became popular, whilst the period of election of deputies to the House of Parliament was extended from three to five years. Once the harmony of reform was threatened by the Anti-Jewish riots, but the good sense of the nation stepped in and averted disaster. The Hungarian in politics is a strange bundle of contradictions. He is a speedy absorbent, but there is little far-awayness in his politics. He stands out in marked contrast to the English statesman, it may be because conditions are so different; but even acounting for his environment, an

ample margin of contrast exists. In surveying Modern Hungary it is impossible to overlook the traces of hurry. There was so much to be done directly the nation threw off its lethargy. Men began to realise that a mere constitution was not sufficient, they must have a country. Pride of race asserted itself. A new order of men had to be found, for new ideals had touched the national conscience. Budapest had to be made habitable, and not only habitable, but beautiful. No sooner was the idea hinted than the waste places of Pest blossomed as the rose. Structure after structure reared its head proudly—but quickly. Uniformity was not regarded as an essential, variety was courted, but everything ugly tabooed. The great demand was that it must be done quickly. To-day, when you ask Hungarians why this and this is not done, they at once remark, "You must remember that forty years ago we had nothing. Look at our great buildings and monuments, they are modern." If one would awaken old memories, or catch the spirit of the past, then you must wander amongst the narrow streets of Buda, so redolent of Turkish occupation. Here modernity is immediately dethroned. But it is only an excursion, not a sojourning-place for the student of men and affairs. In the history of Modern Hungary one does not hear the clash of arms, the groans of the dying, or the victor's song, but rather the pounding of metal into shape, the blasting and disgorging of mineral wealth, and the hum of the artisan. The National Exhibition held in Budapest in 1885 did much to awaken the attention of the public mind to the economic and commercial possibilities of the country. Then the Hungarian began to travel. Disraeli said: "Travel is the great source of true wisdom, but to

travel with profit you must have such a thing as previous knowledge." It will be seen how much "previous knowledge" the Hungarian possessed. From every journey some new idea was forthcoming. England and Italy enjoy quite a good proportion of the ideas which were regarded as practicable. But if so much time was devoted to the building of a new capital, politics were not relegated to an obscure corner; on the contrary, the passion for politics increased with vehemence.

Political parties sprang up in a night, just like a Hungarian newspaper. Political migration was common. A change of Premier was an opportunity for a change of party. The long reign of the elder Tisza broken, others sought to emulate his staying power, but failed. Each succeeding Premier made some contribution to Modern Hungary. Wekerle, who succeeded Szápáry, earned a reputation for his clerical reforms, and brought upon himself the everlasting hatred of the Roumanians. Bánffy put the finishing touches to two of Wekerle's unfinished measures, as well as renewed the Ausgleich. In 1896 the Millennial Exhibition at Budapest again attested the development of the nation. Several points are worthy of special notice, primarily the great increase in the urban population. In 1881 the population of Budapest stood at 360,000, increasing in 1891 to 505,000, whilst in 1901 the figures were 732,000. These figures rose in 1906 to about 900,000. It is in Budapest alone that the rapid growth of the population is demonstrated. Szeged, it is true, added 29,000 to its numbers during this period. But Zágráb, the chief town of Croatia, jumped from 29,000 to 61,000. Whilst, however, the towns increased at

the rate of about a thousand a year, many of the villages suffered from depopulation, for more than a million of their inhabitants found their way to America during this period. No country can afford to lose so many of its rural population. In a policy of haste many great economic factors were overlooked. To let these human assets steadily drift from your side is one thing, but to woo them back again after they have once tasted the sweets of a higher civilisation is quite another thing. Hungary has always needed workers. This is felt all the more keenly by reason of the absence of a genuine Hungarian middle class. I shall never forget the surprise with which a remark of mine was greeted concerning the participation of the English nobility in the world of commerce. That a peer should condescend to associate with business was something beyond their apprehension. In Hungary money means power, more so than in most places. The Jewish element saw it, and the towns realise what it means to-day. They were prepared to work hard and to live hard, but they focussed their nimble wits upon getting rich, and they accomplished their object. The Hungarian magnate despised the Jews, one and all, and seemed to lose sight of the fact that there are Jews and Jews. He never even learned the art of business from them, though it was practised before him every day. But the politician soon found out that the Jews had captured the commercial-economic machinery of the land, and that however much he might despise the men and means employed to secure such, the power of directing money and trade was largely in their hands. Awakening, perhaps not too late, one finds the Hungarian aristocracy promoting industries to-day. There is, for instance, the " Counts'

Brewery Company," dominated by the Andrássys and their friends. The Jews, on the other hand, have acquired some of the worst traits of the hereditary nobility. In the making of Modern Hungary the Jew has been a great contributor, for he did the work which aristocratic breeding would not then allow. But the Jewish business element is not to be likened unto the middle classes of England. Having obtained a good grip of the commercial possibilities of Hungary as manipulated by its centres, attention was then turned to politics, and soon the Jews swarmed into the *Országház*. Nothing could stay the development of this large section of the Budapest population. Politically, however, it is a variable and negotiable quantity. "Each for himself" was again the motto. With sentiment against them, and in opposition to Magyar feeling, they have wrought wonders—for themselves. To ignore them is now an impossibility. They have moved with the times, often against their inclination, but they saw the necessity of moving.

In less than fifty years wonders have been wrought on the Pest side of the Danube. Fifty years ago there were no waterworks in Pest. In most of the houses of that period was found an old-fashioned pump, picturesquely set in an old-fashioned courtyard. From this common pump the water had to be carried in quaintly shaped tubs to each dweller in the house. The task of carrying the water in these tubs on the back was performed by women as a rule. Water thus secured had to be treated as a rarity. In one of the squares—Calvin tér—stands a rather pretty fountain: here in the old days—not beyond recall—could be seen a group of merry-tongued Rebeccas, sent thither by their mistresses for water. Artists ever saw a new

canvas here. Even the water from the Danube was hawked round the town by discreditable looking vendors, who were usually followed by a horde of ragamuffins striving to earn a few copper coins by carrying the water to your rooms. But to-day everything is up to date. Means of communication were also very primitive in those days. It is almost impossible to describe the ambiguous looking vehicles of forty years ago. They were really waggons, and only in that sense public conveyances, but waggons constructed so as to carry sixteen persons of normal build, fourteen within and two without on the box. If a storm came on, a framework of iron rods was speedily requisitioned—and each driver was supposed to carry such—over which was flung an awning of oil-cloth, for the most part porous. The badly made roads and the clumsiness of the vehicle often led to the dislodgement of these rods, which would somewhat heavily remind the occupants of the vehicle they chanced to fall upon that watchfulness was a necessity. But this was not the only ill travellers were subjected to. For instance, it was a trifle annoying to have the entire awning suddenly removed by a gust of wind during a downpour of rain. It was a work of art sometimes to enter these hearse-like coaches, for one and all were often called upon to creep under the flaps of the tarpaulin. Another difficulty often experienced was that of stopping the conveyance, for so great was the clatter created by the vehicle and horses as they lumbered over the cobbled streets, that the driver never, or rarely, heard the request of the passenger. A friendly prod with a walking-stick, however, usually succeeded in arresting his attention, but not until you had passed the spot you desired to alight at.

To walk instead of ride, particularly in the bad weather, was also beset with difficulties; for the paths were not raised, and drivers did not hesitate for a moment to use the cleanest place to drive; consequently, passengers continually ran the risk of being crushed against the wall, or being forced into a shop entrance, from which they rarely escaped without opening their purse. To-day one of the finest narrow-gauge electric tramway systems in the world interlaces Budapest at every point, and travelling is not only rapid but inexpensive. It must not be forgotten that Budapest boasts of having the first tube-railway, and though travelling is not so luxurious underground as in London, it is a most serviceable system, seeing that it touches just those streets outside the radius of the street tramways. One, however, must express a note of regret that the weird-looking omnibuses which continue to convey people from Buda to the Városliget (Town Park) are not done away with. The introduction of the zone-tariff in 1889 must also be regarded as an important factor in the making of Modern Hungary. Communication was thus made possible to all, and the spirit of progress passed to and fro on wheels.

The tendency nowadays is to overestimate the influence of Parliament, and to undervalue those forces which appear to hover somewhere between municipal or private enterprise and State intervention. In 1875 only 3985 miles of railways were to be found in Hungary, whilst in 1900 some 10,624 represented the railway system of Hungary, upon which some 64,412,000 passengers were carried that year. Shipping is also making tremendous progress, and Fiume appears likely to develop into a first-rate port. Fifty years ago the shipping trade at Fiume amounted to only a

few thousand pounds, but now its figures have joined the ranks of the millions. It is obviously clear to all who have seriously attempted to study the Hungarian people, that in fifty years something in the nature of a miracle has been performed. Attention has been devoted to this and that national necessity, to the improvement of this and that institution, but the great institution of the State—man—has in some degree been neglected. Man the economic factor, the industrial pivot, man the worker and universal provider, has been left somewhat to himself. The larger European unrest left him for years untouched, and he remained content in his lot as a producer. No idealism stirred his blood, though the flame of nationalism burned within him as a religion, and somewhat obscured the picture of the future which the worker in other lands had caught a glimpse of. No inspiring teacher or prophet came forward with an evangel. Thus contentedly the worker plodded, prevented from thinking of the future by the din and perhaps even the fascination of modern political disturbances. Tocqueville was right when he said, "Nations are like men: they are still prouder of what flatters their passions than of what serves their interests." Now, in 1908, the worker has awakened, and a still more modern Hungary must be created if he is to be kept within the confines of his native land. During the past ten years parliamentary deadlocks have been frequent. The commercial activity of Hungary undoubtedly tended to provoke periodic outbursts of anti-Magyar feeling in Austria, whilst both the nationalities and the Socialists contributed to the friction in Hungary itself. Government under Count István Tisza was not an unmixed boon. The

dispersed. The Hungarian Parliament was cleared by soldiery, and the doors of the Chamber sealed and guarded. This was the closing insult to Hungarian constitutionalism, to the wishes of the majority in Hungary. One felt directly this was resorted to that the psychological moment had arrived. What would the nation do now? was the question all Europe asked. Of course there were the usual *pour-parlers* and the time-honoured conferences, but few were prepared for the news of an armistice between King and people. It was one of the most astonishing transformations in the recent history of European politics, the granting of power to those who had practically been placed under Tsarism, and the relinquishing of the Russian methods put in force in Budapest by the Hungarian Trepoff Rudnay. There was something so sudden and unexpected about it that it seemed incredible, until one beheld the ministers being whirled round the town by a happy and excited populace. Never before have I seen such enthusiasm. The look on Count Apponyi's face as he approached me in the afternoon was not one to be forgotten. It was radiant with his newly won success. "The best of all is," he said, "we have given up nothing, we have surrendered no item of our programme, and made no sacrifice of principle. But you must remember it is only a Government of transition."

But how was all this attained? What or who had wrought the change? The House of Habsburg, it is said, is successful in everything except debate and war. It certainly looked like it. But why had the Emperor softened so? What were the terms of the armistice which seemed like heralding a new epoch to Modern Hungary? The Coalition groups were

prepared to accept the responsibility of government providing the following claims were not disregarded. In the first place, the military question — *i.e.* the "commandosprache"—was to be held in abeyance until a Bill furnishing a large measure of electoral reform became active. The reason for this was that perchance Austrian opinion, and doubtless even the King himself, considered that as the last elections were not fought on this issue the verdict of the people had never been secured, consequently he—the King —was justified in rejecting all such claims as had been advanced by the Magyars. Such a measure of electoral reform would take quite two years to prepare, during which period the attention of Parliament would be devoted to social legislation. Meanwhile the new Government only recognised such debts as were incurred in the displacement of non-effective armaments for effective armaments. No more recruits were to be granted. On the other hand, the Government insisted upon the commercial and fiscal individuality of Hungary; freedom of trade between Austria and Hungary. Currency reform was also another demand, the abolishing of all paper money and the introduction of the metallic system crowning the whole with a real Hungarian Bank, thus securing more independence. To one and all of these proposals the veteran King assented, and the result was the return of Wekerle as Premier of the celebrated "Coalition of Talent." The cup of national joy now o'erflowed. The elections for the first time unrestricted gave the Independent Party a huge majority. The new Parliament met without an opposition, and the length of its life was shortened by this very fact. The Liberal Party, once so formidable, had died in a

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single night, and its deserted leader sought the solitude of the Alföld for recompense, and English political biography for refreshment. Never before, perhaps, in the whole history of European politics has a party so influential disappeared so abruptly. There was something almost cowardly in the manner it left the arena of politics. Such, however, are the fluctuations of Hungarian politics. The nation now having obtained their desire, power having been vested in the formerly despised, a kind of passivity fell like a mantle upon all. Much was expected. Alas! in politics the expected never happens. There's a no more jaded, disappointed set of men than the members of an over-powerful parliamentary majority, and it is difficult to find a more disappointed country than one legislated for by such a majority. Balance in statesmanship is one of the most desirable achievements. Political lopsidedness invariably produces political libertinism. At the moment I pen these lines the country is again awakening from one of its periodic naps, and the cry is for Reform. What can result from such a demand must necessarily be left to the chapter on " Prospective Hungary."

Alongside the strenuous political movements of the twentieth century in Hungary one may easily distinguish the growth of the commercial and industrially economic idea. To make Budapest a modern city is one thing, but to modernise Hungary is quite another thing. Visitors to Budapest must not imagine for a moment that by coming to Budapest and exploring its environs that they have seen Hungary and the Hungarians. Not so. What you have seen is a cosmopolitan city with an English flavour about it. Yea, you have seen even more than that; you

have touched, so to speak, the keyboard of Hungarian activity, intellectual, commercial, and political. But Hungary and the Hungarians you have not seen. These live beyond beaten tourist tracks, in the region of the hills, and on the great plain; here resides the flower of Hungarian chivalry, the strength of the nation. Let us now take a peep at them.

CHAPTER III

THE CARPATHIANS AND ITS PEOPLES

"I would not give up the mists that spiritualize our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy."—WORDSWORTH

IF you want to see Hungary and the Hungarians, begin where I did, away in the Carpathians. Come over from Berlin to Oderberg, thence to Tátra Lomnitz, where the very best hotel in Hungary may be found. How well I remember my first sight of those dim grey heights known as the High Tátra! Here one instantly feels the atmosphere of reflection, and the quiet culminating strength of rest. What a day it was! "Isten Hozott!" (God has brought you here!), that most beautiful of Hungarian greetings, fell upon my ear with a fine sense of music, though with but a dim perception of meaning. My host smiled delicately at my embarrassment, and repeated the greeting, "Isten Hozott!" then almost reverently escorted me to my room. The room was expressively adequate, but it was the window that fascinated me—fascinated me not so much by what it was as by what it disclosed. Leaning upon my elbows, like the Jewish lover who grandly sang through his casement, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away," I caught in a moment the infectious Magyar spirit. A peasant moved slowly with some oxen over a disturbed parcel

of ground, and even here one was able to distinguish the undying temperament born of untraceable ancestry. How long I stayed at that window listening to the wild, untaught crying and laughing of the Hungarian gipsy music I know not, but I was summoned to earth by the first and last article of the Magyar creed—hospitality. With quaking limbs I descended, to find a young Hungarian student who spoke English, and at once fear passed into joy. I was informed that a real Hungarian dinner had been prepared for me. Again fear arose, for I am a pagan mortal, and dislike variety—in food. Again my fears were dismissed, when I found that the national dishes were plainly prepared. Even in the cooking one may discover some national traits. If you want real national dishes, you must go to Szeged. What a revelation that first dinner in Hungary was to me!—the curious and then unpronounceable names, not to say the ingenious treatment of meats and vegetables. We had "gulyás," a sort of meat stew well seasoned with "paprika," and "töltöttkáposzta," a mixture of meat, rice, and spices, minced and rolled up in a cabbage leaf, quite a tasty dish. But what I most enjoyed, perhaps because it caused me the pleasantest recollections, was a weird something bearing the name of "csörge-fánk," a species of baked fritters with which was served some preserve.

What I remember least of all was the wine. Suffice that it was golden-hued and plentiful. It was the early autumn, and after dinner we all went out into the night. What marvellous nights the Tátra region provides! The feeling was so uncommon, so unexpected. It was something more than mere mountains and plains. What a cynic the man was

who said that anticipation was the forerunner of disappointment! The stillness of the place enthralled me; I became awe-stricken, and my cigarette fell from my hand, as if ashamed to be alight. This is just how one feels at night amongst the Carpathians. Even the trees had caught a fine idea of the Magyar spirit, for I seemed to hear them croon out snatches of some never to-be-forgotten national song. Here is something, at least, which is unconquerable, something beyond all parliaments and all kings; it is the heritage of nationality, the birthright of the Magyar nation. Few of the people so far North are pure Magyar—they are German, Slovák, and Ruthenian, but my host was a "tiszta Magyar"; but there, under the gaunt shadow of the mountains, he distinctly evidenced his race. The Magyar is superstitious. It was the Tree-Spirit which disturbed him, for he beheld the lighted fires on the marshes and shuddered. Mine eyes were closed that I could not see. They told me a few days after that they still worshipped the sun in this lonely region, and that even good Catholics will cross themselves when a shadow passes athwart the sunshine. In the morning I searched in vain for some trace of glacial formation on the Magas Tátra. It was not a disappointment, for the compensations of my environment were too many to admit of that. It is like, yet unlike some parts of the Tyrol, and when snowbound in the winter equal to the best. But that subtle something you instantly perceive at Tátra Lomnitz is wanting both in Bavaria and Switzerland. Language undoubtedly has something to do with this. Both Magyar and Slovák seem to blend more harmoniously with the wild scenery than guttural German. The sense of inactivity, the absence of strenuousness, and



THEBEN

the presence of a patriotic acquiescence were all adjuncts to the elusive compound I describe as the Magyar spirit. Psychic forces unleashed abound here. There is no feeling of township, no hustling pedestrianism, no violating sound save that of the village smithy.

Tátra Lomnitz, therefore, is not for those who cannot endure being without the noisy emblems of modern civilisation. You may hunt, walk, climb, fish, drive, more than these are not promised. But I have written too hastily: there is a race meeting, in summer, tennis courts, and soon will be a golf ground, whilst winter brings its full meed of outdoor sports. It is the beauty and grandeur of the situation which appeals and which endures. Driving back from Lake Csorba, which lies 1387 metres above the sea-level, one may often catch a glimpse of some furry animal capable of quickening the pulse of the hunter. Within a few miles of Tátra Lomnitz a fine chamois shot across our path one night, disturbed doubtless by some adventurous, intrepid wanderer, whilst those who penetrate the thicket may find bears, boars, foxes, polecats, and stags. Nature is lavish with her gifts here. The drive from Tátra Lomnitz to Csorba along the Clotilde road is one of the finest in Hungary. When I took this drive for the first time, I could not help feeling, as I looked down at the huge unpeopled plain below, with an occasional village huddled together as if for protection and warmth, what a terrible place it might prove for moving armies of men, what a battlefield it would make. On the other side, the mountains grim and sometimes forbidding act as a protector. Superstition may exist, but certainly not fear. I was surprised to find the roads so good, for I

had been told that in 1848 only 276 geographical miles of made-up roads existed in the whole country. To-day, both for driving and motoring, the main road, particularly the road from Debreczen to Roumania, is during the dry season as good as any of the best motoring roads in France. In Hungary, people rather than places are of more interest. The virtues of the Carpathian region are inexhaustible from a Nature point of view, it is true, but the value of these is enhanced by man in his mystifying moods and costumes. It is the home of the Slovák. To-day it seems as if this portion of the Hungarian irreconcilables were to be immortalised by the misguided but powerful pen of Björnson. With no genuine grievance against the Hungarians, this dour, hardy race are continually being stirred into animosity to-day by wayward priests against Magyar rule. You see in their cold clear eyes the spirit of revolt, and when you get to know them you hear the rumblings of a growing discontent. These descendants of the Moravians stand out in remarkable contrast with the picturesque district in which they live. The imprint of poverty lies heavily upon them. The memory of one of these sorrowing souls I shall ever carry with me. He stood at the end of the bridge which leads from the more pretentious Kassa-Oderberg line to the circuitous cog-wheel railway connecting Csorba with Csorba-tó. With an almost reverential bow he wished me "dobra jutra," his female companion joining him in the salutation. In appearance he resembled one on priestly errand bent. His hat was a picture, and he himself a perfect study in black and white. All the slowness of his race seemed to envelop him. Beside him, upon which a tiny child rested, were two parcels, one a box of strange



LAKE CSORBA IN THE CARPATHIANS

and ambiguous workmanship, the other a long canvas bag such as soldiers carry. These formed a fitting base to such a column of human feeling. For some moments I stood and watched this group, for I felt something of the pathos of departure. Then a mountain mist like a huge mantle gradually covered all, and a slow sweep of the arm over the entire country indicated the sense of farewell. Rising higher and higher into the mountain region, I heard the low wail of the emigrant as he sang that last terrible song of departure. No one seemed disturbed save myself. But the song of the peasant returned, and with the song came another glimpse and a lasting one of the wanderer. Slovák songs are full of tears.

The Slováks have little or no independent history, have striven for no renown, but are as an American writer described them, "the stepchildren of fortune." Let me give you just a glimpse of a Slovák village. One of its distinguishing features is a brook, which invariably runs as a dividing line through its irregular and uneven street. At first sight it would seem that the population was composed of geese and women, for I scarcely remember ever passing through a village where I did not find a group of women knee-deep in the brook, pounding clothes out of shape, but into some degree of cleanliness. If you need a more complete picture, bring in some willows, and a waggoner contentedly watching his horse drink from the brook prior to driving through the shallow stream, with a horde of children, none too clean, gazing at all from a rickety foot-bridge. Such is a Slovák village. Outside most of these villages in the Carpathian region one may find a gipsy settlement, with all the essential accompaniments of dirt and

beggary. In life the element of contrast counts for a great deal. Contrast, for instance, the hovels of these Romany wanderers outside the village with the long, low houses ranged so evenly by the Slováks. Peep inside, and you will find the walls hung with gay-flowered pottery, relics many of them of an old home art-industry now obsolete. What piles of white square pillows; and what a feather bed! No fewer than sixteen geese have been sacrificed to supply that bed. In one corner stands a sewing-machine, never idle in the winter; whilst many houses boast of a loom. Characteristic ornaments are rare, but one struck me as unique. Hanging over the table I observed an object of decoration and interest, formed of a blown egg-shell, to which was added a tail and wings of coloured pleated paper. This is supposed to represent a dove, and symbolises the Holy Ghost.

There is also a picturesqueness about the garb of the men which reminds one of comic opera. But behind all the eccentricities of apparel, the archaic broad-brimmed black felt hat and enormous leathern belts of the men, and the marvellously embroidered garments of the women, one may easily discover the impress of a hardy race. The Slovák is by nature slow, wanting in initiative, inclined towards passivity, and constantly expecting either the gods or Parliament to do what is obviously the supreme duty of man. He is both sentimental and superstitious. The memory of another face that I saw at Csorba is always with me. The man belonged to that type which boasts of a long straight nose and lantern jaw, with bluish-grey eyes, and Sláv light hair, never kept in order, but allowed to curl up menacingly above the collar; physically capable of the greatest

exertion, with features powerful without being unduly heavy, and a grace of movement perfectly consonant with unlimited strength. The women are equally hardy, and seem impervious to all the extremes of heat and cold. For instance, in summer you may find the men wearing, without the slightest sign of discomfort, heavy sheepskin cloaks, whilst during the winter months they are able to work in the woods with just an ordinary cotton vest on. I met scores of men who only sleep on an average four hours a night for weeks at a time. Wandering down into Trencsén, a royal free borough with just over 7000 inhabitants, one day, on my way I heard some of the finest singing it was possible for man to listen to. The hot sun drove me to a shady knoll, where I rested a while. Drawing from my pocket a volume of Hazlitt's *Essays*, I was soon so engrossed that I became oblivious of both time and place. Suddenly the whole air rang with the richest of melodies, and the book fell from my hands, so amazed was I. Whence cometh this song? Rising for a moment that I might discover the position of the singers, I was surprised to find such rich harmony emerging from a group of Slovák peasant harvesters, who, whilst continuing their labours, sang some of their wonderful folk-songs. All the fields rang with music that summer morning. Trencsén and its environs is interesting. It was practically my introduction to ancient Hungary. There's a "Lovers' Well," dug in the rock some 95 fathoms deep, with a story attached to it. The legend has it that a young Turk of high rank approached the commander of the ancient keep which overlooks the town, and offered a large ransom for his loved one, who was in captivity. Stephen

Zápolyai, however, set the young Turk the task of digging a well through the solid rock, and this was to be the price of his loved one's release. For seven weary years he laboured before his work was finished, but on its completion Zápolyai handed the industrious Turk his love. This is why it is called the "Lovers' Well." Quite near, only seven kilometres distant, is Trencsén-Teplitz, famous for its warm medicinal springs. For centuries the nobility of Northern Hungary have found relief from bodily ailments here.

Tradition rears its head proudly all round Trencsén. There are the ruins of the old castle at Bellus, overlooking the Lednicz valley. It is said that a powerful lion once devastated and terrorised this peaceful valley; so terrible was its power that a bribe of a huge portion of territory was offered to its slayer. In due season the good brave knight was found, and his family have lived in comfort ever since. Romance vies with romance along the road from Kottesó to Hricsó. To get to this latter place one must needs pass through Rovne, which is, I think, the longest village in Hungary. Hricsó was once a notorious robbers' nest, and in the rarely visited subterranean dungeons one may still find chains, instruments of torture, and other emblems of the dark ages. Few visit this part of Hungary, and in some of the places they never remembered seeing an Englishman before. It is a tramping country, and most of the sights of interest have, so to speak, to be dug out. It is impossible for the man with only a week's holiday to travel inland; he must keep to the main routes, and be content with cosmopolitanism.

In most of the villages I tramped through, especially those with a distinct Slovák flavour about them, a dark

cloud hangs over. Just a piece of the cloud was present when my dear old Slovák friend wished me good-morning at Csorba. Sometimes whole villages are ruined by intemperance, sometimes by the poverty of the soil, sometimes by political discontent. Away in the North I found more intemperance than elsewhere. All the influences that appear to count for anything seem to favour intemperance. Yet these three devastating influences — drink, sterility, and politics—strong as they are in one direction, are unable to rob the Slovák of his passion for race and patriotism for a cause. Slow peoples such as these, when once set moving, are most difficult to restrain. Despite all that has been done by the Ministry of Agriculture, and Dr. Darányi in particular, on all sides one may still hear Vayonsky's pathetic song of the wandering Slovák—"Our native village does not give bread to her children." Civilisation does not crowd the Slováks, but the meagreness of it is depopulating Slovákland. What a lot the world owes to woman for keeping alive the spirit of patriotism! This is peculiarly true of the Slovák mother, for she is the patriotic dynamic force of her race. She remains behind in the old country whilst the man tests the capacity of the new land. Tenaciously she holds on to the old but tiresome life. A friend took me to see a Slovák mother who twice had returned the passage-money her husband sent, preferring the drudgery and lack of recognition of the village to the civilising harmonies of towns in another hemisphere.

One day I was attracted by a pathetic little picture on the platform of one of the wayside stations in the Carpathian district. It was a mother with her baby and her bundles. Vainly had the husband in America

pleaded for his wife to come out to him; but she loved the tiny village, and distrusted those whom she could not converse with. Finding every other scheme fail, the husband then cut off supplies, and the poor woman was forced into facing the long and difficult journey alone. The scene at that country station is indescribable. Everybody was in tears. Even the railway officials could not withstand the atmosphere of sorrow departure invariably creates. I, too, a mere idle spectator, plead guilty to a choking sensation of the throat. At last the train is ready to depart, and the poor broken mother stood at the doorway of the carriage. The priest, unmindful of punctuality, rushed again to the woman, and with tear-stained hands blessed her, then delivered an invocation to patriotism. The train slowly steamed out into what was, to most of those present, the Great Beyond. Another soldier had left, another producer departed. More than 600,000 Slováks have found their way to America. The Hungarians are now awakening to the need of retaining these units of national life, and steps are being taken to prevent the wholesale emigration of the last ten years. Remedial legislation is promised, special agricultural interest has commenced, and the ladies of Hungary have undertaken a campaign for the promotion of a real social life in those districts where drinking is abnormal. It would be a sin to remove from those quaint villages of the Carpathian slopes the picturesque figures of the Slováks. There is a spirit, a pride of race, and a patriotism of equal measure to that of the Magyars, and they are to be captured and utilised by that generous recognition of right which predominant peoples invariably display to those committed to their charge. A new song

must be learned: it is the song of the returned Slovák, he who brings the fruits of sojourn and experience to his fearless and desolate land and people.

Trencsén is an excellent centre for the student of history, and it was luck, not knowledge, that led me to it. Striking out with a young friend whose linguistic capacity was then almost restricted to Hungarian, we were simply deluged with happy experiences. Once when frightfully tired, and soaked to the skin by one of those uncomfortable mountain showers, we found ourselves stranded in a mere hamlet, where scarcely a soul spoke Hungarian. It was night, and the small town we had hoped to make was of too great a distance for our tired limbs. For an hour we cast about for a shelter for the night, but, unable to meet anyone who understood German or Hungarian, we decided to seek shelter from the rain and sleep there. On our voyage of discovery my friend, who had religious scruples, thought of the priest. The kitchen, or outhouse, of the priest's abode was certainly preferable to the vermin-haunted farmyard, so we wakened up the occupants of the next house we chanced to discover, and asked the location of the priest. Retracing our steps—for man invariably when beset with difficulties wanders away from the right track—we in less than half an hour had made the acquaintance of the priest, who, on hearing that I was English, immediately arranged for our comfort. He was a queer-looking, kindly soul, with every appearance of being well nurtured, and apologetic withal. To us weary pedestrians the cottage was a palace, and the hasty cold spread a banquet. Conversation was difficult, and a score times the merry little man apologised for being unable to

converse with us save in Latin. In the morning he allowed us to depart with such a sad look that we both felt uncomfortable for hours. Since this first experience I have never hesitated to appeal to a priest, whatever his religion, for either a bed or a meal. Victor Hugo wisely immortalised these quiet souls in whom is found the milk of human kindness. The usefulness of Latin was thus evidenced for the first time.

Taking the road which led away from the High Tátra, we struck the beautiful valley of the Vág. Every step we now took resounded with some old-time story of chivalry, and ever and anon we saw where those predatory Bohemian knights held their orgies. Legend heaped on legend. At Csejte I was told the story of Elizabeth Báthory, consort of Francis Nádasdy, and sister to the King of Poland, in 1610. In the subterranean chambers of the castle here, it is said, Elizabeth, having been persuaded by an old witch that the secret of perennial youth was only to be achieved by bathing in human blood, struck her maid and killed her, then washed in her victim's blood, eventually caused to be killed no fewer than three hundred young girls in order to satisfy her superstition. The result was that she discovered the secret of perpetual imprisonment, for she was incarcerated there for life. A little farther on I caught a glimpse of Brunócz Castle, where the Jesuit Bohus composed "Hej Rákóczy-Bercsényi," a famous military song of the Rákóczy period. Then, after looking at the fortress which Leopold I. constructed in 1665 as a protection against the Turks at Lipótvár, I longed for mountain air and quietude, so rode back to Tátra Lomnitz. The Tátra always restores me. To stand and look up at Gerlachfalva, the highest

peak of the Carpathian range, 2663 metres high, is to feel something of the majesty of nature in its rugged calm. From the top of Lomnitz peak one may on a clear day see as far as Cracow. Climbing is easy, guides good and plentiful, and the air pure and transparent. Spring in the Tátra is neither hot nor cold, the summer distinctly warm, whilst autumn and winter offer exceptional attractions. Before saying good-bye to my dear friends of the Carpathians, I was introduced to two delightful excursion haunts, and there encountered experiences of no common order. One was an ice cavern, the other a raft ride. Both were of the novelty order, and I, ever curious to see all, succumbed to the invitation. It was a grand day, and the drive from Poprád is one of the grandest in Hungary —just one of those drives which make a man silent. It seemed almost a desecration to talk save in a whisper. If I remember right, we passed through the wonderful Valley of Flowers and the uncompromising looking village of Grenicz. Another picture vividly fixed upon my memory was the enormous number of scantily clad gipsy children who at every turn of the road rushed out for small coins. Halting to rest the horses just before we reached Dobsina, I tried to collect a group of these sun-tanned disreputables in order to photograph them, and one little urchin, a perfect combination of dirt, rags, and mischief, I particularly wanted as a centrepiece, but the rage of the mother was so terrible and lasting that I was forced to abandon the idea. Thinking some evil would befall the tribe if the white man photographed them, she ran immediately and informed the entire army of mothers, who came and snatched away with fierce gesticulations my group, much to

the annoyance of the unthinking children. Curiosity in these parts does not often supersede custom.

Amid the beauty of the Dobsina ice cavern I forgot my failure of the morning. You have to take a somewhat circuitous walk before you arrive at the entrance, and once there you are soon in the immense hall. The cave itself has an area of 8874 square metres. When the lights were turned on it resembled Aladdin's Fairy Hall, and one felt a child again in wonderment and surprise. There is an extraordinary variety of ice hangings and fantastic configurations. The following day I was promised a raft ride on the Dunajecz, and the possibility of an exciting experience thrilled me. Leaving Szepes-Béla in a carriage for Szepes-Ófalu, we practically passed through the Magura Mountains, then made for the Red-Cloister, after spending the night at Szepes-Ófalu. Curiously enough, the Dunajecz flows from south to north. At Red-Cloister men awaited us with rafts formed of hollowed-out trees such as the district provides, in which were arranged seats of a most comfortable order. With a few preliminaries, we were off. My Polish friend at the bow was ably seconded by the Slovák in the stern, and between them they succeeded in giving us some exciting moments. How we rushed along, until it seemed as if our frail barque had tired of control and was now determined to court disaster and independence of movement. Yet every time we looked like getting a good wetting our phlegmatic steersman deftly turned the primitive coracle into safer waters. The swiftness of movement almost made one giddy, yet accidents are unknown here, so expert are the rafters. Any lover of speed, of rapid movement, must try this experiment.



SLOVAK PEASANT OF THE TÁTRA. NORTHERN HUNGARY

It is obvious that, regarding natural beauty, Hungary in the Carpathian area is surpassed by many countries, but in no country can one find the historic, poetic, patriotic sense of peoples so peculiarly blending with Nature's gifts, and so redolent of an elusive something which I must ever call the Magyar spirit. One cannot wander amongst the charms of the High Tátra and touch even in an inadequate form the life of the people in that region without being deeply impressed by the irresistible yearning for freedom—a yearning fostered in silent meditation, woven into the tissue of a thousand dreams, abounding in song, surcharged with tears, supported by literature and history, yet practical in its impracticability, and as pervasive as nationality. No one is forgotten. In Hungary names and dates live in the memory even of the inadequately educated. Bound by ties unseen, linked by chains hammered in sorrow, the Magyar nation lives and moves—slowly, it may be—toward that day, the day of the minor nations.

With heartfelt regrets I left the Tátra for the men of the plains, and the larger centres of national activity.

CHAPTER IV

WHERE THE MAGYAR REIGNS

"The shades of night have fallen o'er the low plains."—POUSHKIN

THE traveller from Berlin to Budapest cannot avoid Kassa. It was night when I entered Kassa, and political demonstrations rendered an otherwise uncommonly quiet town unusually turbulent. There was little to be seen at such an hour, but I realised the "stone age" was not over, and sought the comparative peace of a barber's shop. Hungarian barbers are good, and in the country places inexpensive. Both are a consolation to the man with a strenuous beard and a meagre purse. This, of course, is true of England—in a few places. In Hungary you must first learn the quarterings of the knight of the lather ere you meet him. Outside the shop stands not the variegated pole which was the envy of my youth in England, but two golden coloured discs, like abandoned plates hanging in mid air, as if to tempt the accuracy of the schoolboy and the agility of the midnight youth. In a foreign town the barber is usually the first man I seek acquaintance with, and, as a rule, he is better informed than the evening papers and just as reliable. In Kassa the Hungarians are the dominant race, and you are not long before you realise this. There is a comparatively busy air about the place, for the railway activities which centre there bring into

the place the spirit of progress from the outer world. Kassa owes much to this factor. In a Western sense it is, however, only in its infancy, though in a few years it will be found in long clothes. After leaving the comfortable hotels in the Tátra, it is rather disagreeable to put up at the inns the town provides, lacking as they are in all those little conveniences which an Englishman calls necessary. It is not luxury that one demands, but English necessity. Too often we expect too much, and always forget that it is we who are the foreigners. Hungarians love heat, closed windows, smoke-filled rooms. We English love air, exercise, open windows, plenty of water and large towels. Many a time I've been nearly roasted in a railway carriage when travelling with Hungarians, who feared a draught even in summer. It is true that the night air is very deceptive in Hungary, and several times I have paid the penalty of my indiscretion; but to be smothered with bed-clothes in summer, or not allowed to open the window when travelling, is indeed a custom difficult to reconcile oneself to.

Never ask for tea in Hungary, save where you know they have been taught how to make it. To put a little cheap tea into a cold teapot, then pour over it some water which has never reached boiling point, is the conception of tea-making many have arrived at. At Kassa, mine was so weak it could hardly get out of the spout. I am sure, however, all these things which the insular, prejudiced English dote upon will soon be found in Kassa, so keen are its inhabitants and so complete its progress. Until I visited Kassa it had never interested me. Budapest, Debreczen, and Transylvania were something more than mere names on a map to me, they were historical centres I longed to

explore, they were influences reaching out into Western civilisation; but Kassa was a new spot for research, an unknown quantity. The growth and development of the town is not without its history. History is often silent or scant regarding its past, but it is clear that Kassa was known as far back as Géza I. In the fourteenth century the city sprang into some measure of importance as a "frontier-town," and became a royal free city. And a century later, owing to a continued increase of privileges and the expansion of its strongholds, it assumed the leadership of all Northern royal free cities, and became at the same time the capital of Hungary. Around it raged a series of conflicts prior to the battle of Mohács, which added to its renown and stimulated its growth. Sympathy, ever a variable quantity, at one time flowed out generously to the Habsburgs, and Kassa became one of the most reliable towns. An attack upon the Church, by Belgiojoso and Stephan Bocskay, won them over to the Magyar cause. It was the turning-point in its history, and ever since Kassa has been identified with the successes and failures of the Magyars. Bocskay directed his big campaign from Kassa, and, after concluding peace with Vienna, he returned and died at Kassa. Bethlen Gábor also played a great part in the history of the city. But after the death of George Rákóczy I., Kassa passed into the exclusive possession of the Hungarian kings, and the influence of the Transylvanian princes vanished. Both Thököly and Francis Rákóczy II. and those who followed them attempted to woo and win the Kassans, but failed. Then following the Peace of Szatmár came a fading away of the military glory of the town, which was not revived until the fateful Revolution of 1848.

Despite continued struggles, the city boasts of the finest Gothic cathedral and the oldest playhouse in Hungary. The former pleased me immensely. It was so encouraging to see something Gothic, after gazing for weeks at ruined castles and Slovák cottages. The play that Gothic always gives to the imaginative faculties, the spirit of ages it bears, and its variety, came as a panacea, so that life again became bearable. Inside the Cathedral I felt nearer home. The architect was one named Villard d'Honnecourt, a Frenchman. It was ever the aim of the great Matthias to secure the best available men for his work, and undoubtedly the Cathedral is magnificent. One never feels alone there. It is not so large and so pillared and aisled that man loses his identity therein. In a land where magnificent churches are scarce it stands out royally, though its merits alone justify the position it occupies. There is a superb piece of filigree work by Stephen Crom, standing 66 feet high and forming a canopied tabernacle. This was probably executed in 1472. The altar pictures, forty-eight in number, are Early German, and said to be by Wohlgemut. One must also take notice of the fifteenth-century frescoes in the walls of the SS. Stephen and John chapels. There is nothing really great about them, but in a country which by reason of its continually being kept in the battlefield, and thus unable to cultivate or store any of the arts and emblems of peace, it is interesting to fully note what really may be found. Both the choir and staircase date from King Matthias. Apart from the Cathedral, Kassa has few monuments of general interest to show—churches galore, Franciscan, Dominican, Reformed, all evidences of the life that was, as well as of the life to come.

The Kassa of to-day rears its head ambitiously. It is social, political, cultural, and commercial. Possibilities simply swarm in upon one. When I first visited Kassa, only a few—a very few—spoke English. Now, thanks to the energy of Madame Horthy, many are able to converse, to say nothing of reading and writing in English. For some time I found it difficult to account for such a keen economic sense so far North, and though attributing much to the railway, it must not be forgotten that during the one hundred and fifty years of Turkish occupation the development of economic life and civilisation was practically nothing, and the spirit of industry was only kept alive by taking refuge in the towns of Upper Hungary. This is also true of art. Little is left of the monuments of the fifteenth and sixteenth century in their original state, and the little that is left may be found in the North. Apart from the institutions common to all towns, one has gained more than local notoriety. In Kassa—that is, within easy distance of the centre of the town—is one of those industrial institutions for young criminals which, by reason of its success, has made Hungary famous. It may safely be said that the police, magistrates, judges, and prison authorities, having passed beyond the theory of mere vengeance as a legitimate social function, even yet scarcely realise the emptiness and absurdity of administering the criminal law on a theory of retribution or punishment, and the weakness and futility of that plausible last refuge —deterrence. Hungary in this respect has its own standards, and therefore its unique institutions. The Hungarian State regards itself as responsible for all "abandoned" infants and children, and the term is applied liberally, so that no child is called upon to

suffer for the misdoings of its parents. There is no idea of "stamping out" crime, but what is assailed is the tendency. In Kassa the spaciousness of the place makes its appeal to the juvenile consciousness. There is an entire absence of anything resembling a house of detention. It is the sanatorium idea. They are ill, and must wait and be cured. Residents in the colony are not called prisoners, but boarders, and they are grouped in families. In the boys' home each head of a family has twenty-four foster-children to father, and he has constantly to exercise the duties of a parent toward them, teaching them to be forbearing, kind, and courteous to each other. The success of the experiment is unprecedented. In the thirteen State infant institutions in 1903 there were 16,660 children distributed into 466 colonies, where children of tender age are cared for and trained. We have nothing in England comparable with this system, and have much to learn from it.

Two things in the family life struck me as invaluable—the daily use of the tooth-brush and the neat folding of clothes every night. The children are all classified according to behaviour and age, and the distinguishing marks of the different clans or families is to be found in a pretty badge, or by the colour of the dress. Religious instruction is regular and simple. Everything is done to render the life of the child not penal, but pleasant. They have their games, bands, and swimming school, and may even visit their parents occasionally. The educational scheme is a laudable one, for the main idea is the rearing of good citizens, by creating pleasure in work, and teaching some remunerative employment. In the workshops the most up-to-date machinery and methods are employed. The boys at Kassa are allowed to earn

wages, thus stimulating diligence and engendering thrift. There are moments, I was told, when a strange waywardness will come over a boy, and when the position renders it impossible for him to be allowed to continue violating the rules of the family. For such as these, and the cases are remarkably infrequent, a scale of reprimands has been arranged. In the official book for 1905 I found the following system and scale of reprimands:—

(*a*) Private admonition.
(*b*) Reprimand in the presence of the family to which the offender belongs.
(*c*) Meals to be taken apart from others, and no amusements allowed.
(*d*) Loss of distinctions which may have been gained, and of special favours, such as the right to receive visits, write letters, and to walk outside the bounds.
(*e*) Meals of a less varied character than usual, to be taken at a separate table.
(*f*) Banishment from the family, and enrolment in one of lower class.
(*g*) Complete isolation from the other inmates.
(*h*) Expulsion from the establishment, and consignment to prison.

This is surely an object lesson for advocates of corporal punishment. No patient is sent for a specific or fixed term, the virility of the disease and the success of the treatment only to be the determining features of their stay, with this limitation, that none can be detained after arriving at their twentieth year. In one of the suburbs of Budapest a similar institution exists for girls, and it is equally successful.

In the Museum, which is supposed to be of

exceptional interest, little of surpassing value was found, many of the 30,000 curiosities being of too local a nature to admit of description. Perhaps the most valuable collection is that of ancient coins. Schools abound, and official residences proclaim its dignity and importance as a city. I found fewer Jews and more Slováks than I expected. What a study in cobbles the roads are!—and driving after a time becomes painful. Often I sat and wondered how those strange-looking vehicles drawn by such lean horses stood the unevenness of the Kassa streets. Harness even now is often a collection of assorted string and leather. Primitive carts, primitive drivers, and primitive horses, what rich objects for the painter! It is obviously not a writer's land, but an artist's. How amazing also that such a collection of colours should be found upon one person without fighting! Some prominent person in Hungary must be found to promote a society for the preservation of national costumes. How much Hungary would lose if clad in regulation black and white! Away in the North, surrounded by much that even yet must be styled primitive, one longed for art, for literature, but one felt remarkably close to the distant past. Though the grand and majestically expressive Magyar tongue was heard, I felt that I had not yet reached the real Magyar impregnated atmosphere—that I, like them, must push on to the heart of things and there abide a while. This much must be said for the railway accommodation, that it is cheap and good.

The day that I selected to visit Tokay for the first time was one of the hottest the August of that year had provided. Travelling was unbearable even with an English crowd near one. To talk almost scorched

one's tongue. I remember one such day in Egypt. It is a little off the beaten track from Kassa to Debreczen, but it was the obvious thing to do to have a peep at the vineyards of Tokay. I remember even now the sensation of being called at a monkish hour: even then everything and everybody seemed to have been awake hours—just one of those days one is called upon to eat two breakfasts. There were several Hungarians on the train who spoke English, and the tales they told of the wine we were going to drink simply added to the thirst which commenced soon after eight in the morning, and which continued until Debreczen was reached at midnight. Then, it was too hot to doubt or even question their opinion; now, on deliberate reflection, it would be unfair. Tokay as a town is nothing, but Tokay as a wine is everything. I recall everything—the crowd at the station, the flag-bedecked streets, the banquet, the speeches, the wine—and the white dust. I can even remember an unpremeditated hiccough. Twice that day I thanked the forces of war that resulted in Rákóczy II. concentrating his influence on the Hegyalja district. Much, I learnt that day, was due to this illustrious Prince of Transylvania for making renowned the golden juice of Tokay. It became then and has remained the "wine of kings and king of wines." This is no national conceit, but a unanimous foreign opinion. At the Council of Trent, Pope Pius IV. was presented with a small barrel of the Tálya vintage by the Bishop of Zágráb, George Draskovich, as the most costly gift he could give. His Holiness on tasting it exclaimed, with unaccustomed generosity of speech, "Summum Pontificem *talia* vina decent," or, "*Such* wines are fit for the highest Pontiff."

Tokay as a wine-growing area is a very small one. The output is scant and imitations are many. One may almost stand on a hill and see the entire Tokay wine district. A tiny mountain range, a few assiduous, patient workers, and here you have the producing spot of that famous wine which the poet affirms is "gold become liquid." They say that the district was probably first planted by Italians, who brought over slips during the time of Louis the Great. Dryness is the chief characteristic of the climate in this district. The summer is very warm, and the winter cold, with hurricane winds. In the spring it is cool in the beginning, and dry, passing in May without any transition period into warmth. The beginning of autumn is damp, but as the month proceeds the days become dry, fine, and long. Spring frosts, I was told, injure only those vineyards which lie on the plain, whilst the best vineyards are to be found at a height of 150–190 metres above the level of the Adriatic. Naturally I had many opportunities of tasting the best that Tokay could produce, therefore can testify that there's nothing on earth to equal it. Its qualities as a medicine are only now being recognised, though Max Wirth wrote as far back as 1885 that "Tokay Ausbruch has throughout Europe won the name of the King of Wines, and is held to be the Crown of Wines for convalescents and those decrepit with age." Tokay, however, has to be approached at the right angle to be appreciated. A good appetite is not sufficient. You must be one who does not take wine just for your stomach's sake, but able to approach it artistically. There is a right and a wrong feeling with which to approach wine. He who heeds not the bouquet and is blind to the rich colour will

never have the imagination stimulated, and on such a person Tokay is wasted. A legend tells of a monastery containing a cave in which the noblest growth of Tokay was stored. The custodian was never permitted to approach the cave save in the most courtly garb, bearing in his hand a silver candlestick. Such was its effect upon an aged friend of mine, a timorous soul in his bravest moment, that after tasting some of this delectable nectar he felt constrained to deliver in an alien tongue a powerful oration on the value of a revolution. But its medicinal qualities are as numerous and more efficacious than those unsuspecting article advertisements that so often lead us astray in the English newspapers. In the Tokay wine district something of the generosity of the wine has entered into the character of the people, and everything seems to blend harmoniously. A rich owner of vineyards entertained me at tea, and the sensation of witnessing two stout-limbed servants bear upon their shoulders a tray laden with the choicest of grapes, rich and lustrous, for our dessert, led me to determine upon a neglect of everything save Tokay grapes. Alas! evening shadows drove me away, and to undergo a most painful experience. A slow, tired train, crowded with jaded travellers, the evening air stifling, whilst as if to crown events fitly the whole lighting system gave out, and the long journey to Debreczen was undertaken in the dark. Only an hour late. Everybody irritable and impatient. No Tokay. But it was Debreczen, the "City of the Magyars," the Protestant Rome. Curiously enough, both the first and the last occasion upon which I visited Debreczen I arrived after midnight. I never advise anybody now to attempt to go from Kassa to Debreczen *viâ* Tokay in a day. Once,

however, you are in Debreczen, and drive down the wide street to the hotel, you feel something of what poets have sung—a peculiar sense of abidingness, of largeness, of expanse, and of rest. From over the great plain, immense and fertile, this feeling steals. Here again mere monuments cease to attract you. Long, dwarfed-looking streets; the usual large square; an abundance of coffee-houses; good shops, and you have the whole town. In Hungary one soon grows accustomed to the dead level of the houses, the almost German regularity and uniformity of the towns. Life is never to be found within the walls of such as these, but in the one principal thoroughfare, along which passes the restless activity of a pleasure-loving race.

Debreczen with its 75,000 inhabitants strikes quite a different note to Kassa. When, however, I think of what we in England are able to do with so many thousands of people, and what a town we make of it, I sit and wonder at Magyar content. Whilst there is so much missing apparently, so many possibilities not utilised, there is a collectivity about the place which we don't possess in England. They are Hungarians. The concerns of the great, outside, troublous world do not concern these hardy agriculturalists: it is only the Alföld and Hungary for them, and it sufficeth. Debreczen's part in the Revolution of 1848 was a noble one. But I love Debreczen because of its Petöfi associations—Petöfi, the greatest literary genius Hungary ever had. The poet always seemed to have been suffering there. Listen as he sings:—

"Oh, Debreczen!
When I recall thee!
Much I suffered within thy walls;

Yet notwithstanding,
It is a pleasure
For me to recall thee.—
Papist I am not,
Yet I did fast and fasted long.
'Tis good that a man's teeth are bone,
'Tis a wise ordinance of heaven."

Age makes few calls upon one here; one is near to moving events and men. In the very centre of the square stands the Protestant church, which every Magyar points out to the visitor as the spot where Louis Kossuth proclaimed from the pulpit on April 14, 1849, the separation of Hungary from Austria and the deposition of the Habsburg House. Every time they recall the event even the eyes of the young flash strangely, as if remembering past wrongs. Quite near to the church another Hungarian poet is immortalised—in bronze. In the eighteenth century, Debreczen was the largest town in Hungary, and in this village-town stood a commodious but ugly building which to the passer-by appeared to be a barracks. Alas! how deceptive appearances are, for the inmates wore long black togas, and it was none other than the famous College of the land. Here, amid so much external gloom, was educated one of the most extraordinary poets of his age, Michael Csokonai. He was the finest lyrist of his time. A restless wanderer, Csokonai for many years delighted the heart and quickened the pulse. Nothing disturbed his sense of nationality, though his poems show how keenly aware he was of the "ruling ideas and tendencies of his time." Rousseau's conception of solitude stirred him to his noblest poetic efforts. Professor Beöthy says of Csokonai:—

"He sang his unhappy love in lyric songs, which,

with their tender sweetness, and the noble inwardness of their outbursts of sorrow, together with the fluent ease of their verse, made them our best amorous poetry up to the time of Vörösmarty and Petöfi."

Behind the church one may find Csokonai Place, and there remember that the poet died at thirty-two. In Dr. Riedl's *Hungarian Literature* what was known as the "Arcadian Controversy" is dealt with, and it is interesting as occurring after Csokonai's death. Kazinczy suggested as an epitaph to be engraved on the poet's tombstone the words: "I, too, have been in Arcadia." The poet's fellow-townsmen, the worthy, matter-of-fact burgesses of Debreczen, did not know what it meant. They looked up the name "Arcadia" in Barthélemy's popular *Le Jeune Anacharsis*, and there discovered the following statement: "In Arcadia there were excellent fields for the rearing of domestic animals, especially *asses*." Naturally they felt dismayed. What a theme this controversy would have provided Csokonai with! Debreczen had another son, who in the French wars achieved distinction as a soldier, and later as a man of letters. In all the writings of Michael Fazekas it is easy to distinguish the influence of French literature gained in the wars. On one occasion he was in a position to increase his worldly store by pillage, but, entering the French château, he found his way immediately to the library, selected a volume, and read for some time, eventually leaving bootyless, after replacing the book on the shelf. Of such stuff was Fazekas made. A monument to the gallant Honvéds who fell at the battle of Debreczen on August 2, 1849, recalls and reminds. A dying lion on a pedestal of rock is a fitting symbol of the courage these home-bred soldiers

possessed. Here in the busy mart you may behold the flower of the Magyar peasantry. It is the Magyar race you see, which is not to be confounded with the Hungarian nation. The one is united and unanimous: action and deeds is its motto. The other, ethnically speaking, is yet in process of formation. With an unusual degree of fitness, the Magyars, the very kernel of the nation, are welded together in the centre of the land, a compact body. The natural conditions surrounding Debreczen made its appeal to those earlier settlers, for it corresponded to their mode of life, and the expansiveness and freedom, to say nothing of the scope provided by the Alföld, seemed in keeping with their past. It must have been a sparsely populated area when the followers of Árpád first sojourned here. From such a centre radiates the strength and patriotism of the Magyar race. Pressed in on the north by Slováks and Ruthenians, on the south and south-west by Croatians and Servians, on the south-east by the Wallachs, the Magyars have been, so to speak, solidified by ethnological conditions, as well as by their own passionate love of race.

It is agricultural Hungary here, and Debreczen is its centre. But it was something more than fertility of soil that made Hungary agricultural. About the close of the seventeenth century Turkish power ended, and Hungary came under the rule of the House of Habsburg. This change did not bring any special economic improvement. In Hungary the King could only impose taxes with the consent of Parliament. The nobility were relieved of the duty of tax-paying, and Parliament desired to protect the tax-paying capacity of the people in the interests of the landowners. In Austria the prerogative of ruler

was extended, and he was able to impose taxes without consulting Parliament. Therefore, as the needs of the State grew apace, and perpetual warfare depleted its coffers, the ruler and his retinue sought the economic development of the "hereditary countries," and simply regarded Hungary as a mere granary and colony of Austria, thus reducing it to selling its surplus to Vienna, and purchasing its necessaries there. The King of Hungary being Emperor of Austria, one and the same indivisible person, naturally assented to such tactics. Parliamentary protests failed, and Hungary simply lost the little industry which had survived Turkish occupation, and settled down to its future as an agricultural country. Personally I doubt whether any power on earth could at that juncture have made it industrial. Something in the composition of the Magyar always leads me to associate him with agriculture. By temper he is a farmer—and a politician. Listen to a group of these top-booted, serious-faced Magyars discuss a political problem, and the intelligence they bring into the debate is astounding. These over-patient souls, whose vision seems as boundless as the plain upon which they work, have an education that mystifies one; it is not of the schools, scholarly, but of men and matters. Of the great, blustering, Western world they know little, but they "can do more *things* and have learnt a greater variety of *names* to express the same thing by." Give us a description of a Magyar? This was sent from a London paper, and I was expected to answer on a view-coloured postcard. But what is he like? I can only answer, What is a *man* like? The Magyar is no savage, no tawny gipsy, no dissolute reveller. Hungary is not a howling wilderness,

and to it one need not come armed. The Magyar is of medium stature, with a skull just above the middle size. His head is short, and his face broad and inclined towards being oval, guided by a short nose and small eyes and ears. As a rule, the Magyar mouth is finely cut and the chin oval. Strong and luxurious hair, and vigorous moustache, often well pointed, with a broad open forehead, and a chest denoting great physical endurance and strength. This will give some idea of the Magyar. Look at his broad palms and the short thumb! Watch him move! Never but elegantly, activity and strength harmonising grandly. But he rarely moves when he is able to sit, or walks when a ride is possible. In a measure he does lack energy, and this denotes little perseverance. He is easily discouraged. The Magyar character is a strange compound of habitual passivity and melancholy, and great susceptibility to excitement. His step is slow, countenance pensive, address dignified and imposing—all qualities which may suddenly change and give place to an excited precipitation. The magnetism of his character results from the fact that he is a bundle of extremes. Never have I seen either an individual or a nation more wonderful in success. You see the character of the Magyar emerging from every bar of Hungarian music. Patriotism in him is a fetish. To explain or describe him adequately is impossible. My dear old friend of the hills, how reposefully serious he was, and yet what pride of race he would suddenly flare up with! In the "tiszta Magyar" there is nothing mean nor deceitful. His hospitality amounts to a disease almost. But these noble souls of the plain, these peasant farmers, they are a perfect compendium of

self-respect. It is true the Magyar is hot-tempered, and when he roars it is in no uncertain tones. Fundamentally he is serious, and to weep is to capture joy. There is also a measure of conservatism about him. He dislikes change, and is averse to new conceptions, ideas, and methods. Though this is so, he will always give you a hearing. Naturally he is a partisan: men with such a compound nature cannot avoid it. One is always encountering Irish traits in the race. In judgment he is invariably right, and his apprehension quick. Capable of a huge amount of labour, he seems like the man who, though longing for work, was no sooner confronted with it than a peculiar inability to perform it seized him. "Any time except the present" is the motto of many in Hungary. Conversation or pleasure first, business afterwards, is also carried to excess, save by the Jews. They reverse it. To avoid loving such a race is an impossibility. Generosity of nature, tenacity of friendship, combined with an enormous capacity for enjoyment, is a trinity of virtues which must make for happiness. But the race is changing. The movement towards industrial experiments progresses. In the nobility one may even see the dawning of a desire for commerce. The influence of the Turk becomes less every year. Whatever may happen in the crowded cities, it seems an impossibility to change the character or temperament of Hungary's phalanx of strength which is focussed upon the great plain.

Debreczen is not only a Magyar stronghold, but the great Protestant headquarters. Here the language is spoken in its greatest purity. Nobly rearing its head is the Protestant College, the centre of interest in Egyház tér. A marvellous library of 100,000

volumes is stored here, whilst some 2000 students still pursue their studies in law and theology. Mingling with the crowds of students one may see the inquiring sons of the plain and the heroes of Hortobágy. Let us visit the home of the latter.

CHAPTER V

ON THE GREAT PLAIN

"Down there on the ocean expanse of the lowlands I am at home, that is my world; my soul is like an eagle freed from prison, when I behold the limitless expanse of level country."—PETÖFI

THE poet was right. How well he expressed in a single sentence all that I put into the last chapter! Petöfi sang as a Magyar feels. The *puszta* was his rightful home, for there beats the great heart of the race. When first I visited Hortobágy it was but to stand amazed. Just imagine the impression created by a consciousness of being on a vast plain 300 square miles in area, the characteristics of which are immensity and the cattle from a thousand hills. Its very treelessness strikes a silent note of appeal. You yearn for a something you are accustomed to, then when it is not forthcoming settle down cheerfully to the absences of the grassy plain, its quaint huts like oases, and those picturesque acacia groves. Lovers of magnificent sunrises must go to Hortobágy whilst the Fata Morgana, which may frequently be seen on the *puszta* in July and August, adds again to its attractions. Amid such surroundings the people change only slowly, but they do change. In a measure the romantic element is disappearing from Hungarian life. On the *puszta* the poetic state is

keenly preserved. This prairie-like area is used principally for cattle grazing and horsebreeding. Yet it is not altogether beyond the sounds of approaching civilisation. The lowing of the patient oxen, the howl and bark of the shepherds' dogs, the tinkling of the cattle bell, and the sharp crack of the Csikós whip, all emblems of the pastoral life, often blend with the shrill whistle of the train. It is surprising, however, how much of the old-time spirit and life lurks on the plain. Many tales I was told of the *Betyár-virtus* (brigand spirit), for the *puszta* still has its *szegény-legények*, poor fellows whose manner of livelihood is not always explainable. Here again superstition is rife. My last visit to Hortobágy was on a 40 horse-power Mercedes. It was the afternoon of the first day's ride from Budapest, and, looking at the mileage table that I held in my hand, then at the sky, it resolved itself into a race with the light; for Debreczen was the halting-place for the night. Unhampered by speed regulations, we exceeded 68 miles an hour; yet without any warning, and with no real conception of what had happened, we found ourselves landed high and dry right in the centre of the great plain. Never shall I forget the weird feeling which fell like a heavy mantle over all. Four hungry, tired souls stranded, and within 40 kilometres of Debreczen. On the *puszta*, and helpless. Not a soul was to be seen, not a sound heard, and only a perfect network of tracks to completely baffle a stranger. To attempt to move farther without advice would have been madness. Lighting our head-lamps, we discovered that we were not so very far from the habitation of man. Alas! how deceptive distances are here! Leaving the car, I trudged over a field or so to what



HUNGARIAN GYPSIES

FROM THE PAINTING BY CARL STEFFECK

I had imagined was a *csárda*; to my sorrow, I found it but a shadow of its former self, a vacated, tumble-down mass of mud and sticks. The sense of quiet the place engendered was positively appalling. Once I thought I caught a glimpse of the *Betyár-virtus*, that restless spirit of the Turpin order; but it vanished, and again we were alone. Waiting, tiredly stretched out upon the ground, gradually preparing my mind for a bed on sweet mother earth, I caught the sound of horse's hoofs and apparently coming in our direction. Patiently did we await the approach of the *csikós*. Nearer and nearer drew the horse and its companion, but one was unable to distinguish the form of either. Suddenly the movement ceased and the man dismounted. I shouted. There was need in my every tone, and the answer reverberated with fear. Why did not the man advance? Not an inch farther would he come. I asked for advice, and the man, poor tremulous soul, asked if I was honest. Calling to me to approach him, I did so lamp in hand, for the track was very uneven. As I drew nearer I caught sight of the typical Magyar, clad in white linen trousers, and a dark, reddish-brown, metal-buttoned dolman. How strangely he seemed to receive my story, how suspicious and inquisitive! My brain seemed to whirl with directions, yet supper and a bed depended upon my not forgetting the smallest detail.

At last, having mentally pocketed the final instructions, I stood awaiting an opportunity to thank him, when, evidencing his race, the man proceeded to describe the impression created in his mind by the adventure. With that freedom of expression common to the genuine Hungarian, he said that when he first beheld a light spreading itself over the plain, he

thought it was but some *csikós* amusing themselves before going home. But on approaching, the single light developed into two, and appeared to him as the firelit eyes of a strange mammoth beast of evil intent. This explained his dismounting. In less than two hours we were out of our misery for the day; for, like an Indian, he knew all the *side tracks* with which the plain abounds, and Debreczen hove in sight.

Such represents the difficulties a stranger must needs encounter when overtaken by night on the plain. Here the cowboy life flourishes to perfection. It is another world, ruled over by a kind of governor on behalf of the corporation of Debreczen. How wonderfully both Jókai and Mikszáth have delineated the life here! Step inside the *csárda* and watch the boys eating their *gulyás* or making love to the hostess. In Hungary one must learn to make love; it is expected. The *hideg Angol* (cold English) are always assailed for their shortcomings in this direction. Take another picture. A horse has been borrowed, for the robber objects to the term "stolen." One of these *szegény legények* having whirled his fifteen-metre lasso amongst the horses, gallops off with his booty, and when the poor *csikós* awakes, a fast receding speck is only to be seen on the horizon. Night again protects these highwaymen, and failing night the women-folk of the small inns. The spirit of Mexico abounds amongst the boys. A distinct code of honour prevails here. Treachery when discovered is rewarded. Fire issuing from the windows and doors of one of the small inns reveals the fact that the owner has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. I was told that the *csikós* drive away strange animals without

compunction, and at the first offensive word will kill a man, if the *fokos* be in their hands. "A *fokos* is an instrument with the head of a tomahawk, and may be used as a walking-stick: it is to the *szegény legény* what the sword is to the soldier." Another custom is not without its interest. Supposing a *csikós* under the influence of drink unconsciously betrays one of his comrades, no sooner has the alcoholic spell spent itself than he of his own accord goes to the court and submits to the punishment. Again, there is the love-duel. It sometimes happens that two men may fall in love with the same girl. Report hath it then that each go out into the terrible heat of the summer sun to fight a death-fight. "Each needs a sure eye and a steady hand, for upon one throw of the lasso life or death may depend." The two best horses of the herd are selected, and each man, ever watchful, circles round and round awaiting his opportunity for the final throw. To the mere watcher the apparent unconcern of the combatants reveals much of character. Men who act like this make great soldiers. The hissing, the cruel hissing sound of the delivered lasso is heard, and in a second it falls on the neck of its victim, a cracking sound, a gurgle, then the brave soul falls. He has loved and lost.

In winter the great plain is terrible alike in its loneliness as in its coldness. Then you see the *csikós* wrapped up in his unkempt sheepskin dozing around the camp fire. Water is scarce, the waterways are frozen. Wells—those characteristic Hungarian draw-wells—are distant, and when found, good old King Frost has often played havoc with the rope and the bucket. Therefore your poor, kindly, isolated *csikós* is driven to the *csárda*, where he passes the long chill nights in

comparative warmth. But there are also shepherds who watch their flocks by day and night. They are of quite a different type to the *csikós*. The insignia of their office is not a *karikás*, but a crook-surmounted staff. It was ever a leisurely occupation in all times that of tending sheep, and the hours are made to pass swiftly by means of carving and music. Originality of design is possible where the great world imitators move not nor have their being. The stick handles which these patient souls carve reveal a new mental world, and, crude and simple though they often are, they represent the aspirations and feelings of an unknown race in a form which amounts to a masterpiece. Sit by the side of one of these men when he feels that he must play his *tilinkó*, or flute. It is an education, yea more, a religious service. With closed eyes he sees pictures, and in plaintive notes makes you feel what he has seen. You soon discover the ancestors of his actions. That village over the hills, the plastered cottage by the stream, the grey-haired parents, the maiden who jilted him, or the sweet soul who loved and died. A scant, restricted language that he speaks; for a variety of words and phrases is not needed on the *puzta*, yet the depth of human feeling he is able to draw from his shepherd's pipe is absorbing and enchanting. The man standing over him enwrapped in wonderment, with mind carried far away by the strange sounds, is the *Gulyás*, or cattleherd. There is something of the aristocrat about this man. He has a manner with him. At the *csárda* he is found seated next the *csikós*. Once a year this strange and fascinating crowd troop into Debreczen to do their shopping, and a holiday indeed is made of the outing. Protestant Debreczen then wears a gay aspect, and the sounds of mirth-

fulness mingle with those of barter. Magyarism *in excelsis*. Patriotism unbounded. In the distant past and the near present this marketing made Debreczen famous. Hungary's intelligence foregathered here. I was told that this market was the forlorn hope of the young girls. "She who had not become betrothed either at the ball at *Mád*, or at the parish fair of *Pócs*, could only hope for a husband at the famous Debreczen market." Let me recommend the Debreczen sausages, for there is no mystery concerning the quality of these. One of the greatest pork industries of the land flourishes here. To see the town at its best one must be there when a fair is in progress. These fairs usually last a fortnight, and take place four times a year. It is a pandemonium sometimes. Shouting hucksters, clattering crockery, merry unloosed tongues, fiery gipsy music, and the hissing of the spit upon which turns the famous "gipsy roast." On such days experiences and impressions crowd in upon one. A snapping of whips and you may behold the "five-in-hand." Here is another Debreczen speciality. Ribboned steeds draw a coach, from the top of which a portly figure, pipe in mouth, manipulates the reins and conveys visitors of distinction to and from the station. Inexhaustible are the native beauties this town produces. Its one outstanding feature is that it is pure Hungarian. Just as I was leaving for the wild beauty of Máramaros county, it was whispered in my ear that the first voluntary fire brigade in Europe was organised by the Protestant students of Debreczen. Though even now far from the West in many ways, Hungary has made contributions to civilisation which ought to be known.

What a change it was from the rigid uniformity of

Debreczen and the Alföld to pass into that bewildering atmosphere of Máramaros county! Ethnographical combinations appear to thrive here — Ruthenians, Roumanians, Germans, Magyars, Gipsies, Slováks, Armenians, and Jews. The train journey was not particularly interesting. But as a county it is full of fascination. If you are in search of really exciting hunting experiences, the magnificent forests of Máramaros will supply any such need. Real, savage bears may be found here, and the lynx is often to be met. I was promised a sight of both these animals on their native heath, but for some reason or other neither of them could be induced to show their face the day I ventured out gun in hand. Perhaps it was wise, and for *me* certainly safer. It is a wild region. Art and literature never push very far out here. It may be that it is too near the Galician frontier. I made Máramaros Sziget, the county town, my headquarters. Living was good, people were most kindly, and Baron Perényi an ideal Lord Lieutenant and a charming host. Most towns of this order have something special to show. Here I could see salt-mines. Rónaszék was a sweetly pretty little village not far from Máramaros Sziget, and situated well up on the mountains. On arrival a set of overalls was provided, together with a weird-shaped cap, and in a very few moments I was standing in the cage waiting to be lowered into the mine. The picture that met my view at the bottom was astounding. If the visit to the ice-cavern had produced a feeling of being in fairyland, this feeling was intensified a hundredfold by rushing sensations that flooded into my mind. Here was a spacious hall, all hewn out of the solid white salt rock. Its proportions were tremendous. From a raised platform

a military band pounded out some strange affecting air. It seemed all like another world. The marble, crystal-like formations, the expanse of whiteness, the strangely garbed folk that hovered near each group of workers, and the echoing vastness of the place, excited curiosity yet awed one. Strange tones of palpitating earnestness issued from a young priest who deigned to descend thus far into the depths. His companion, a lady of gentle birth and stately mien, heeded not the love-lurking sentences, but with eye fixed upon an inscription was bent upon hearing the story of heroism the tablet represented — a simple mining martyr. Treading lightly, as if fearing to disturb the rich formations, a lake was reached, upon which stood a raft, from which a kindly pilot steered. Into the briny deep—for it was both these—one threw stones, and the sound issuing from such an act was as of a hundred guns unloosed. Wonderful as were all the sights and sounds mother earth disclosed that day, there was none comparable with the view of greenness, of high mountains, fresh sweet air laden with the perfume of a hundred flowers, and the ineffable placidity of life, which greeted one when the *borrowed plumes* were exchanged for kindlier garments. There is a disposition in most people to see things that are famous, and I am glad that I visited the Rónaszék mines. Undoubtedly the working of these mines was commenced in prehistoric times. The mine is 114 metres deep, and its annual output is 20,000 tons of pure salt and 10,000 tons of mixed salt. On the homeward journey, a begging monk, crucifix in hand, collected all my small coin. He was a picturesque figure, and seemed to be doing very well. For the first time I met some of the real Oláh types. There

was a regular ancient Briton look about the faces of the men, and they were clad for the most part in white. One of them had a kind of red waist-band, as if to show man in two parts. His hair was such as old-time poets cultivated, and musicians in these latter days. And on his head he wore a hat which from close observation one could tell was originally black in colour. Its shape baffles me even now. His feet were sandalled, and in such a manner that to unpractised feet walking would be an impossibility. Others flung across their shoulders mantles of sheepskin. The women-folk wore more colour, but were not more picturesque. They were cleanly-looking, robust women, resplendent in a variety of petticoats and a handsome sleeveless vest embroidered with elaborate designs, such as one sees in no other country, this last article surmounted—and obtaining much by way of contrast—by a spotlessly white long-sleeved blouse. Even the men wore white petticoats. The Magyars used to contemptuously describe these as a people who let their shirts hang out. Hungary is prodigal with her hats, for never have I beheld such ambiguity before. If you would behold shapelessness to perfection, gaze at an Oláh hat. The time never seems to appear for discarding them, and their uses are legion. For another reason I shall always remember my initial visit to Máramaros Sziget. It was there that I first witnessed a Hungarian play. *János Vitéz*, or "John the Hero," was written by Petöfi, not for the stage, however, but the poet gained much by its dramatisation. In a Hungarian company there are no sticks. True, the dramatic instinct is not as deeply set as in Russia, but it is present always. Without understanding a single word, one may follow the story quite easily. János the sad-eyed shepherd,

pretty Iluska, the wicked stepmother, Bagó the piper who tried to play János into hope and good spirits, János as a Hussar, the despairing Emperor, the slaying of the Turks, and the winning of Iluska. The music was sweetly pretty, and when, some months after, I saw this play again in Budapest with the famous Slovák actress Sarah Fedák as Iluska, my mind went back to the simpler men and maidens who performed at the country theatre. First impressions hang closely to one, and one of the dearest is my first play in Hungary.

In Máramaros county some idea of the mineral variety Hungary abounds in may be gathered. Now a strong effort is being made to discover oil-fields, and once this becomes a working fact the sun of Hungary's prosperity will rise still higher. Agriculture also occupies the attention of many in the county, and timber is plentiful though apparently not exploited.

Though a native of Nagy Szalonta, on the Alföld, it will not be out of keeping to introduce here John Arany, Hungary's greatest epic poet. In the summer before Queen Victoria came to the throne in England, an uneven company of players strolled into this little Northern town of Máramaros Sziget. As a profession acting was not regarded as exalted in those days. Occasionally it happened, however, that one or more of the company would be of some good family. Even to-day a theatrical company is full of contrasts of birth and breeding. Arany was nineteen when he embarked upon the tour, and a pale-faced youth at that, with all the marks of "the student" about him. Debreczen had housed him and schooled him, his successes awakening pride in the heart of the professors there, when suddenly the black gown was discarded

for grease paints and masks. Poetry and art burned within him a consuming fire, but Arany soon discovered that the altar he desired to sacrifice himself upon was not the stage. He was a born poet, for in the whole Alföld the people of Szalonta have perhaps the greatest number of historical legends — of Toldi, the Turkish world, and of the Kurucz wars. There was tragedy and comedy in those trying days, when, seeking to express himself, or worship the muses, he was found copying the playbills and carrying them round to people's houses afterwards. See him struggling with torn, dilapidated scenery, master of the thunder, lamp-lighter; then, when the curtain he had painted rang down on the final scene, and, when, the applause had faded away, gathering the warmer garments of the theatrical wardrobe, and the remains of the footlight candles, he was found night-watchman reading Horace. Awakening to the futility of all such acts before it was too late, and seized also with despondency, he wandered out every day into those marvellous pine forests on the banks of the Iza, on the outskirts of Máramaros Sziget. Inspired by a dream, he decided to return home, and, with a small loaf of bread and some bacon, he commenced the long tramp to the Alföld. Just before nightfall he encountered a number of carts carrying salt from Rónaszék, and he slept round the fire made by the carters. Disappointed, tired, hungry, uncertain at every step as to the justification of his act, he persevered until Debreczen was reached. Often he was regarded as a tramp, an outcast. Seeking the mean streets, he feared meeting a schoolmate. Arriving home, his acquaintances scorned him, or met him with derision. His father had become

blind, and his mother, o'erjoyed at again beholding her boy, lived but a few weeks after his arrival. Triumph, however, was only delayed, and genius was not destroyed. All this struggle added to the greatness of the man, and enhanced his contribution to literature. Arany created typical Magyar characters. "The chief features of his poetry are its realism and its pondering over the past. It is remarkable that so much objectivity and sobriety should be blended with such strong and deep feeling." He is best known by his *Toldi*, for it was perhaps "the first epic in which subject, language, and characters were all popular." It was full of colour and life; the old and time-worn expressions of the versifiers of his time were missing, and new figures captured the poetic sense. *Lost Constitution* is a satirical epic in hexameters. Gyulai termed him the Shakespeare of ballad. He does not declaim and discuss, but stimulates imagination by employing it, and feeling through feeling. In his lyrics the same spirit enters. Arany trembles with more violent passion when he soars with his reflections into the highest regions of the human mind, as for instance in his *Dante*, and gives a noble sublimity to his national feelings and sentiments in his *Széchényi* ode. His style had a fulness which lent itself to delivery, and this, combined with his fidelity of observation and uplifting ideas, made him a notable contributor to the language and character of the race. One of his ballads is called *The Bards of Wales*, but the significance is Hungarian though the subject is English. During the sad days of the *Bach era* in Hungarian politics, the poets were approached to compose an ode embodying the merits of the absolute monarch. Be it for ever written to

their credit, these stout sons of Hungary refused the enticing sums offered. The scorn with which Arany met the bribers is found in *The Bards of Wales.* Of such metal as this Hungary's poets have been made.

Never do I recall this first play in Máramaros Sziget without conjuring up some vision of Arany. Strolling one morning into the big square in which is focussed much of the business and no little of the gaiety, I was simply astounded at the number of Galician Jews that hovered around like birds on a battlefield. Something always strikes me as unpleasant about these people, with their long curls and dirt-bestrewed black garments. Few towns in Hungary can boast of a greater proportion of Jews than Máramaros Sziget. Besides these aliens were many Ruthenians. These must have arrived in Hungary between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, and settled for some time in the north-eastern highlands, where they avoided the strenuous life. Quite a number of Germans have been absorbed by these people, whilst, on the other hand, many have become Magyars and Slováks. In the south-west they were peculiarly sensitive to Magyar influences, and easily succumbed. The Ruthenian settlements are in Bács-Bodrog and Szerém counties. These Ruthenians as a rule are short of stature, not given to great strength of body, fond of corn-brandy, and meagrely fed on potatoes and maize. Fond of their cattle, they live in wretched hovels with them. Poor, illiterate, but well-disposed, they excite one's pity, and seem to suffer from neglect. This problem of the nationalities Hungary as the dominant partner is always being called upon to adjudicate. For months I struggled to obtain some

idea of the reasons adducible for such a comparatively small number of Magyars. Assimilation was deterred by great national catastrophes and long and devastating wars. Hungary was employed in waging war, rather than by generous methods attempting to incorporate into herself the foreign elements which settled in her midst. What other country could have survived three hundred years of war with the Turks and a century and a half of Turkish occupation? Is it to be wondered at that the Eastern continually peeps out? The bulk of this fighting fell upon the Magyars, hence the depletions were more felt by them than by the other nationalities. Turkey has much to answer for. Nothing in history points to forcible Magyarisation. Tolerance often becomes a vice, and of this quality the Magyar race is well endowed. Truly there is but one nation, the Hungarian nation, a nation composed of not one but many races. As to the Jewish element, it was Charles Keleti who expressed himself thus: "By the mixture of the Magyar and the Jew our country will gain a race which the more it multiplies the more firmly we shall be assured as to the permanence of the country. If intelligence and force, capacity for labour and activity are united, those elements are mixed together for producing an honest, rich, and powerful nation to dwell in the land." Such a rainbow-hued group of nationalities must needs beget a distinct linguistic atmosphere and produce situations of extreme difficulty. The late Professor Patterson used to tell a story of being taken one day by one of the citizens of a certain town to dine with a friend of his. Of the languages of the country the gentleman who introduced him—and himself—spoke only German and Hungarian. There were, besides,

at table, two Wallachs from the military frontier. Of these one spoke only his mother-tongue, consequently his efforts at social intercourse were restricted to smiling and looking amiable. The other knew both Servian and German, but no Hungarian. It was thus impossible for the whole of the party to enter into general conversation. This in some manner represents the necessity sometimes for an extensive repertory. But to leave these children of strange tongues was difficult, for I soon grew to love their strange habits and stranger customs. Of these more anon.



EVENING IN BUDA

CHAPTER VI

BUDAPEST AND ART

"'Tis the privilege of Art
Thus to play its cheerful part,
Man in Earth to acclimate,
And bend the exile to his fate."—EMERSON

LONG sojourning in the highlands of Hungary in a measure unfitted me for the journey from Máramaros Sziget to Budapest. Yet to it I came with a mind eager to receive its myriad impressions. Budapest has never really disappointed me. It is of towns, towny. Many things I have grown to dislike, but others to love more. When I first arrived it struck me as better than I expected—and I had expected much. Now that I know the byways, and can unattended find my way through its less frequented avenues of communication, it seems to need a less oratorical municipal council. Despite this national weakness, the city is justly styled Budapest the Beautiful. It is the capital, and forces are continually emanating from it which are but dimly realised in the districts I have already described. Here is much of the history, and all the machinery of the nation. When the first Englishman visited Budapest it is said that his interpreter was a Turk, for the Sick Man of the East held court at Buda. To-day the favourite

language is English. No city in Europe has grown more rapidly than Budapest, and the impress of hurry is seen. It is interesting because it is so unlike other cities. No city that I know of has cleaner streets. With a population of 900,000, it is steadily rising to importance, and will ere long challenge the supremacy of Vienna as the only habitable spot in the Dual Monarchy. In area it covers about 20,000 hectares, an hectare being 2.471 acres. The history of this area fascinates one. From the period of the Avars and the Slavs you get the names Buda and Pest. In what is known to-day as Old Buda stood the ancient city of Ak-ink; whilst in the second century after Christ the Roman city of Aquincum was founded, and it at one time occupied the same site in Ó-Buda. This old city had varying fortunes, and was subjected to a multitude of rulers. The migration of peoples disturbed its stability, and it was governed in turn by Avars, Goths, Huns, and Slavs. History is silent concerning much of the past, but one thing is certain, that only when the Hungarians penetrated to Buda did any measure of progress exhibit itself. A monument at the foot of the Elizabeth Bridge points eloquently to an historical episode of this era. It is that of Gerárd, Bishop of Csanád, who was precipitated from the Gellérthegy into the Danube "by pagan Hungarians."

As far back as 1156 Buda boasted of a royal castle. What it was like I know not, but the royal palace which proudly rears its white walls from its magnificent situation to-day is unequalled in Europe. Alas! the King cometh not. Visitors are shown daily the gorgeous apartments where the Magyars expected Francis Joseph would spend much of his time. The ways of kings, like governments, are past finding out.

Whilst the old palace at Buda was filled with gay courtiers, and the songs of revelry were heard in the twelfth century, and sombre-hued monks with clasped hands and upcast eyes walked in the priory gardens, Pest was assuming commercial proportions, though by means of a large Bulgarian population. In 1241 the Tartars overthrew everything that had been built, and a year later Buda shared the fate of Pest. Some eight years later, Buda, then of real importance, possessed a military governor. Curiously enough, the first Parliament met in 1286 on the Rákosmezö, near Pest. This is a landmark. Following the decease of Louis the Great, the two cities, jealous perhaps of the importance of the one and the prosperity of the other, commenced a series of quarrels which fortunately did not end seriously. Sigismund's sympathies went out to Pest, seeing that, being commercial, it was able to lend him money. This meant a reduction of the privileges which were the proud boast of Buda. Antipathy again sought its ends. Pest in the meantime profited by the kindliness of Sigismund. It was made an autonomous town, with power to elect its own judge and sheriffs. At Buda the task of rebuilding the royal palace was proceeded with by foreign architects. The golden age of Matthias saw both Buda and Pest surrounded by defensive walls, but Buda the centre of learning, gaiety, and courtliness. Then followed Mohács, and the taking and retaking of the city, the unrest, the pillaging, the ruins, hope and faith destroyed. What survived? Comparatively nothing. When, however, things had quieted down a bit, the great pestilence visited Pest in 1709, doing more havoc than all the Turkish troops. The recuperative capacity of Hungary

has been marvellous. Under Maria Theresa, who, despite the fact that she did something to undermine the constitutional rights of the Magyars, the pontoon bridge was built connecting the two cities. Evidently she preferred government without Parliament, for in forty years she only called the Diet together twice. The removal of the University from Buda to Pest under Joseph II. was an evidence of the growth of the city and a consciousness of its great future. Joseph never once summoned a Diet. He was a man who made a revolution where only a reform was needed. The real builder of the city was not a king but a noble, a daring, experimenting soul, who, realising the inherent vices of his countrymen, sought by individual effort and practical exhibition to point to a way which if trod would lead to national prosperity. To increase the material condition of Hungary was the aim of Count Stephen Széchényi. He saw the need of a common purpose and a common opinion. Appealing to those of his time, he said: "Seek what is practical, depend on yourselves for your reforms, and keep well in mind that the star of Hungary's glory has yet to shine." Poor sensitive soul! when the ideals of his life were nearing realisation, when at last the entire country was pulling a long stroke in the boat of commerce, he was seized with the fear that his country intended to drift into another Revolution, so on Easter Sunday 1860 he shot himself.

In one of his diaries the following was found: "The Germans write much, the French talk much, and the English do much." Bentham was his political guide, and, in order to make himself fully acquainted with the making of machinery, he entered one of our English factories in 1832, and did the work of a

common workman. A noble example which has never been followed in Hungary. So long separated, sometimes by parochial jealousies, at others by the caprice of monarchs, and always by the royal Danube, in 1872 a law was passed enacting that from henceforth Buda, Ó-Buda, and Pest should be known as Budapest, the capital of the kingdom of Hungary. Some twenty-one years later the final step was taken, and it became a royal city, equalling in rank gay Vienna. The city which has survived the repeated ravages of the Turks, the great pestilence, the inundation and the Revolution, is not likely to pass into obscurity or remain stationary. To-day the West calls in a hundred tones, and slowly perhaps, but certainly, Budapest responds. Is it a great city? What is a great city? Listen to Walt Whitman:—

"The great city is that which has the greatest man or woman;
If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city in the world.
The place where the great city stands is not the place of stretch'd wharves, docks, manufactures, deposits of produce,
Nor the place of ceaseless salutes of new comers, or the anchor-lifters of the departing,
Nor the place of the tallest and costliest buildings, or shops selling goods from the rest of the earth,
Nor the place of the best libraries and schools—nor the place where money is plentiest,
Nor the place of the most numerous population.

. . . . . .

Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands;
Where the city of cleanliness of the sexes stands;
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands;
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands,
There the great city stands."

Budapest is a great city by comparison, and by persevering progress. Greatness here takes another form of expression, the ideal being yet away in the

distance. Leaving Belgrad, Bucarest, or Sofia, Budapest appeals to one as great. It is so new, one may almost smell the paint and the lime in the mortar of its joints. If a special phase of architecture is expected, or a highly developed school of painting, then one fears that disappointment awaits you. Magnificent, and one might almost say gorgeous, buildings have been thrown heavenwards on the once yellow plain of sand called Pest. The things one sees and feels in Italy and Greece, Paris and Moscow, take centuries of cultivation and preservation. One might even doubt the glorious age of Matthias Corvinus were the Corvina codexes not forthcoming, so robbed was Hungary of those things which are the renown of the places just mentioned. Architecture is usually the first thing which appeals to the visitor. He expects originality in abundance in every new country. Where music, song, and dance is national, he is not surprised at floridity, but he seeks something else as well. Architecture, save in a few special cases, was compelled to limit itself to the satisfaction of imperative need in past centuries. Therefore you find the rococo style in the Buda Palace, and the classical tendency working itself out in the National Museum. In the Opera, Basilica, and the Custom-house, the genius of Nicholas Ybl, Hungary's foremost architect, was expended. The very rapidity at which buildings were erected militated against the development of a definite style. Contributions were, however, made by Steindl, Hauszmann, Czigler, and Schulek. In painting and sculpture Budapest has something to show. Here again Hungary suffered more in art than in literature; to-day, perhaps, she suffers more *from* literature than art. Be it for ever remembered that Dürer was a

descendant of the Ajtós family which had emigrated from the county of Békes. Even to-day the restlessness of genius and the "eternal wantlessness" of the homeland drives the artist to foreign lands. No good market, no large field for labour. Hungary has lost many of her artistic great in this way. Mányoky studied in Paris and Holland, then became court-painter to the King of Poland in 1712, and finally died at Dresden. Augustus Trefort, feeling the shameful void caused by an absence of artistic taste in Hungarian society, pulled the nation together, established the first Art Union, which did much to give an impetus to his ambition. As Minister of Education Trefort deserves special mention for services to art at this critical juncture. In 1870 Keleti was instrumental in establishing the first School of Art, alongside of which a partner was soon found in the School of Painting. Individuality craved isolation, hence a definite Hungarian school is yet in the making.[1] Mészöly, Székely, Munkácsy, László Paál, and Szinyei-Merse, all attest the truth of this. Great as they were, they founded no school. What stood in the way of this? Some say that it was that spirit of individual independence which enshrines the Magyar race. Temperament was the stumbling-block, which even close association and companionship, together with deep friendship, never passed over. Again it was each for himself, and Europe for us all. Politics, too, left its impress upon art. Historical subjects were plentiful. Paintings were full of political allusions, and the days of the nation's glory never failed to

[1] The Gödöllö School of Painting is absolutely modern, and modelled upon the lines of Herkomer's school at Bushey. It is one of the best Hungary has to show in this direction.

create a profound impression upon public opinion, to which art often yields. One feels the artist

"yearning like a god in pain,"

as Keats beautifully sings, remembering past wrongs. Both Rahl and Piloty influenced to some degree the artistic temperament of the young Magyars. The former found his field in allegorical treatment, the latter in realism and romanticism. Thán, Lotz, Benczur, Székely, and Szinyei-Merse were distinguished representatives of these schools. The ceiling of the Opera-house by Lotz is reminiscent of his master. Thán is seen at his best in the frescoes of the Central Railway Station. Szinyei-Merse, though a pupil of Piloty's, broke away from his master and his companions, and went in for colour effects such as Nature provides. It was the redness of the wild red poppies and the luxuriant green of the grass that thrilled him. In after years, when he became the intimate friend of Arnold Böcklin, this desire to throw upon canvas the power and strength of colours was accentuated. In all Hungarian painting there is temperament. Two pictures which have always fascinated me in the Picture Gallery are by Benczur and Székely. "The Baptism of St. Stephen" by the former is a national masterpiece, whilst equally valuable is the historical contribution of Székely's "The Finding of the Unfortunate King of Hungary," Louis II., who perished at Mohács. Benczur is a leader amongst painters. Another painting of his which perhaps does not enjoy so great a reputation, but which never fails in arresting the attention of all, is "The Christening of Vajk." The colouring, grouping, and feeling thrown into this picture is extraordinary. There is perhaps not that

variety of facial expression significant of Munkácsy, but it addresses the feelings rather than the intellect. Székely in his masterpiece contents himself with a less crowded canvas, but a canvas into which steals that mystic something that "doth stir the airy part of us." But there is another Székely to see, or another branch of art in which the man unfolds himself. Later years saw Székely as the great fresco painter. In the grand church of Pécs and the Matthias Church at Buda wonderful specimens of his skill are to be found. Amongst the great dead yet living is Munkácsy. Hungarian art was first really appreciated in England through the medium of this master spirit. So prolific was he, so diverse in treatment, and yet so great, that he became the Jókai of art. In Munkácsy one saw again the unbound fresh temperament. It was the great world outside Budapest that awakened this, not the mere art in the man. Hungary would have crippled him, clipped his wings so that neither he nor his genius, nor even Hungarian art, would have gained that importance which travel invested it with. Whilst a scholar he painted "The Convict's Last Days," a picture that captivated the Paris Salon. Leaving purely national subjects, he won everlasting and universal fame by his religious pictures—"Christ before Pilate," "Golgotha," and "Ecce Homo." These are known the whole world o'er, and did more for bringing into notice Hungary and its art than anything else. Munkácsy plied his brush with broad gestures in the inspiration of the moment, independently of the object which he painted, yet never once destroyed the intense humanness and wealth of feeling each individual possessed. That artistic excitement which we in our pagan language sometimes call "soul" is found in all his

work. As you enter the new Art Gallery you are confronted by his largest canvas, and in some respects the most striking. "The Conquest of the Land" is an imposing example of Munkácsy's facial repertory. Close beside his work in the Art Gallery may be found that of another of those wandering souls who found the atmosphere of Budapest too stifling and sought a more sympathetic home in Paris. László Paál, even now, is not appreciated as he should be. Barbizonian influences told upon his work. Paál found an outlet for his genius in painting trees. Gazing at his work, you feel the life of a tree, its expression changing with the seasons, as a man. Now

> "wearing
> Autumn's gaudy livery, whose gold
> Her jealous brother pilfers,"

or listening to the plane tree whispering some tale of love to the pine, catching at the same moment

> "The odor of leaves, and of grass, and of newly upturned earth."

Alas! Paál died at thirty-two, but his work remains. Feszti is another who sought expression in historical subjects. His "Entry of the Hungarians under Árpád" is a colossal picture. In the school of realism Zichy rises high above his contemporaries, and his talent gained much by the long sojurn in St. Petersburg, where he lived as court-painter. Of portrait painters Hungary is not, or never was scant. Their number is legion. Benczur, Horowitz, Vastagh, Balló, Karlovszky, and Philip László, to mention just a few. In London the work of László is known best, and the commission to paint the portrait of King Edward VII. is the crowning effort of his genius. Hungarian artists prefer the incidents of common life, and here they

undoubtedly score. A good example of this order is found in Bihari's "Before the Judge." Much of Hungarian painting is *genre*. The varied phases of painting are well represented by Vágo, Margittay, Pataky, Nadler, Csók, Jendrasik, and Tornay. In the realm of landscape painting candidates for honour have always been scarce. Mészöly was one of the first to tear himself away from the limitations of the Academies. Both he and Markó won fame, and Keleti, Telepy, Mednyánszky painted with no uncommon feeling. Italy again made its contribution to Hungarian art, for Markó visited that land when it had left "behind its mummified Byzantine origin," and turned once more to Nature. Mészöly, a leader in modern landscape painting, made a speciality of Lake Balaton. In these pictures, so full of real poetry and yet so simple, and all toned by peculiar melancholy, one recognises the modern spirit at work. He was attracted not by expansive effects, for these never moved him. But he could not remain indifferent to the soft colour reflections the lake shed, the still rushes, and the picturesque huts. Thus he opened up to Hungarian art Hungary, with some of its less intimate traits, employing not so much colour as fine drawing and perfect tone. Another young industrious painter, Ákos Tolnay, is steadily striding into notice and renown.[1] Of capable women painters Hungary is scant. Amongst those worthy of mention may be named the Countess Nemess, Ida Konek, Wilhelmina Parlaghy, and Madame Sikorska, who is much less known than she should be, several of her landscapes being far above the average. Engraving and illustration are now receiving

[1] I had almost forgotten the rich impressionistic work of Kacziány, which has reached an unusually high standard, some of which is really marvellous.

serious attention, and colour reproduction comes on apace. Sculpture has very little historical background. Not much survived the severe national struggle. The stone and marble statues were burnt to lime and chalk, whilst the barbarians made cannon of the bronze figures. A few primitive reliefs leading to the crypt of the church at Pécs, more reliefs at Gyulafehérvár, and the rich ornamental work at Ják. Not until the middle of the nineteenth century did sculpture again begin to assert itself. Its two pioneers, Ferenczy and Engel, were regarded as possessing the essential spark of genius. The former owed much to public feeling, whilst the latter gained some distinction by his mythological female figures. His monument of Széchényi is generally regarded as a failure. Izsós' work at Debreczen is worthy of remembrance. At the death of Huszár, an opportunity was given to Strobl and Zala, men capable of achieving European renown. In the monument in front of the National Museum Strobl beautifully portrayed Arany the poet, whilst Zala rose in eminence by the Andrássy statue before the Parliament House. To-day a younger school is rising into power, Ligeti, Telcs, and Szamovolsky, and they all bid fair to eclipse the deeds wrought in stone by their ancestors. There are other branches of art flourishing, but these I intend to deal with in connection with the distinct towns and villages in which they flourish. It is obvious that Hungary is not a wild land, devoid of those feelings which lead communities and nations into the broad daylight of modern civilisation. On the contrary, there are stored up in Budapest ample evidences of those qualities without which no nation may claim greatness—infinite patience and perseverance in art and literature, if not in other things,

a marvellous capacity for recovery, and a sterling sense of independence which should eventually lead to an awakening consciousness of greatness.

There is, however, yet lacking that intellectual tingling in the atmosphere of Budapest that one finds in other large cities. It is easily explainable. To-day there is too much politics and too little practical idealism. Victor Hugo said:—

"It is necessary that the ideal should be breathable, drinkable, and eatable to the human mind. It is the ideal which has the right to say, 'Take, this is my body, this is my blood.'"

Budapest the Beautiful—yes, it is true! One must only walk along the Corso and gaze at the Buda bank to realise how beautiful it all is. A temperate climate, drinkable water, ready means of communication, cheap theatres, beautiful parks, a prolific Press, unlimited music, never-ending cafés, grand baths, plentiful supply of churches, museums galore, what more can mere man desire? If I ask the Hungarian workman in Budapest this question to-day, he will answer, More money and the vote. Ere long I prophesy he will have both these. Living is expensive, and the English murmur, Give me the advantages of Free Trade. Hotels are numerous, but few are convenient. The best by a long way is the Hungaria, though the Bristol is not far behind. Apartments vary in price and cleanliness, and that absurd system of paying to come in or go out after ten o'clock at night is still in vogue. It is time this relic of barbarism was abolished. Quite a number of cheap good restaurants may be found. Alas! in all one must tip. In Hungary in most places it is a threefold tip that is needed. One to the pay waiter who brings you your

bill, one to the waiter who should see you are filled, and one to the little boy who brings you your drink. In the less ornate restaurant you may give ten filler to the pay waiter, ten filler to the waiter, and three filler to the boy. Double this in the swagger places. Cafés are a feature of Budapest. Some of these are simply wonderful in design and ornamentation. Home-life is reduced to a minimum here. The café is the meeting-place, it is the school for scandal—alas! how well I know it! In the morning men monopolise it, in the afternoon and early evening women predominate, whilst again at night men are found in profusion. It is a social institution. Here one finds all the newspapers, and they are fundamentally reading rooms. The individual paper buyer, save those of the *revolver press*, are few indeed. In Budapest the coffee-house is the best customer the publisher has. Here, morning, afternoon, and night, may be found the life of Budapest. Streets often deserted and empty, not a soul to be seen but the proverbial cat. Cafés ablaze with light, and abounding in conversation and music. Gipsy music, or a ladies' band? Which you like. Peep into one. It has an atmosphere peculiarly its own. Is it found in bizarre decoration, quaint spandrils, voluptuous architecture, or prodigality of colouring? No! Luxuriousness fosters sensuousness, and without that impulsiveness and capacity for impressions which borders upon error yet remains aloof from it, one is unable to adequately apprehend the full mystery of the Magyar spirit. You enter for coffee; you are given an inspiration. What in most places in Europe is a commonplace is in Budapest a speciality. With your coffee comes a glass of delightfully cold, clear water. You gaze at both for

a moment, light a cigarette, ask for a newspaper—if you care—then settle down for the evening. There is something autocratic in the atmosphere of a Hungarian *Kávéház*. It is the appeal of the Eastern in the place that so captivates you—an appeal not made in the ineloquent forms of the written or spoken word, but in that graceful perfect form employed by the pervasive spirit, that penetrating, absorbing sense of invisible personality. A new spirit passes through the room as the orchestra strikes decisively the opening note. It is a long note, and you wait breathlessly for its companions. The gipsy band knows but one cue, its conductor, who stands, or rather waves, drawing from his violin a wealth of ballad, legend, and history. The effect of all this is marvellous. It is psychic. Feet once motionless and reposeful now become agitated, whilst the fingers take on an elasticity undreamt of. History makes its appeal on strings impregnated and pulsating with human feeling. What the leader thinks you are made to think. He touches the entire keyboard of human thought and feeling, "from passion to irony, sarcasm to the sob."

The Opera is good. It is a fine building in the Renaissance style, and cost some six million crowns. In the main entrance the statues of two distinguished Hungarian musicians may be found. On the left that of Erkel, whilst opposite is placed that of Liszt, both the work of Strobl. In the Nemzeti, or National Theatre, serious drama is produced, and produced well. The manager is a most capable man, with a profound liking for English pieces; consequently one may see *Merely Mary Ann* and several of Wilde's wonderful plays. Here the standard of acting is high, particularly amongst the women: Mary Jászai and Emilia

Márkus are a long way ahead of their contemporaries, splendid in tragedy and capable in comedy. Both the Opera and National Theatre belong to the State. Four other large theatres, with two summer theatres and a scientific theatre of the dissolving view order, comprise the list of places for the "serious drama." Music halls and cinematographs now abound. Thanks to Széchényi, several fine clubs exist, the National, Gentry, Park, and the Jewish clubs being the best. Lovers of museums are well provided for. The most interesting from many points of view is the most recent. It is the Agricultural Museum, and in an unmistakable manner it presents Hungary better than any book could do it. The romance of agriculture is seen at a glance. In the realm of statistical demonstration Hungary is practically unequalled in the world. In the Agro-Geological Department the visitor is made acquainted with the various qualities of superficial soils and their extensions. The Wheat Hall discloses samples from fifty-three different counties, each district showing the progress or failure of ten successive years. The wheat grown each year, as well as the soil and the results, is presented in tubes analysed by State experts. These are placed for comparison alongside all the wheat from foreign countries. Vegetables are presented in much the same way. As so much havoc is wrought by ignorance in dealing with injurious insects, a special department shows how fruit and vegetables are attacked, the months in which to look for trouble, their method of destruction, and the most successful means to be adopted for repelling such. In another department the same thing is done for fruit and plants, etc. Gazing at the walls, it is easy to see at a glance the spot where the most sun falls,

where rain is most prevalent, and where cold is practically unknown. Or you may see where to go for corn, grapes, oil, horses, where the real Magyar lives, where small holdings flourish best, and where one may obtain a glimpse of the real gipsies, or the Slováks, Swabians, Wallachs, or Serbs. Every phase of agricultural life is exhaustively treated. A wonderful collection of traps for birds and animals forms by no means the least interesting feature of the Museum. This Museum, with four or five of the most important, occupies a splendid situation in the Városliget (Town Park). Here was where the Hungarians held their great Millennial Exhibition in 1896. A place is also found here for the Museum of Budapest, containing objects of interest peculiar to the town. Nothing of exceptional or exciting value is to be found here. The Ethnographical Museum, on the other hand, though quite small, is of immense value to all students of Hungary. The National Museum, which is situated in the Muzeum-Körut, is also of immense interest. The things that pleased me most were the examples of the Hungarian goldsmith's work from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries. Rákóczy's fighting club still interests many. There is a beautiful goblet with lid worked by the famous Transylvanian goldsmith Hahn, which belongs to the early seventeenth century. A great collection of relics from the bronze age and the epoch of the migration of the nations. Most of these come from the Hungarian provinces, whilst the Roman antiquities give some idea of the culture of the Roman provinces of Pannonia and Dacia. Before this Museum could really settle down to its final home it had several vicissitudes. In 1805 it was with all its treasures removed to Temesvár, and four

years later to Nagyvárad, all on account of the terrors of the French War. In 1838, the period of the great inundation, the costly treasures returned and have remained here ever since. The Hungarian Academy of Science, which occupies a fine building in the Renaissance style, is much older in idea than the National Museum. History carries one back to the fifteenth century and the founding of the "Sodalitas Litteraria Ungarorum," also to the movement in 1760 to raise the University to a Scientific Society. Despite Széchenyi's noble offer at the Pozsony Parliament of 1825—that of giving a year's income to the Academy—it was not until 1859 that a permanent building was decided upon. In 1862 the building was commenced, and cost nearly two million crowns. Close to the Academy is the Lánchid, or chain bridge, built by an Englishman named Clark. During the struggle for independence the work of building was carried on with no little danger and difficulty. Colonel Alnoch, who commanded the Austrian troops garrisoning the fortress, gave an order one day to blow up the Buda part of the bridge, in order to check the victorious march of the Magyars. Two kegs of powder were placed under the bridge, whilst he himself set fire to the train, which did not destroy the bridge but only the gallant colonel.

CHAPTER VII

BUDAPEST AS IT IS

"Can these things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

BUDAPEST is always at its best at night. I should prescribe the Corso on a clear night as the vantage spot. Look up at the old fort at the top of the Gellérthegy as it stands out cold and white in the night. There is a Venetian look about the Buda bank, with the Palace, Cathedral, St. Gellért's statue, and the Ministerial Offices all silhouetted out unmistakably. And if you need a touch of romance, just gaze at the myriad twinkling lights, which look like stars curiously wandering from their courses. Then the Danube! Stockholm is beautiful with its impetuous river, but it has not the unique situation that Budapest is proud of. Lean a few moments on the rail placed to prevent you from disturbing the serenity of the many trams that pass to and fro, and simply gaze at the picture unfolded, and don't try to think. Unless I have hopelessly misread the character of the race, the whole spirit of the nation will come stealing over you. Those "tumultuary silences," and "the incomparable pomp of eve," will invest you with just that wonderful something which Hungary possesses, and

yet which "passeth human understanding" to describe. It is only night which awakens this feeling in Budapest.

There are, it is true, day sights. Select a bright day in summer or autumn, and take your place on one of the Corso chairs. Elegant Budapest will appear, clad in the costliest of raiment. Hungarian ladies do know how to dress well. It's a motley crowd. Official life tired of its evasions escapes for a respite. Even without the vote, the lady is a great political factor here. More things are done by these charming women than this world dreams of. Noise! The whole place hums, for the Magyar is fond of talk, given to excitement, and sometimes forgets that others may desire to speak. Occasionally conversation develops, both within and out of doors, a noisiness undreamt of. Yet if very tautological, he is rarely dull. The Corso is obviously the place to study costume and life. Whilst this immense crowd is patrolling to and fro here, and one has imagined the entire city present, another larger and more imposing promenade is attempting to exhaust itself on the Stefánia-ut, the Rotten Row of Budapest. It will bear comparison with Hyde Park. Here perhaps are fewer Jews. And in Budapest caste counts for much. Here

> "Riches shakes her money bags,
> And poverty its tatters."

It is a gay, moving, chattering crowd. The latest in fashion, manners, and habits may be found on the Stefánia-ut. To get there one must needs pass through that area which in some cities would soon degenerate into slumland. Take the *Andrássy-ut*, the boulevard of boulevards in Budapest. Take it by carriage, or by underground. But do not miss



THE CORSO, BUDAPEST. (OUTSIDE THE HUNGARIA HOTEL)

it. It is a magnificent avenue, and it leads to the Park and all its attendant educational factors and amusements. Never drive in a one-horse carriage, unless you desire to lower the reputation of your nation. To remember this will avoid a multitude of misrepresentations. And, driving or walking, always recognise the lady first. In shopping in the *Andrassy-ut*, and most other streets, remember that business is in the hands of Jews in Hungary. Never accept the first figures mentioned by the shopkeeper, save where the legend "fixed price" confronts you on all sides. Don't worry when the director of the hotel, or the manager of the "Kávéház," greets you when you arrive: this is a custom they never forget. They are glad to see you. The occupant of every table is treated in the same way. If you visit a service, you may find the women sitting all together on one side and the men on the other, let this not perturb you. You may be seated as I was in the reading-room of one of the hotels, or in a large coffee-house, when suddenly a rush is made for a telephone-looking instrument which hangs from the wall. In time perhaps you will become one of these "rushers." It is the *Telephon Hirmondo*, a kind of newspaper which telephones its news instead of printing it. Budapest is the only city in the world which possesses such an instrument. All day long a clear-toned elocutionist announces news just as it arrives. It commences in the morning at nine by sending the correct time, which is repeated every hour. At twelve o'clock the news of the day, home and abroad, is sent out to thousands of homes, etc. Sometimes a *raconteur* will make the luncheon hour pass easily by telling a few good stories. The latest rise and fall "on

'Change," programme of events, meetings, Parliament, horseraces, these are a few of the items one may receive. From 4.30 to 6.30 one may listen to a famous Honvéd military band, and after seven in the evening, for five nights of the week, the subscriber sitting at home may listen to grand opera. On the two remaining evenings the strains of a gipsy band coming from a distant café adds to the enjoyment. The Magyar loves pleasure.

The oldest church in Pest is the parish church in *Eskü-tér*, or "Swearing-in Place," thus named for the position occupied by King Francis Joseph when he took the oath in 1867 as King. It is a strange bundle of incongruities, a Gothic chancel, and a Roman nave, with a curious rococo façade, and disfiguring doors. In both the Franciscan Church in the Ferenciek-tere and the Ferenczváros Church in Bakács-tér good frescoes by Lotz are to be seen. The Basilica by reason of its size commands notice, but it is painfully modern. Away on the Buda bank are three churches of real interest. Sigismund's Chapel, in the Royal Palace, has been restored recently, and it is supposed to contain the coronation insignia. Béla IV. laid the corner-stone of the garrison church, which bears on its façade a tablet commemorating the 200th anniversary of the reconquest of Buda from the Turks. But the premier church is the Matthias Church. It was commenced in the Romanesque style by Béla IV., and completed two centuries later in Gothic. During the Turkish occupation it was used as a mosque. The interior strikes one as unduly gaudy, colour rushes to attack colour, and design retreats before design. But the King was crowned here in 1867, so no great exception seemed

to have been taken to these eccentricities. Most people are interested by the elaborate coat of arms of Matthias Corvinus, which occupies a prominent place to the right of the main entrance. Buda is old, slow, yet beautiful. It wears something of the grandeur of age. Yet annoying marks of newness appear to disturb its past. Whilst wandering amongst the official life of Buda, or watching the crowds teem over from Pest to its wonderful baths, a moment will surely be found, as I found many, when the inquisitiveness of the explorer manifests itself. Utilise one of such moments, just as you may have emerged cleanly and strong from either the Lukács or the Császár baths, by strolling along hillwards for about ten minutes, until you approach a small octagonal building known to some as the Turkish Chapel. It stands but 25 feet high, and is erected over the grave of "the father of roses," Gül-Baba. Rumour hath it that the obligation to preserve this monument forms a special article in the Peace of Karlowitz, concluded in 1699 between the Emperor and the Porte. This little spot brings one closer to things as they were. Lovers of ruins must certainly visit Aquincum, taking the little road-railway for the purpose. I spent a happy day there with Dr. Chester, the American Consul-General. An amphitheatre, a temple of Mithras, a famous bath, a shady garden, and delightful hostelry. Man needs nothing else with Dr. Chester for a companion. Push still higher heavenwards, and dine on the Svábhegy, and watch Pest light its lamps at eventide. The effect is great. Royal palaces seem all more or less alike. Two rooms of the eight hundred and thirty which the Buda Palace possesses are worth climbing the hill to see.

One is the ballroom, unequalled, I am sure, in the world; the other is the dining-room. Speaking of palaces and kings, I have often been asked why the cross which occupies the premier position on the Hungarian crown is crooked. In the Revolution of 1848 this crown fell into the hands of the Hungarians, and, as crown jewels are sometimes wont to do, disappeared mysteriously. A slanderous scoundrel said that Kossuth had broken up the crown and sold its jewels in Turkey. Despite a searching inquiry, nothing was heard of it for five years. Then, so runs the story, a peasant appeared and led the searchers to a huge tree near Orsova, in the roots of which the crown had been buried. On bringing it again into the daylight, it was discovered that the cross was out of its original position, but it was decided to allow it to remain as it was. Another version of the story later. Buda is the home of the Prime Ministry, quite an unpretentious building, the Ministry of the Interior, Ministry of Commerce, and the Ministry of Finance, together with the Honvéd Ministry. To reach these it is quicker to take the mountain cog-wheel railway. Descending after a visit, one may easily see by a turn in the by-streets that the Turks have only left Buda a short time ago. It is these streets which reek of history. Near the Elizabeth Bridge—the new single-span bridge —is the *Rudas fürdö*, one of the best baths in Budapest. All the Buda baths are renowned, and cheap. Little more remains to be written of buildings. The Vigadó, or Concert Room, on the Corso, contains a staircase adorned with frescoes from Hungarian legends by Thán and Lotz. Either the musician or the music invariably so engrosses people that many who have mounted the stairs a score of times have not yet

noticed these artistic masterpieces. Modernity makes a big show in the Szabadság-tér, or Liberty Place. The New Bourse and the Austro-Hungarian Bank, together with the Adria Navigation Company's building, form a trio of imposing structures and beautiful. Thoughts are thus taken from the spot where Haynau wreaked out his terrible vengeance on the heroes of '48. Opposite Parliament are the Law Courts, or Palace of Justice, and the Ministry of Agriculture. One—the former—is cold and noble, like law itself; the other a field of windows, and a multitude of rooms, where some of the most advantageous legislative work of the country is conceived.

The Ministry of Education is unworthy of the work that has been accomplished, and were it not for a sign over the door, the outward and visible signs of authority or rank are altogether wanting. Hungary is not far behind in most branches of educational work. Generally it has been gifted with capable and energetic ministers. State education is more than a hundred years old. And in 1868 elementary education was made compulsory. To-day there are in Hungary 106 industrial and commercial schools, and the State owns about 2046 of the primary schools. Quite one half of the training colleges and more than a half of the middle schools are owned by the State. The Magyar is an educationalist. As far back as 1836 infant schools were established, whilst provision for the education of girls was made in 1806. The year 1848 was a year of change in many respects. Then colleges were made into middle schools, with eight grades of instruction; and under a system of examination, or "trial of leave," a pupil could pass to a school of higher grade, and eventually to the University.

Twenty years later education became compulsory, and in 1875 the higher education of women made rapid strides. The entire principle of State-control, denominational and otherwise, was confirmed in 1883. In 1905 it was stated that nearly 90 per cent. of the fixed population of Hungary—not merely the Magyars, but those races of Eastern Hungary—were able to read and write. This again proves my case for Magyar capacity. Greek was abolished in 1890 as a compulsory subject. Educational statistics I want to avoid, for the simple reason that they are, like all other statistical tables, unreliable, and also unilluminating. It is to outline the tendency of education as it appears to the wayfaring man in a foreign country. In larger Hungary—that is, including Croatia—there are three Universities: one at Budapest, one at Kolozsvár, and another at Zágráb. The first two have, in addition to the faculties of theology, law, and philosophy, a faculty of medicine. The following table illustrates the position each occupied in 1907 :—

University	Professors	Lecturers	Students
Budapest . . .	136	196	6731
Kolozsvár . . .	51	68	2386
Zágráb . . .	46	37	1195

Law schools, polytechnics, and theological seminaries abound in the land, so that every year shows a great decrease in the number of illiterates. One does feel, however, that there is an absence of that thoroughness that we, despite the contention of carping critics,

possess in England. In Hungary there is a certain brilliance about the work achieved which is more often than not temperamental. It is the educational staying power that I doubt, the depth and width rather than the height. The power of rapid absorption is simply tremendous amongst Hungarian students, and one is apt to be led away by a certain linguistic capacity. In all this one must remember that in the composition of the Magyar perseverance is not unduly developed, and there is a tendency to settle down, to be content with partial knowledge, much too soon. This is not true of all nations. A man receives his doctor's degree and imagines the end of life in an intellectual or educational sense has been achieved. I can recall hundreds of instances of this kind of thing. And it reveals itself in a general disposition to neglect books for newspapers. With the growth of intellectual societies much of this will happily disappear.

Social conditions in Budapest are not as good as they seem to be. But, thanks to an army of public-spirited and noble women, they are much better than may be found in most cities of the size. In a quiet way the Countess Albert Apponyi is doing most praiseworthy work in many branches of social service. But the efforts of Madame de Herich and Miss Rosenberg in connection with the woman's movement in Hungary call for national recognition. To-day there are ninety-three branches of the Women's National Council in Hungary, with seven sections affecting the life of women. Women factory inspectors, however, are lacking. It is not uninteresting to note that amongst the best paid female labour is that of the tobacco factories, and after ten years' regular service a pension is possible.

In Budapest there is no separate or distinct poor

quarter. There is no system of State poor relief. Ecclesiastical charity and private benevolence do much, and when this is inadequate the community steps in to aid. Though the Magyars love drinking, they are not a drunken race. The poorer classes, alas! consume too much that is bad, and consequently pay the penalty. But the women of Hungary set the women of England a noble example of temperance. It is not to be wondered at, with wine so good, cheap, and harmless, that only twenty-three teetotal doctors may be found in Hungary. Unless something is done soon in relation to overcrowding under the tenement system, slums will soon appear. People herd together too much. A new organisation is afloat to discover the genuine poor, and the causes; each person advised from a centre has a street to visit. Never have I seen a servant problem so accentuated as in Budapest. The habits of the girls and the treatment by the mistress are often too appalling for description. Crime of a grave nature has never alarmed either the visitor or the resident. In Budapest only trivial offences predominate. The most disreputable looking street is safe at any time, day or night. What is on the increase is political offences, thanks to Socialist organisation. The Magyar is a law-abiding animal, and much more docile than the Englishman. I have seen a man so bullied by policemen that in two minutes the officers would have been rolling in the gutter in England, and deservedly so. It is to be hoped that the practice of lacing a man's hands up behind him with a cord will soon be considered antediluvian, to say the least. My own opinion is that the Hungarian police are over-armed. Too many obtrusive weapons are not only a temptation but a menace. Yet many of these men

are capital fellows. As a result of a political disturbance, I was once obliged to spend an hour or so in the police-station, but I only saw the worst side of them then. They are curious-looking individuals, with an unfashionable black bowler hat adorned with a wisp of white hair. Round their necks hang their official number, like a wine waiter at a club. They are on the whole a smart body of men, with few opportunities for running, such as our London police occasionally get. I tried and have failed to collect a policeman's hat. In Budapest they don't roll off as frequently as they do at Oxford and Cambridge.

One of the sights of Budapest, and in fact all Hungary, is the servants and peasant women. Reducing the quantity of clothing to a minimum is the aim of many, but this section believes in the safety of numbers. I have seen many a village maiden swishing along with no less than eleven petticoats on, bulging out and forming a bell-shaped figure. Then with her bright scarlet stockings and coloured shoes, ribbon-woven hair, decorative apron, and full-bodied blouse, attracting the attention of the stranger only. You may tell the district from which she hails by this display of finery. Often such girls are found carrying babes on pretty little cushions, or pushing a modern-looking vehicle containing such. The arrangement of a handkerchief over the heads of these peasant servants often adds another deft touch of prettiness. More often than not on Sundays in Budapest, a group of such may be found near the Custom-house, or in summer in the Park. Shoeless often, yet nevertheless a picture. Sights of this order bring one immediately back from modern civilisation —and quite happily too, sometimes.

Hungarian sport naturally has its headquarters in Budapest. A great change is overtaking the nation, and sport is creating it. At one time the *Kávéház* and its attendant amusements occupied a larger share of the time of "young Hungary" than it does to-day. Fortunately for the physique of the nation, those days are over, and a cleaner, stronger race of men is being bred. Almost all the forms of sport with which the English University man is familiar have a home in Hungary. The degree of perfection arrived at, however, save in swimming, does not bear comparison. Cricket and golf still wait to be introduced. But football and tennis in the realm of athletics now approach an excellent standard, thanks to Mr. Charles Iszer, whose contribution to Hungarian sport is unequalled, and an Englishman named Dr. A. B. Yolland. Tennis owes its existence to Dr. Yolland, who not merely taught the Hungarians the game, but demonstrated his skill by winning many valuable prizes. He is now Professor of English at the University, and one of the few men who speaks this difficult language with ease.

Football has come on quicker than any other game, and the Hungarians are now able to put up quite a good show against the English teams who visit them. An increase of the sporting instinct has meant an increased vocabulary, and the Magyar dictionary has grown by so much. In Budapest there are five good football teams, with a multitude coming on. Rowing also is improving. Manno gained considerable experience at Henley, and as a sculler he demonstrated Hungary's possibility in this direction. Halmay by his record swimming has, however, done more than any other man to bring before the notice of the world

Hungarian sport. As a patron, an enthusiastic attendant, and an ardent athlete even now, Count Géza Andrássy stands quite by himself. What would Hungarian sport have done without his patronage I dare not stop to think. His branch is polo, and the Hungarian team is not to be despised. When the men grow a trifle harder, and both physically and temperamentally grow accustomed to hard knocks and rougher treatment, a sterling "footer" team will be evolved. Horse-racing with all classes is also now intensely popular. For sport, both the Torna Club ground and the ground on the Margaret Island are well equipped.

What most people do first on visiting Budapest, I did almost last—that is, visited Margaret Island. There it stands, serene and green, in the middle of the Danube, and approached by a massive Y-shaped bridge. For all bridges please not to forget that a toll of four filler must be paid, and forty filler for a carriage. But this bridge demands double payment, for on reaching the half-way line and desiring to enter the island, another toll is demanded. It is worth all you pay, for here you may really on a summer's day find a restful retreat. The Archduke Joseph owns it, and spent several million crowns on having it artistically set out. Here the roses are simply gorgeous, and a hedge of rosebushes on the island perfumes the whole area. People go to the island not merely for a walk, but to try the wonderful medicinal baths. Others try the restaurants. I tried both, and found them good.

> "Not seldom from the uproar I retired
> Into a silent bay, or sportively
> Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng."

On doing this once, I stumbled across, quite by

accident, the ruins of St. Margaret's Convent. Margaret was the daughter of King Béla IV. If you would find this charmingly quiet retreat, you must take the road along the Pest side of the island. You will most likely pass on your way many an amorous couple. This will but add distinction to the quest for solitude. In Hungary the military man has a great chance with the ladies. Uniforms are captivating as well as men. The blue and gold of the Hungarian Hussars is one of the most effective in military Europe. I don't like the caps. Here again it is Eastern traits that stumble out, for these caps are reminiscent of the fez with an inept peak attached to it. In all public places the clicking of heels together is continually heard. It is to be hoped that many of these men are more effective than they look.

Another figure one constantly meets is the priest. Hungary is a Catholic country, though Protestantism does something more than merely exist. The priest is always a variable quantity, it is the creed that never changes. In 1901 there were in Hungary proper 8,198,497 Roman Catholics, nearly two million Greek Catholics, and more than two million Greek Orientals. Of the two Confessions—Augsburg and Helvetian—of Evangelicals there were 3,686,092, with 831,162 Jews, and 68,551 Unitarians. The hierarchical organisation of the Roman Catholics is formed by five archbishops, those of Esztergom with ten suffragan bishops; Kalocsa, and three bishops; Eger, and four bishops; Zágráb, and three bishops; and the Greek archbishopric of Gyulafehérvár and other three bishops, truly an imposing array of men in fine linen. There are five Lutheran districts. In Budapest the Lutheran Church has 42,000 members,

with five pastors, five chaplains, and seven catechists. There is a story connected with the Scottish Mission in Budapest worth recalling. It is virtually the story of the origin of the mission. Dr. Alexander Keith and Professor Black left Scotland in 1839 to visit Palestine, having for companions Dr. McCheyne and Andrew Bonar. Being obliged to return by way of the Danube, they unexpectedly stopped at Budapest. Here Dr. Keith was taken seriously ill. Somehow or other the news of the Englishman's illness reached the ears of the Archduchess, who immediately visited the sick minister, and on one of these occasions spoke of how she had long prayed for some such mission, and the presence of these missionaries in her city was the answer to her prayer.

The organisation of the Unitarian Churches is in church parishes, eight church districts, and in the officials and assemblies which pertain to the united Church. In the Roumanian National Church Congress, which is a ruling body, there are thirty spiritual and sixty secular representatives; whilst the Congress of the Servian National Church consists not only of an archbishop and bishop, but of twenty-five spiritual and fifty secular elective members. This arrangement is for those Greek Orientals who belong either to the Roumanian or Servian race. There is one limitation to the scope of the Congress; it does not extend to dogmas, religious instruction, liturgy, and ecclesiastical discipline. But all church and school endowment, questions of organisation, and endowment of vicars, etc., come within the meaning of the Act.

A united organisation does not belong to the

Jews. Individual communities form the sole organised corporations of this race. The administration of local bodies I purposely omit, for its repeated changes provide nothing of special interest by way of comment or contrast. Such does not reveal the Magyars as I want them to be seen. Language and literature does this, so just glance at it a moment.

CHAPTER VIII

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

"To the scientist the earth must for ever roll around the central solar fire; to the poet the sun must for ever set behind the western hills."

A LITTLE of a foreign language is a very dangerous thing. Let it be known that no language is easy. The first few sentences in Hungarian that I was taught to lisp served me well for asking questions, but I never understood the answer. Was it not ever thus? Even when I had "got the hang" of the language a little, I was stumped horribly one night at a rather important dinner. My hostess, of ladies most charming, in that delightful Hungarian manner persisted in loading my plate with nice things. But there comes a moment in all men's lives which if neglected leads to indigestion. Therefore, lifting my prophetic forefinger, I waited for what seemed to me a couple of hours to find the most fitting expression in Hungarian for declaring my inability to proceed further. Someone accused me of redness. This led me to immediately decide upon a word, so without further delay, and yet conscious of my impropriety, I murmured "*megtelt*," which is to be interpreted, "full up." It was the only expression I could remember, for that very day I had attempted to board a tram, but this legend written up in letters of living light led to my repulse.

Yes! I've often been assured that a little language was dangerous, though occasionally very useful. But there are languages and languages. Amongst the "and languages" must be placed Hungarian. You search for coincidences, but only find peculiarities. Now it seems difficult to realise that "igen" could ever have been anything other than "yes." The origin of the Magyar language is enshrouded in the same mantle of obscurity as that of the race itself. It has its affinities, but as a language it is distinct and unique. A story was told me once at dinner of a Franciscan monk of the thirteenth century who went out on a mission to the tribes inhabiting the banks of the Kama, and, using the Hungarian language, was understood. Others have visited distant lands and conversed with Eastern races with no great difficulty in Hungarian. Some two hundred years ago, a Hamburg physician, having been presented with a Hungarian grammar, was immediately struck with the number of words bearing a relationship to the Finnish, and languages of that group. So interested was he that he wrote a book showing the kinship of language existing between the Finns and Magyars. Later, a Jesuit named Sajnovich advanced upon the mere theory of similarity by recognising coincidences in the grammatical formation. It is a language of affixes. "According to the evidence of the oldest written fragments," says Dr. Riedl,—"a funeral speech —(1200 A.D.), those affixes were originally separate substantives, which were merely placed beside the principal word, as though, for instance, instead of saying 'within the house' we were to say 'house, interior.'" The vowel of the word also is harmonised in the affix. This is another Ugrian char-

acteristic. There are opponents of the Ugrian theory, and champions of the Turkish points of view, but the consensus of opinion is with the former school. The desire to obtain some undeniable proof of the origin of the race and language has led at least three able and seriously minded men to wander far into the East, ignoring danger and privation, and finally dying in obscurity. Csoma, a Székel of Transylvania, resolved when he was but eighteen years old to unravel the mystery of history. Professor Patterson tells the story of his life-work in the following manner:—"A poor student at Enyed, one of the Calvinist colleges in Transylvania, he was early inured to the hardships which he had to undergo—adventures in their way as daring as those of Cortez and Pizarro. With a capital of a hundred florins, and the promise of another hundred yearly, he plunged into the heart of Asia. Struck by the resemblance of a few words of Tibetan to the corresponding words of Magyar, he determined to master that language. He shut himself up for four years—from 1827 to 1830—in the Buddhist monastery of Kanan, in one of the valleys of the Himalayas. He soon discovered the illusory nature of the resemblance he thought he had perceived between the languages of Tibet and his native country; but he prosecuted his researches into Tibetan literature, in the hope that it might throw light on the early history of the Turanian nations of Northern Asia, the ancestors and kinsmen of his own people. His disappointment, when he came down to Calcutta, and was there informed that the works that he had read and translated were themselves translated from the Sanskrit was so bitter as for the time to affect his health.

He was employed by the Asiatic Society to catalogue their Tibetan books, and to prepare a grammar and dictionary of that language. But in 1842 he again conceived the idea that the cradle of his people was to be found on the frontiers of China and Tibet, and instantly set out to explore it; but died at Darjeeling, in British India, on the 11th of April in that year."

The difficulties of discovery are hardly equalled by the difficulties of pronunciation. Hungarian is difficult, and it—

> "twists and thwarts the stammering stranger's tongue."

There is an old joke which gives for a reason the inability of the "Germans"—*i.e.* the bureaucratic instruments of the Viennese Government—to "civilise" Hungary, lying in the fact that they could never speak the language. It is clear, however, that Hungarian is not absolutely a stranger in Europe, it has a certain number of distant relations.

Without some conception of the language, Hungarian literature must remain a closed book. Character and costume make their appeal independently, it is true, but the larger thoughts of man lie hidden for ever if the literature of a nation is neglected. With infinite joy I read of Lehel with his horn, and Botond with his battle-axe, and could almost hear the minstrels in quaint garb and quainter language, in tents and camps, or in newly formed villages, chanting legend and song. Unfortunately, nothing from these times has been preserved. Latin chronicles from the twelfth century give us glimpses of the legend period, the subjects often but not the legends themselves. Thought and feeling at this juncture expressed itself curiously. Art and literature suffered from a lack of education.

One writer has detected a peculiar lacking in the chronological sense. Step inside the church at Kassa and you will see what I mean. Look at the frescoes. These are supposed to represent Jerusalem at the time of Christ. What is the achievement of the artist? "Kassa in the fifteenth century"! In the Middle Ages the religious spirit prevailed. The oldest poem of which the name is known of the author is a hymn begging from Mary, the patroness of the kingdom, protection from the Turks who were then pouring into the country. This was from the pen of a Franciscan monk named Vásárhelyi, who fell at fateful Mohács. From the old songs of the chivalric period only one has been handed down, and even that is fragmentary. It celebrates the victory of Matthias over the Turks at Szabács. Minstrel songs are, alas! too few. Hungary was stirred by the Renaissance. Matthias was soon captivated by the all-pervading movement. Benedetto de Majano decorated his palace, Bonfini wrote his history, Galeotti put down his remarkable sayings. One of the most celebrated libraries of the period was called the Corvina, and housed at Buda. The streets and the courtyard of the palace at Buda swarmed with Italians. And when Matthias died the value of books sank in all the European markets. The wonderful imagina-tion of Matthias bred gigantic dreams and plans. The dreams of conquest that held him impatient and chafing were Napoleonic. By habit a Christian, reckless and unfortunate often with his presents, eloquent, and gifted with almost superhuman energy, Matthias exercised a tremendous influence in the kingdom. Virgil then became the ideal poet, and right down to the nineteenth century men modelled the Hungarian

epic after him. Matthias often ran against popular opinion without suffering for it. Struck by the handsome qualities of a seven-year-old Italian boy, he made him Primate of Hungary, and the people of Ferrara sent him toys. It is unwise either to overestimate or underestimate the influence of Matthias. Outside Italy no man in Europe was a better judge of works of art and of literature. At the court of Matthias was Regiomontanus, the inventor of modern trigonometry and the greatest astronomer of his time. One of his works, *Ephemerides*, was a kind of nautical almanac, which Columbus is said to have been in possession of during his first voyage. Another notability of the time was that witty and clever conversationalist Galeotti, whom Scott introduces in *Quentin Durward*. But we must not linger over the age of Matthias.

The Reformation did this much for Hungarian prose, it stimulated biblical translation and fostered religious controversy. These preachers of a new gospel to men founded schools and developed a marvellous literary activity. Printing offices sprang into being, pouring out a grammar, dictionaries, translations from the classics, historical works, and some of the initial attempts of Hungarian versification. Jasper Károlyi translated the Bible in 1589–90. Not only did these preachers influence literature, but wandering minstrels culled from the ranks of retired clerks, schoolmasters, and soldiers, were intensely popular with all classes. They were both grave and gay. But though able to compose religious verse and sing comic songs, where the real heart of men came out was when versifying the histories and feats of war of their own time. Sebastian Tinódi, an unimaginative minstrel, was a king amongst this "vagabond people."



A CASTLE ON THE DANUBE

Tinódi sang of Szondy, the gallant defender of Drégel, and of Losonczy of Temesvár. In these chronicles, which stirred many a baronial hall, patriotism and the enthusiasm of the eye-witness is present, though the versification is very primitive. Valentine Balassa, who followed Tinódi, enjoys a more lasting reputation. At the coronation of Rudolph II. he was chosen to lead the Hungarian national dance. Balassa's life was certainly eventful, and he died on the battlefield. The position he occupies in Hungarian literature, despite his quarrelsome nature, is unique. Down to the advent of Petöfi he remained Hungary's best lyric poet. A century after he lived his poems were the delight of the Kurucz world, and from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century he had no lyrical superior. There was grace, euphony, and wonderful technique in his rhymes. At the dawn of the seventeenth century literature underwent a change. Protestantism lost its position, and an aristocratic element entered. One of the figures of the new epoch was Peter Pázmány, Archbishop of Esztergom. Pázmány became the master of Hungarian prose, changing it from the colourless, lifeless forms his predecessors had adopted, to forcible expression and a pointed brevity which many imagined the language incapable of.

One of the greatest Hungarians of the seventeenth century spent his youth in the circle of Pázmány. Count Nicholas Zrinyi was the son of George Zrinyi, who, it is said, was poisoned by order of Wallenstein, because he was jealous of the influence the great general had with the King. Had it been possible for this dying hero to have peered beyond the veil and seen the future, what a picture would have been disclosed! His two sons, Peter and Nicholas, the one meekly

awaiting the fall of the headsman's axe, in a funeral chamber; the other, after having secured both the poet's and the warrior's wreath, dying amid the blood-stained bracken of the forest of Krursedol. Had this not satisfied him, another picture might have shown Ilona Zrinyi, after defending for years the fortress of Munkács, dying in distant Asia Minor an exile.

Nicholas Zrinyi was a curious combination of soldier and poet. As a poet his chief work is a long epic poem called *Obsidio Szigetiana*. It is the story of his ancestors' defence of Szigetvár. The traces in it of Virgil and Tasso are plain, but it is a national epic, and displays Zrinyi's marvellous capacity for characterising whole races. Gyöngyössi followed Zrinyi, and employed more of tenderness and music in his work. Being just on the heels of the thrilling Rákóczy period, new elements enter literature. The Kurucz songs, accompanied by the *tárogató*, thrilled the populace, and inspired men to action. During this period the *Rákóczy-Song* was composed. It was after the great defeat at Trencsén, and from this song Berlioz and Liszt composed the now famous Rákóczy March. Mikes wrote his *Letters from Turkey*, and Faludy his Moral Maxims, whilst the nation awaited the appearance of George Bessenyey. Going from Szabolcs as a Guardsman to the court of Maria Theresa, the change of environment soon awakened within the youth a desire to increase the intellectual consciousness of the land he had left. Seriously studying the languages and literatures of the West, he determined thus to equip himself for the task of arresting the backwardness of Hungary. In his studies he encountered Voltaire, and all his future work is permeated by the spirit and feeling of the French master.

Bessenyey was responsible for a translation of Pope's *Essay on Man*, whilst his brother Alexander, the man who had also enlisted to serve as a Guardsman at court, but for whom no horse could be found capable of bearing him, translated Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Absolute originality has been wanting along the centuries. Too many have been mere imitators, or infatuated copyists. Style and form often are reminiscent of Western masters, whilst that originality with which the Magyar temperament mentally approaches objects is rarely felt. As we approach modern times, this note, so long absent, appears.

The halcyon days of Hungarian literature were those of the early forties of the nineteenth century. All were names to conjure with. There were the two Kisfaludys. Alexander had seen service in France against Napoleon, and on returning settled down to the leisure and distractions of a well-to-do country gentleman beside Lake Balaton. There was a vast difference between Alexander and his brother Charles. The former, whilst abroad, learned to know and to love Petrarch. "Under his influence, with a wound in the heart which he had brought from home and with new feelings, he began to write in Italy and Provence, in a metre invented by himself in the form of the sonnet, *The Songs of Himfy*, wherein ardent heat is as inexhaustible as lyrical imagination." Charles sought more serious themes, and handled them humorously. His was a larger vision and a profounder knowledge of human nature. Sometime artist, soldier, judicial in everything save business matters, then playwright, he was in distinct contrast to his brother Alexander. *The Tartars in Hungary* was a play containing real and sustained dramatic action. From this moment Charles's

career was assured. He was the originator of national comedy. The strength of his humour was found more in his situations than in his characters. In *The Rebels*, *Disappointments*, and *The Sailors*, good examples of his work may be found. Kisfaludy was a genuine literary enthusiast, and by publishing the *Aurora*, or Almanac, did much towards the making of Pest a literary centre. Kisfaludy was also a lyric poet worthy of consideration, seeing that one may detect a yearning for, or stretching out after, two new forms of poetic expression in his work—the popular ballad or romance which Arany and Petöfi perfected, and the "classical hexameter verse" which Vörösmarty employed with such skill.

I have often wondered over the question of literary censorship during this period, whether or no it had any depressing influence upon literature. The censorship of the Press not only could be, but actually was evaded, both by Magyar and German writers, by the simple and easy expedient of a journey to Leipsic. "In such esteem were smuggled books held in Austria before 1848, that when Prince Metternich's Government wanted to produce an impression on public opinion, it had a book written and published abroad, and then forbade its admission into the empire."

The greatest exponent of the grand style in poetry was undoubtedly Berzsenyi, he who when first introduced to his fiancée was so swayed and overcome by his emotionalism that he fainted. With the name of Francis Kazinczy is linked the struggle for language reform. His connection with the abbot Martinovics nearly cost him his life. Neither Kazinczy nor Martinovics were real conspirators, but rather infatuated enthusiasts, and doubtless suffering from some discontents, the abbot and his friends determined to

disseminate the doctrines of the French Revolution; gathering all the doctrines together into catechism form, Kazinczy unwisely copied it for them. The Austrian Court, naturally incensed, ordered the arrest and trial of all the conspirators, and one day twelve Lancers drew up before Kazinczy's mother's house and carried the poet-reformer to Buda in chains. The grim death sentence was passed upon all, and all save Kazinczy were executed. For nearly seven years he was imprisoned, and on being denied writing materials, wrote with his own blood, or with the rust of his chains dissolved in water. It is said that with the exception of Voltaire no literary man has written more letters than Kazinczy. Idealism and oratory often journey hand in hand. In Hungary, Francis Kölcsey, a fine type of the dreamer, the visionary, whose boundless imagination, though it did not carry him very far, helped to awaken within more practical souls gifts such as the nation needed. As an orator Kölcsey had few equals, and in the Pozsony Parliament his was the flame that kindled all. His poetry, save the *Hymnus*, calls for no special treatment, but the literary form of his oratory became a model for many. As a critic he was excellent, and founded the Hungarian school of literary criticism. Joseph Katona was a man of quite a different mould, and his *Bánk Bán*, written for the theatre at Kolozsvár, is the finest tragic drama in Hungarian. Great power of analysis was one of the leading characteristics of Katona, who died unrecognised. A few scenes of the play were translated into English by Arany, and these illustrate his knowledge of Shakespeare's craft.

Steadily the nation proceeded. Poets multiplied. Prose though not yet come into its own, the novel still

in the making, were nevertheless active. It was in the natural essence of things that poetry and drama should occupy such a big share of the nation's literature during these stirring periods. What need of the historian, the novelist, or the essayist, when minstrels sang instead of writing? The period of prose will always come. As I write the period of the inspiring poet seems far distant. All nations move thus. Where are the poets of the world to-day? Alas! they are silent. It was these poets of Hungary who helped men to realise that they had minds. Emerson says: "Is not poetry the little chamber in the brain where is generated the explosive force which by gentle shocks sets in action the intellectual world?" Out of such stuff as poets, prose writers are made.

The dawn of Vörösmarty marks a new era. At twenty-five he startled the nation from its intellectual apathy by his *Zalán's Flight*. His heart's blood was put into this work, for 1825 saw Hungary in an unhealthy torpor. In its descriptive power *Zalán's Flight* is surpassingly great. The poet chose a large canvas, and crowded it with clashing forces, the thundering of battle, and all the dread accompaniments of war. It is Virgilian in conception and design. Men read, then sat and wondered, saying, "Man never sang like this before." Following up his success, Vörösmarty wrote *Cserhalom* and *The Two Castles*. The tragic force of the latter has led to its ranking as the most terrible epic in the Hungarian language. Berzsenyi called it a "cannibal poem." But I like Vörösmarty best in *The Hoary Gipsy* and the *Szózat*. The latter will remain the nation's hymn for all time. Speaking of Shakespeare one day, Vörösmarty said: "A good translation of Shakespeare

would be worth to any nation at least the half of its existing literature."

In the train of Vörösmarty came Czuczor with his history of *Botond*, and Garay, who worked up the entire history of the Árpáds into a series of spirited but rhetorical ballads.

The novelist of these early days was a man in whom talent of a certain order was found. Hungary owes much to some of these sons of the pen. Sentiment played itself in, and characterisation played itself out. Lovers of adventure were represented by Gvadányi, who made much use of the vicissitudes of the Benyovsky family. But Jósika and Jókai were writers with much originality, and cultivated a style likely to secure readers in other lands. In Hungarian literature there were few voices but many echoes. Jósika, surrounded as he was by emblems of the past, and with the atmosphere of the Transylvanian magnates around him, sought expression in a style akin to that of Scott. His own life was sufficiently adventurous and full of incident to merit description, for, returning from the French campaign, he settled down amongst the old castles of Transylvania, with their collection of arms and manuscripts, and the lurking inspiration of chivalry in their walls, settled down to write novels. But after the Revolution poor Jósika was condemned to death, and sought respite in exile, dying in Dresden. Importance is given to *Abafi*, but the novel best known to English readers is the story of the Tartars in Hungary. Jósika painted an external picture of history rather than revealed its soul, for he loved it more than he understood it. His novels of exile reveal the change in environment, the forsaking of Scott for Dumas. Unfortunately, the critics will

rarely pardon change, and they turned against Jósika. His life had not, however, been a failure, for he had founded the Hungarian novel and doubled the Hungarian reading public. Jósika was succeeded by Eötvös, who afterwards became Hungary's first Minister of Public Instruction. Eötvös won renown in many fields, and his name is better remembered as Minister of Education than as the author of *The Carthusian* or *The Village Notary*. In this latter novel Eötvös struck a heavy blow at the corruption and serfdom prevailing in the provinces prior to 1848. Deák severely criticised it, yet the influence of the novel, depicting in lurid language, as it did, the discontents of his time, was well received, and accomplished the end of the novel with a purpose. In equally forceful language *Hungary in 1415* was written, and with genuine historic sense the terrible scenes of the "peasants' revolt" are depicted. He was so many-sided, and so great, that men were unable to fix him in any particular sphere, and the measure of worship was therefore distributed. As an influence Eötvös though dead yet speaketh.

Another contemporary of Jósika's was Sigismund Kemény. His best works are historical novels, in which one finds traces of Aristotle, Balzac, and Victor Hugo. Some critics affirm that Kemény was one of the greatest who have ever attempted to explain in fiction the human lot and the human heart. In *Gyulai Pál*, *Hard Times*, and *The Enthusiasts*, ideas tumble one upon the other, sometimes clumsily, but never without depth of meaning.

Then comes the prince of Hungarian novelists, the master-creator and the master-worker, one in whom the fire of genius burned full and long—Maurus Jókai. Without aiming at an international reputation, he

achieved one by reason of his rich vocabulary, humour, and rare descriptive force. He was an arch-romantic, with a perfervid Oriental imagination, and humour of the purest, rarest description. A writer says: "If one can imagine a combination, in almost equal parts, of Walter Scott, William Beckford, Dumas *père*, and Charles Dickens, plus a semi-savage Magyar *je ne sais quoi*, one may perhaps form a fair idea of the great Hungarian romancer's indisputable genius." His life was as crowded with incidents as are his books. "After the defeat at Világos the sentence of death hung over him, and for some time he had to live in hiding. His flight was aided by Kossuth's secretary, who hired a carriage and horses, dressed himself as a coachman, and drove Jókai through the Russian camp. For months Jókai and his wife lived in seclusion amongst the wooded hills." Journalism and politics both claimed him. In consequence of an article in his paper, he was arraigned by a military tribunal and sentenced to a year's imprisonment in chains. After a month, however, he was liberated. That he was popular also, was seen in the fact that the nation sought the occasion of his jubilee to present him with £8000. His output was prodigious. He was the most prolific writer of his age. Stories, novelettes, poems, articles, dramas, simply poured from his pen, the ink of one being scarcely dry ere the other appeared. One of the finest of the Hungarian literary critics says: "His remarkably mobile and extraordinarily rich imagination easily lead him to incredible plots and exaggerated character-drawing, yet his power of observation and feeling for reality sets before one with the fidelity of a master the pictures of life which surged around him." It was an enormous gallery of

Hungarian characters that he brought into being with a few bold strokes of the pen. Fortunately, most of his work has been translated, and English readers are familiar with it. Of his novels, *A Hungarian Nabob*, *Karpáthy Zoltán*, *The New Landlord*, and *Black Diamonds* are amongst the best. Though his productiveness was so great, none of his work is slipshod. When he died he left no real successor, but a crowd of men following far behind in the distance.

Long before Jókai had reached the zenith of his fame, Hungary's greatest poet had been laid to rest on the battlefield. Alexander Petöfi, friend of Arany and Jókai, and a host of immortals, was the richest genius Hungary ever produced. He was born in the county of Pest, the son of a butcher. Birth often plays but a small part in a man's life. It was so with Petöfi. Leaving the schools behind him, the waking aspirations of his life were for the stage, and it is almost pitiful to find such heroic attempts being made to fashion the poet into an actor. He also became a soldier, but was ill fitted for such a business. If ever there was a soul which loved freedom and detested all kinds of compulsion, it was Petöfi, yet some caprice drove him into the army at Sopron.

Despite all the fluctuations, all the hardships and privations, Petöfi always remained faithful to poetry. In *The Country*, he sings—

"O Magyars! look not on your fathers,
But bid them hide their brows in night;
Your eyes are weak, those suns are dazzling,
Ye cannot bear that blasting light.

Time was those ancient, honoured fathers
Could speak the threatening, thundering word;
'Twas like the bursting of the storm-wind,
And Europe, all responsive, heard!

Great was the Magyar then—his country
Honoured—his name a history
Of glory—now a star extinguished—
A fallen star in Magyar sea."

These verses reflect his spirit in 1848 and the political bias his poetry had. In a motto one may discover the two main themes of his poetry:—

"All other things above
Are liberty and love;
Life would I gladly tender
For love; yet joyfully
Would love itself surrender
For liberty."

Love and liberty were the themes of Hungary's master lyric poet. Dr. Riedl says: "In the mature poetry of Petöfi we see love as the Hungarian conceives it, full of strength and warmth, and without any touch of French frivolity or German sentimentalism. Petöfi's writings give us a glimpse of Hungarian life, lighted up by the flame of poetical exultation." Petöfi was not only the idol but also the ideal representative of the youth of Hungary in that period of reform made young again with the elixir of national feeling. Poet and prophet, he foretold his own poetic fame, the Revolution, and his own death, whatever he felt most and deepest, that he saw furthest into the future. Out of the obscurest elements of his imagination he drew a faithful picture of the future.

From the College of Patak emerged a serious-minded youth who for years was Calvinistic pastor of a group of picturesquely situated villages in the county of Gömör. Michael Tompa was the son of a poor shoemaker, and he too knew something of poverty and trial. From 1841 forwards he continued to publish

lyrics, but the strength, the complete man, was evidenced in his allegories. Tompa was the first man that I seriously studied in the original, and then only because the book was left by accident in my room. But I was so enraptured with the political significance wrapped in allegorical expression and form, and withal tender and sweet, that I determinded to read all his works. Absolutism ruled over the land. The publicists had been silenced. No great voice could be heard in the nation. The depressed Magyar race Tompa felt must at all costs he addressed. Then came that beautiful appeal, *The Bird to its Brood*:—

"A storm has raged; our rocks apart
Are rent; glad shade you cannot find;
And are ye mute, about to start
And leave your mother sad behind?
In other climes new songs are heard,
Where none would understand your lay,
Though empty is your home and bared—
Yet, children, sing to me, I pray!"

It is easy even for the stranger within the gates to discover the political significance of songs like these. Tompa, like Arany and Petöfi, was a poet of the lowlands. Justice has never really been done Tompa in Hungarian literature. To-day who reads him? But the time may again come when the allegorical style he was so great a master of may be necessary, then perhaps turning from the living present to the dead past, the work of the Calvinistic preacher will enter into its own. Linked closely with the men I have already dealt with, men of a past generation, was Madách, whose name will ever be remembered by one remarkable piece of work, *The Tragedy of Man*. In this the poet sees with his own eyes, not the sorrows and struggles of one man, but mankind.

It is poetical philosophy. He pictures the future of the human race, solves the lurking doubts of the intellect, and shows man in the real and ideal. Greatness is stamped upon every line of it, and to-day the drama is as popular as ever.

This brings one to the long and straggling army of the moderns. When Péterfy died in 1899, Hungary lost its best essayist. But Bajza, Erdélyi, Greguss, Toldy, Horváth, Salamon Révay, Hunfalvy, Budenz, Szász, Szarvas, Vajda Reviczky, Lévay, were a crowd of writers who faithfully upheld the traditions of Hungarian literature in all its varied forms.

Like Hazlitt, these were men I should have liked to have met. What an education it would have been to have known Arany, Tompa, and Petöfi! Yet I must not grumble, for it has been my privilege to meet most of the sweet singers and stirring writers of to-day. The first poet, and I think one of the finest if not the finest, that I met was Alexander Endrödi. He is both scholar and poet, well served with originality of expression, all encompassed by a charm and tenderness and sweet delicacy not found in any other living Hungarian poet. Both in his romantic *Kurucz* songs and his dainty pictures of the Balaton the expressive genius of the poet obtrudes itself. Most people have forgotten his little *History of Hungarian Literature*, and this seems a great pity, for the rare qualities of the analytic, balanced critic are found therein. Good poets are rare to-day in Hungary, versifiers are legion. Dramatists are plentiful and variable. Journalistic novelists are increasing, and the *feuilleton* is a feature of the Hungarian newspapers. Of the Hungarian novelists, Mikszáth and Herczeg easily head the list. Both of

these writers are known to the English reading public —the former by *St. Peter's Umbrella*, and the latter by *The Gyorkovics Girls*. Mikszáth's stories of common life, his humour, his satire, and charming näiveté, render him of writers the most readable. Herczeg's day of greatness is coming quickly. In his work there is a clear-cut wit, and fine appreciation of the place irony should occupy in the novel, and a deep knowledge of Hungarian social life. He is humorous without being coarse, and satirical without unduly caricaturing his characters. His style is his own, and his talent justifies that individuality he seeks. After these come a motley crowd; not, it is true, without power of delineation or skill in treatment. Joseph Kiss obviously belongs to the Arany school, and has a preference for Jewish themes. But Malonyay, Pekár, and Victor Rákosi are a trio of whom Hungary is justly proud. All are tremendous workers. The latter is the Hungarian Mark Twain. There is a cosmopolitanism about all their work, accounted for perhaps by the fact that all have travelled much. In literary criticism Gyulay and Böethy represent the old school, with Lázár, Hevesi, Lenkei, Ballagi, and Ferenczy as the modernists. In philosophy, juristic literature, history, and politics the writers are legion. Dramatic literature is perhaps making more advance than ever, and a young school of writers is springing up of considerable power. Both Herczeg, Molnár, and Gárdonyi are well represented here.

As newspapers the Hungarian have their own peculiar points of interest. It is not for me to discuss their morality. In Jenö Rákosi, Hungary has an editor whose mental equipment is exceedingly high, whose capacity and fairness is undoubted, and whose

many-sidedness is almost phenomenal. Nothing comes amiss to him. He has style, freedom, and as a dramatist strove to invest the dramatic literature of his time with a greater richness of diction without retarding the flight of imagination. The qualities rich and varied that he brought to bear upon literature he also turned to good account in his editorship of the *Budapesti Hirlap*, which stands head and shoulders above its contemporaries. With all this rich field of literature before them, it is a pity there are not more readers in Hungary. Hungary suffers to-day not from a lack of writers, but readers and book buyers. Newspapers are read too much and books too little. Some of these newspapers, such as the *Pester Lloyd*, *Neues Pester Journal*, *Pesti Hirlap*, and *Az Ujsag*, uphold the best traditions of journalism.

Outside this vast field of authors two noted writers stand, and I have kept their names fittingly for my final word. There is something international about their work, something impelling and riveting. In Dr. Emil Reich one may behold the virile, versatile Hungarian yearning for expression in a multitude of forms. A master worker, with an extraordinary memory, and gifted with historical instinct and a happy style, he is one of the most readable of modern writers, and one who has found his audience, his largest audience, in a foreign land. The other name is that of Professor A. Vámbéry, distinguished Orientalist and traveller, a regular Trojan for work despite his age, an amazing linguist, and an authority on all affairs appertaining to the East. These two are worthy of high places amongst the writers and thinkers of Hungary.

CHAPTER IX

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

"The Government of the world is carried on by sovereigns and statesmen, and not by anonymous paragraph writers or the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity."—DISRAELI

ON the Pest bank of the Danube, in a reserved and dignified area, stands the Hungarian Houses of Parliament, a little "far from the madding crowd." Undoubtedly after Westminster it is the most beautiful and imposing Parliament House in the world. In character it is florid. The Gothic element is prevalent in style, though the central feature is a dome. In its exterior design it is obviously based on Westminster, and has the merit, according to an English architectural authority, of clearly indicating the position of the two Chambers, as part of the architectural design, the want of which is the one serious defect of Barry's noble structure. It was the work of Emeric Steindl, and cost one and a half million pounds sterling. Throughout the interior the decoration is gorgeous, and the central hall and grand staircase simply majestic. The style is a little too florid to appeal to English taste, but it is in keeping with the Magyar temperament. Here there is focussed the political activity of the nation. There is more freedom about the Hungarian Chamber than Westminster provides. It would be easy for



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, BUDAPEST

"suffragists" to effectively demonstrate at Budapest. Members are "getatable" in more ways than one, and both galleries and promenades provide opportunities which conservative London dispenses with. In these latter days there is much talk about parliamentary reform, but anything which would destroy the air of freedom which besets the Hungarian Chamber would scarcely be in the nature of a reform. The Chamber itself is composed of 453 members, of whom 40 are Croatians. The magnates amongst this crowd of lawyers are about 50 in number. At the last election the total number of electors on the register was 1,085,323, this representing a population of 16,838,255 from Hungary proper, with 2,416,304 from Croatia-Slavonia. This population is spread over an area of 108,982 square miles in Hungary, and 16,420 square miles in Croatia-Slavonia. The romance of politics, with all its startling changes, was never more fully exemplified, I am certain, than in the Hungarian Chamber. Politics runs in the blood in Hungary, and blood runs into politics. Names are associated with policies, and policies with names. England, I fear, has been accustomed to regard Budapest and its Parliament House as nothing but a collection of wild and turbulent orators, in whom the capacity for government does not exist.

Newspaper reports, I am afraid, have tended thus to caricature the Magyars; but though a certain independence of action and expression has sometimes characterised their proceedings, they nevertheless possess all the powers and qualities essential to the making of just and equitable laws. The character of the nation has constantly been undergoing change. Right down to the sixteenth century one may trace the higher

nobility attempting to play the part of a privileged and selfish oligarchy. These attempts, however, were usually successfully resisted by the lower nobility, who always stood for order and liberty. From 1608 down to 1848 the Diet was composed of two Houses. There was the Upper Chamber, with the Palatine as President, all the important officers of State, the archbishops and the bishops of the Catholic, and since 1792 of the Greek Churches, all the lord-lieutenants of counties, together with all the adult males of the titled families, from barons to princes.

In the other House one found the members of the Court of Appeal, the President of which enjoyed the privilege of presiding over the "Table of the Nuncios," as it was styled. Then came two representatives from each county elected by the gentry, and furnished with definite instructions how to act. There was no possibility of wobbling. He who wobbled had to resign. The free cities also sent representatives. And another class, the delgates of those magnates who for some reason or other were not represented in the Upper Chamber. Those were not the days of popular elections. But though you might be a member of the Lower House, the privilege of voting might not be yours. Only the lord-lieutenants and the representatives of the free cities had the right of voting. The others had practically only the right to a "consultative opinion." Things have changed since then. And the first momentous change was the prevailing of those constitutional forces which had kept Hungary united for so long, and which resulted in the two partners in the Dual Monarchy meeting on equal terms and adopting an attitude and policy of mutual independence and reliance. Had the *comitáts* not

preserved that wonderful spirit of constitutionalism common to the Hungarian people, which sought its end in maintaining local liberties, then this moment would have been delayed. In the giant struggle which preceded 1848 and culminated in 1867 the great orators of the nation were employed.

There was Deák, heavy and dull in appearance, a man whose talent was never disclosed until he warmed to his subject. Firm, moderate, perhaps a trifle slow, he never possessed the gift of capturing the imagination in the way that Kossuth did. Yet he left a deep and sure impress upon his nation's history.

Kossuth was the incomparable orator. He was the exact reverse of Deák. The former appealed to the imagination, the latter to the cold intellect of man. At that moment Kossuth was the man that was needed. Later came Deák's opportunity. Curiously enough, Kossuth's career only lasted some twenty months. He explained to English audiences his aims as the following:—

"Excepting the citizens of the privileged towns, the only persons in Hungary and in the countries under the Hungarian crown, who before the year 1848 enjoyed any of the privileges, social or political, of the Constitution, were the nobles. Moreover, the privileges of a noble family were not confined to the eldest son, as in England, but all the sons of a nobleman were themselves nobles, with the same privileges as their father. Their numbers might grow without limit, and reached about five or six hundred thousand, or about the number of the enfranchised citizens of England. We should not have been worthy of the name of patriot had we not seized the chance of securing the constitutional freedom and independence

of our country. And Hungary must be free and independent in accordance with her rights and the terms of ancient contracts. Hungary is not bound to any other country, but enjoys a separate national life and a separate Constitution, and is not to be governed as an Austrian province, whether such provinces be governed well or ill, despotically or constitutionally, but is to be governed in accordance with her own Constitution and her own laws. This was our right with respect to the Austrian House and Empire, and was the duty of the Austrian House towards us. We had to safeguard this right and enforce the fulfilment of this duty. We had to take care that in every department of State life Hungary should be governed independently and be free from all foreign interference."

Like many another great patriot, Kossuth died in exile, on March 20, 1894, in Turin. Under the liberty of which Kossuth laid the foundation stone the progress of the Magyars has been phenomenal. Never has man in Hungary spoken as did Kossuth, "and all the people were attentive to hear him." Oratory from this point, particularly parliamentary oratory, took upon itself new forms. Since the Kossuth-Deák period Parliament itself has undergone change.

Parliament to-day is summoned by the King for a period of five years. But it must be called together within three months of its dissolution, and indeed may be called together within a shorter period if the budget of the following year has not been voted. Any minister may be impeached by a simple majority of the Diet, if he has committed any act which involves the independence of the country, or infringes upon individual liberty as guaranteed by the Constitution, or interferes with private property. And again, if it

be proved that public funds have been tampered with, and also for any "wilful refusal" to enforce the law appertaining to public peace.

Naturally one asks who are entitled to vote in Hungary to-day. "Every Hungarian citizen of twenty years of age and upwards is entitled to vote—(1) having a minimum income of 105 florins and paying direct taxes amounting to 10 florins; (2) in the large towns occupants of houses containing three living rooms, even though unrated; (3) workmen employing an assistant; and (4) all who under the Constitution can claim their ancient privilege—the last category still represents at least 20 per cent. of the total electorate body. Besides these, about 30,000 vote in right of educational or professional qualifications, such as members of the learned societies, priests, professors, physicians, general practitioners, apothecaries, notaries, civil engineers, and schoolmasters." A truly noble army. Soldiers in garrison or with the colours, police, revenue and excise officers, have no votes. All elections are controlled by the Minister of the Interior, and in the case of a general election thirty days' notice is given by him, and he specifies a limit of ten days within which the elections must be held.

The task of becoming a member is not easy sometimes in Hungary. Last election was no criterion. It was one of those great moving forces which nobody could foresee and none withstand. The Kossuth Party, long kept from power, were now invincible. It was a free election. I was amongst the Transylvanians during the election. For the large constituency of Diósad there was but one polling-place, and that at the centre. In Hungary there is nothing

really prosaic about an election—it is, at least in Transylvania, a succession of beautiful pictures. Watch the faces of a rustic audience as a candidate unfolds his programme speech! The very generosity of the Magyar nation is seen at a glance. The flashing intelligence of the Magyar, the dull, heavy-browed gaze of the Oláh, how widely apart in political instinct these two races are! The rich, rolling reverberations of the Magyar language fell musically upon my ears, it was as if some new tone-spirit had entered life and interpreted its meaning. I listened, I followed, I cheered! I say, I know not why nor how, but I did it. What a language! The orator pauses a moment, he is lost for a word, but the audience does not fidget. One does not look at the clock, but the candidate.

Fascination happily did not end with speech-making, for there was the startling national garb of Magyar and Wallach adding picturesqueness to the entire scene. With pardonable envy the hairless beheld the shaggy-locked Wallachs, who, despising both mud and dust, tramped barefootedly into Zsibó for the meeting. Sometimes it looked like a stage crowd, yet without the lifelessness of such. It was the pulsations of human interest which exalted it above the mere picturesque.

A makeshift platform in the middle of a very uncertain road. Politically hungry men clustered round the primitive rostrum, some clinging to the flag poles of the Magyar *piros, fehér és zöld.* The chairman, a merry-eyed Catholic priest, he too a candidate in the adjoining constituency, gave vent to one of those elocutionary displays for which Hungary is famous. Beautiful words, kindly expressions, enthusing phrases,

but in no sense a political speech; yet he was an improvement upon our English chairman, for physical necessity told him when to sit down. Beside him sat the candidate, young but not nervous, a politician in the making, a real student groping after truth. His exposition was timely and adequate; the loftier flights he disregarded, and dispensed sound political gospel to commonplace mankind, and it was good.

When the crowd had left the spacious square, and whilst social coteries fed their kinsfolk and vented their views, when the candidate rested and the agent dispensed orders from the *iroda* (office), even then there remained a kind of political afterglow, a rich sunlit feeling. The strenuousness of a Hungarian candidate differs considerably from that of the Englishman. There is less speaking in a single day, but more eating and drinking to be done. The motto in a large Hungarian constituency is "Late to bed and early to rise." It does me good even now to recall the happy moments of that election. One thing will ever remain with me, it is the memory of a speech. The day had been long and dreary. An otherwise delightful drive had been marred by a terrific shower which rendered carriage movement slow and uncertain, and walking impossible. How I wanted to see the centre of the constituency at its best!—but no, Diósad only frowned. Mud and umbrellas. Fitful rain silences. Nothing, however, diminished the enthusiasm of the peasants. Then came the banquet. Every day brought its banquet. There was nothing elaborate in the banqueting hall. Here generations of peasants had been brought up in its cleanly spaciousness. There was light present, and light in

all cases involves action. As Novalis beautifully expresses it, "Light is like Life, active activity."

One never feels comfortless in the presence of light, and though no priceless pictures adorned the walls, nor rich carpets rendered walking more pleasant, nor elaborate candelabra added to ceiling decoration, one felt that happiness was present. Wrinkled old women, tender in their offices and lavish with their gifts, administered to the needs of the body—and the gods smiled.

Cheering Transylvanian wine quickened the pulse, oiled the bearings of life, and imparted that warmth which is the precursor of eloquence. One after another of the diners rose and expressed himself, toast tripped up toast, then there fell an unusual silence upon the Chamber, and I knew that the "stranger in the midst" was being toasted. I rose and clinked glasses with my kind friends, and sat down. It was not to be, however, for a speech was demanded. Only one present save myself knew English, speech therefore was impossible. "Necessity is the argument of tyrants," and my dear but tyrannical friends forced me from my chair, and almost before I was conscious of it, I was addressing an audience in another tongue, and that the most difficult in the world. The sensation was intoxicating. I know not now what I said, but I still possess an adequate idea of the joy those stuttered ungrammatical sentences created. It was the joy perhaps of a first attempt, yet joy it was.

These are the incidents of an election. But election day is the day of days. What an awful hour to call one!—yet as I tumbled from bed I caught the sound of the *Kossuthnóta* as it was played by the *czigány* band. At four we were ready to start, our band, flags,

and voters all aboard. I counted thirty vehicles behind the leaders. We mustered a hundred voters. A good candidate—in Hungary—knows his own voters. In England you are not allowed to. It was a thrilling journey. At last the circuitous decline is reached, we struggle up another short hill, and here we are on the election ground. Three wooden buildings facing the Protestant Church, resembling military huts in South Africa, stand there as polling booths. A posse of police and a battalion of infantry. To me all this seemed strange, yet things have not always been as quiet as I saw them. On the stroke of eight the presiding officer made his appearance clad in his Sunday best. Despite rumours, it was to be an unopposed return—though in Hungary no one knows this until election morning. Thirty minutes were counted away, and as no opponent turned up, the military were sent away, for they might be wanted in one of the other constituencies.

A movement is then made in the direction of the central wooden building, and the presiding officer is seen walking to a commanding spot on the hillside. The crowd follows him. He appeals for order; then, amid the utmost interest and in tones redolent of religious fervour, declares the Kossuthist elected. How grand the *hymnus* sounded that morning!—one sang as one felt. The entire mass of humans then gave themselves over to jollity. For a moment the *csárdás* is stopped, and a rush is made to the crest of the hill. What is that long, straggling, moving mass away in the distance? It is another detachment of voters. "But look here!" shouts another, and there on our right tramped triumphantly another instalment. How like a battle it all looked! The floating banners, the

victor's song, and the advance line of pretty Magyar girls. From all quarters came they, and the horizon seemed alive with men and maidens. Then it was music, song, and dance. Too late to hear the official declaration, but not too late to participate in the joys of conquest. Oh, the intoxication of the *csárdás*! The clicking of heels, the slapping of boots, the shoutings, the whirlings, and the bewitching music. Never shall I forget the scene. The entire earth was kindly, life itself enjoyed itself, the bewildering aromatic scents uprising from a hundred country gardens, "wherein resided those delicate toys of God which we in our pagan language and our shapeless speech call flowers," these captivated the senses until one seemed to live another life and be in another world. Such is election day in some constituencies in Hungary.

A Central Electoral Committee usually runs the elections. Polling commences at eight in the morning, and is closed only at the request of both parties, or when an hour has passed without anyone polling. The voting is open and by word of mouth. Each elector gives his name, is identified, then names the man he wants to vote for. If an absolute majority is not secured, another ballot is taken after an interval of not less than fourteen nor more than twenty-four days. Bribery and corruption were once appalling, but legislation has done its work towards attempting to introduce purity of election. To-day new legislation relating to corrupt practices is pending.

Once elected, the member finds that the Speaker is elected for the whole duration of Parliament, with two vice or deputy Speakers. The present Speaker, M. Justh, is member for Makó. He is a powerful man,

inflammable, but possessed of sound common sense, a great admirer of England, and a keen student of our political system. Burke is one of his favourite authors. Whatever he says or does, he always impresses one as strong. Qualities such as Speaker Justh possesses are needed in the Hungarian Chamber occasionally, for there one finds a licence of speech and interruption which would not for a moment be permitted in England. There is much Committee business done in the House, and every Government Bill is considered by a Committee before it is submitted to the House, and when it emerges into the Chamber its expediency is debated first of all, then clause by clause. If it succeeds in passing this ordeal, it is then reported with all its amendments, and the third reading carried without further debate. In Hungary the vote is taken by "rising and sitting," but should twenty members send a note to the Speaker that they desire a nominal vote, then such is taken by tellers something after the fashion of Westminster.

Recently there has been a babel of tongues, for the time of the House has been taken up by Croatian obstruction carried on in their own language, which they are allowed to use. It was interesting to see the interpreter standing beside the Speaker. There is no *closure* in Hungary. If a member infringes the rules of the House, he is warned twice, then called upon to sit down. A huge handbell stands beside the Speaker, and this is often necessary to secure order. Members speak from their places during debate, but the "reporters" of the different Committees deliver their charges from the tribune. As to visitors, a large crowd gather in the galleries daily, and here they are allowed to write, read, and they often take part in the

applause. In moments of national excitement it is interesting to watch the mixed crowds who gather there. The seriousness with which some men approach politics may be seen in the following incident:— A candidate for a Slovák constituency, when he arrived on the ground, discovered large posters declaring him to be a loyal supporter of "'48" principles, when in reality he was a member of the "'67" party. Opinions were easily adjustable, and he was returned as a Kossuthist, owing to a mistake of local organisation. The only thing he had to do was to mention Kossuth instead of Deák in his speeches. In Hungary disturbance is not infrequent. I can recall one instance which was characteristically humorous, and an object lesson in electoral tactics. A crowd of Socialists, just one of those disagreeable knots of obstructionists one often meets, had taken up a position in the centre of a huge crowd of Magyars. I stood beside the speakers on the balcony of the Town House. The excitement in Hungary was growing tremendously, and the country was approaching absolutism. One felt it all tingling in the air. The chairman had finished his speech, and the candidate or member was about in the middle of his speech, when the first evidences of unrest made themselves prominent. Nothing seemed to appease, and nobody seemed to recognise them. At last a few stout Magyars, unable to stand it any longer, let fly at them, and soon there was a regular hubbub. The next thing that one saw was a startled group of some twenty-five men being driven by these stalwart Magyars through the crowd, each man adding his contribution to the blows, until the open was reached, when, after severely trouncing them all, they were driven back to the centre of the meeting and made

to listen quietly to the rest of the speeches. Sadder and wiser they were, and I can vouch for it they were quieter.

Within the precincts of the House there has been some stormy scenes. I can recall several. Things, however, are changing. Even the measure and quality of oratory has changed. Opposition is the period of opportunities. To-day the great spirits are quieted by the responsibility of office. Office is a great subduer. In Hungarian politics the greatest figure to-day is Count Apponyi. He has proved himself to be both orator and statesman. The physical bulk essential to the leader of men surrounds him. He looks the leader, whilst his marvellous mellifluous voice and commanding presence befits the inspirer of national movements. See him as I once saw him. A Ministry had fallen, and fallen badly. Outside Parliament an excited populace clamoured for parliamentary recognition; inside, heated deputies vindicated their actions. It was a pandemonium both within and without. The defeated Premier had struggled to his feet to explain his position, but a disappointed House listened sadly to his halting phrases. Socialist leaders watched from the gallery for the slightest evidence which might be transferred into a desire or demand for a louder demonstration. Thunder and lightning were nigh at hand. There was a lull, and Count Tisza seizing the moment, tried to address the irritated House. Epithet after epithet was hurled at him, yet with a nervous twitching of the hands he held his ground. The roar increased. The bell clanged noisily. Fists were clenched and shaken at the ex-Premier, then regarding the situation as hopeless, he resumed his seat. There was another pause. Then Count Apponyi, almost

lethargically, rose to speak. Never was his greatness more apparent. A hissing hush silenced even inquisitive woman. All the dignity of the statesman was present, and the entire House recognised it. It was a national as well as a personal triumph, for he simply transformed the House. In attack he is terrible, for the purity of his life has never been challenged, and this is a great asset in Hungarian politics. He has the literary eloquence that so commends itself to a Hungarian audience. Perhaps there is too great a tendency to please men in him, though there is present something of that greatness which cannot fail but make enemies. His political career has been many-sided; there have been political fluctuations, party vacillations, but never has he been anything but intensely patriotic. To secure a safe and great position for Hungary has been his aim. If he is tautological, it is but another name for being Hungarian. It is a political trait, an oratorical habit. His administrative capacity has not yet been adequately tested. But to any Cabinet he is a valuable adjunct, seeing that more than any other man in Hungary he is able to command attention in Europe and America. Linguistic capacity and travel does more for Hungary than men imagine. It is a pity that such a man should ever take office, for his strength lies in opposition. He is a clean man, a great writer, an omnivorous reader; as a correspondent he is unequalled in Hungary, courteous, prompt, and adequate. This is not true of all politicians here, yet he is an aristocrat, and many feel this. His personal charm is immense, and the way he is able to switch off into German, French, Italian, English, and Magyar simply astounds one. I don't think his forte is to become the head of an Administration, but to stir up

men, create enthusiasm. To lead a Government, to preserve the balance of peace, perhaps lies beyond him.

There is one man at present out of Parliament of which any party might justly be proud, it is Count Stephen Tisza. No man that I know of in Hungary is better versed in foreign politics than Tisza. He has been Premier, and the leader of a great party, but he lacks that tact, that gentle persuasive force, that conception of unconscious handling, which welds a party together. Ability in abundance, by no means a bad speaker, character, sound judgment, exact knowledge, a wonderful knowledge of English political life, and a close association with English political practice; these all stand in his favour, but are counterbalanced and nullified largely by his limited knowledge of his own race, of the little foibles and whims which none however great may override. Almost the last time that I spoke with him he was embarking upon a long course of English political biography. Morley's Life of Gladstone had fascinated him, and he was looking forward to a quiet, happy hour or two on the Alföld with Winston Churchill's Life of his father and Fitzmaurice's Life of Earl Granville. He told me that the first time he visited London he was the guest of Lord Granville. As Dr. Johnson put it: "It is when you come close to a man in conversation that you discover what his real abilities are: to make a speech in a public assembly is a knack." But Tisza will return, and it is hoped will have learned the lesson of yesterday.

Quite the reverse of Apponyi and Tisza are Andrássy and Kossuth. Both have honoured names. Both are the reverse of their fathers. The energy and much of the capacity of the sire was not handed down. That

physical soundness which is a necessity in statesmanship is wanting in both. Mental alertness is harnessed to a frail physique, or an ailment which perpetually enshrouds personal action. Both have to delegate, and therefore must minimise much of their power. Neither are orators, but both good speakers. Andrássy is a master of constitutional law, Kossuth an authority on commerce. Given constant and sound health, either might lead an Administration. In birth they represent the poles, but in political influence, each in their own party, they are equal. Andrássy, perhaps, less than Kossuth, and less than any politician in Hungary, cares for public opinion and the plaudits of the mob. Honesty in politics is a passion with him. He has a name but not the capacity essential to capture the imagination of the populace. Kossuth's name carries him much farther than Andrássy's. Much is condoned and overlooked, for is he not the son of his father? One is rich, the other poor, but both men of talent. Both speak English remarkably well. Andrássy never answers a letter, Kossuth never fails to. In Kossuth the love of art is prominent, in Andrássy questions of history and constitutional law engage his attention always. Strolling into his study one day, the first book my eye fell upon was one of Justin McCarthy's. Both Andrássy and Kossuth are full of lovable personal qualities which often carry them further than more brilliant "men of blood and iron." These are the four outstanding politicians in Hungary to-day.

After them come in uneven marching order a host of men of uneven capacity. Easily heading all this army of political aspirants is the present Prime Minister, Dr. Wekerle. Undisputed qualities for leadership are present in the Premier, but there's no

magic in the name, no note of interest to the Magyar race. No other man could have held such a brilliant yet individual Cabinet as this together. He has more pliability than the man-in-the-street imagines, and which only a Cabinet Council can reveal. A perfect master of figures, in this respect resembling Gladstone; a genius for finance, a solid, slow, semi-Teutonic, semi-Magyar lawyer. With no passion for languages, no adornment of speech, a great man at promising, and an untiring worker, he is respected if not loved.

In Dr. Darányi one beholds a political agriculturist, who, in a quiet, scientific manner, is doing great things for Hungary. He may not influence ministers, but he improves conditions, and a knowledge of English would still further lead to progress. Both Dr. Günther and Count Aladár Zichy are admirable men. Curiously enough, the Premier is the only man who does not know English. Dr. Günther has made quite a study of English law, has attended many Election Petition cases, and now frames legislation somewhat on the same lines. As a speaker he is particularly good, with a clean reputation, and if not great is highly agreeable. Count Aladár Zichy is an accomplished scholar, and some day he may be found in a position where his versatile gifts have fuller play.

Ex-Premiers Széll and Bánffy represent diverse types. The former is one of the most plausible ministers Hungary ever had, but he is best fitted to preside over the State when no legislation is possible. He is the greatest conciliatory force in the nation, but accomplishes little. Bánffy is commercial, resolute, strong, with little political finesse and no party. An awkward man as Minister-President, and still more difficult to cope with as member of a Cabinet. He

is without doubt one of the most daring men in Hungary, and Hungarian politics has not heard the last of him.

Outside officialdom waits a meagre crowd of serious-minded young men,—men of great capacity of enthusiasms, of width and depth,—and it is to such as these that Hungary must look. None are great orators, but all are thinkers. They cannot talk like Apponyi or Hock, but in them dwell myriad possibilities. Most of them are great linguists, and the future is theirs. We shall hear of Count Arvéd Teleki, Zsombor de Szász, Csizmazia, and Emil Nagy. The question is, When will such as these be given an opportunity?

But I have not dwelt sufficiently upon the House of Magnates. It should be remembered that this imposing body of men cannot originate legislation, only destroy it—if they be so minded. Much of the old-time bitterness between the Chambers which existed before 1848 has passed away. The election of those Court dignitaries known as the "Keepers of the Crown" is made by the two Chambers sitting together. In numbers the Upper House has no specific limit, and is comprised as follows:—

"Seventeen members of the Royal Family; nineteen high officers of State, including the Presidents of both Royal Courts of Appeal; thirty-three Roman Catholic diocesan bishops, including seven of the Greek Catholic Church; nine of the Orthodox Greek Church; and six representatives each, lay or clerical, of the Lutheran and Calvinist faiths; and one for the Unitarians, a body of about 60,000 persons, chiefly located in Transylvania." But the hereditary aristocracy supplies the bulk of the Upper House. These number about

234. The King may also create 50 life peers, though not more than five of such encumbrances in any one year. Thus, all told, the Chamber consists of about 389 members, "of whom all, except the officers of State and the bishops, are eligible for election as deputies—their rights thereupon to sit as Magnates fall into abeyance, but are not forfeited."

Along such grooves as these legislation passes, bringing blessing or bane, as the various political elements dictate.

CHAPTER X

TRANSYLVANIA AND THE TRANSYLVANIANS

"The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic."—EMERSON

CATCHING a train at the East Railway Station just after lunch, one may arrive at Kolozsvár, the principal town of the once principality of Transylvania, about ten in the evening, having partaken of an excellent dinner on the train. They do feed you well on these Hungarian trains. I have used the old term "principality," because it seems to suit Transylvania so well, though as a separate entity to-day it is but a geographical expression. There is perhaps another reason for my doing this, and it is because even to-day Transylvanians invariably refer to the other parts of the country as "Hungary." For instance, a distinguished young politician in Kolozsvár told me one day that "we get all our water-melons from Hungary." This element, or sense of distinctness, is very real. Kolozsvár is the only town in which I felt any sincere measure of intellectual feeling. The internal boundaries of Transylvania were continually shifting, and it is difficult to give them. In the seventeenth century it took in the whole of the eastern frontier of Hungary, reaching in the north almost as far as Eperjes, and including Kassa, Tokay, and all along from Vajda Hunyád to Brassó.



FARM FOLK RETURNING FROM MORNING MARKET,
KOLOZSVÁR, TRANSYLVANIA

Sometimes even Debreczen was found within the Transylvanian area. Its history is unique. The very atmosphere of all the towns differ so from all other places one may visit even to-day. There are those who recognise in it many analogies to Switzerland. It has, for instance, three nationalities—the Magyars, the Saxons, and the Roumanians, or Wallachs: these latter are said to have been the original inhabitants of the land. This, however, is denied by many. Historical associations abound everywhere. Indeed, it can boast that one of the most magnificent monuments ever raised by human hands was erected to commemorate its full enrolment on the page of history. The column of Trajan at Rome, with its wondrous spiral band of bas-reliefs, tells to this day of the desperate struggle which broke the power of the ancient Dacians, and led to the stately city of Ulpa Trajána rising on the ruins of the capital of Decebalus, the last Transylvanian king.

"Much of the gold that glittered on the tables of the wealthy patricians, or adorned the reigning beauties at the gladiatorial shows, was dug from the hills of Abrudbánya, or washed from the sands of the Aranycs and other streams. During the culminating epoch of Roman luxury, Transylvania was regarded as a vast treasure-house to be ransacked for wealth, and not only its mineral stores but its rich harvests were easily transmuted into gold."

Attila then came sweeping along with his hordes, driving before him all feeble souls, and seized Transylvania and its neighbours. There was one redeeming feature about the invasion of Attila, for though in the main his work was destructive, it led to the settlement in Eastern Transylvania of those Székler freemen,

who even to-day are to be regarded as social and political factors. The Magyars of the ninth century were not regarded by all as subjects fit for canonisation, if one may believe that pathetic prayer-like utterance which ran—

> "Nunc te rogamus, licet servi pessimi
> Ab Ungerorum, nos defendas jaculis."

It was these men or their arrows from whom terror-stricken people prayed to be delivered, that fraternised with the Széklers. Those were stirring times. From 1541 until 1688 Hungary was split up into three parts. The House of Habsburg ruled over Croatia, the western counties of Hungary, and a goodly share of the sub-Carpathian districts of the north. The great and central plains with their towns were governed by a Turkish pasha whose seat was at Buda. Transylvania and the adjoining eastern and north-eastern counties was governed by princes elected by the Transylvanian Diet and confirmed by the Sublime Porte. Situated as it was midway between the Magyars and the Turks, and often with Turks on both sides of them, Transylvania was constantly in need of master minds. Strangely enough, many such were bred and trained for the moments of national need. For the acknowledgment of Turkish suzerainty was not always enough to prevent wild, ruthless hordes of Tartars and Turks rushing in upon them and devastating the land. But if such was true of Transylvania, Hungary proper fared even worse, and the Transylvanians were objects of envy. Things became so bad in Hungary that Transylvania was regarded as a city of refuge, and those who sought escape from Turkish atrocity or the proselytisms of

Germany and Italy were able to find an asylum there.

It was also known for its culture and Protestantism. The romance which its repeated struggles, its patriotism, and its pride engendered has led many writers to call it the "Scott Country" of Hungary. Others, by reason of certain characteristics, have likened it unto Poland. In the old days there was something of the aristocratic republic about it. Then everybody regarded himself a noble—that is, as in possession of the capacity of ruling, an attitude of mind involving the right to disobey their "accidental sovereign." A pretext for fighting or insurrection was also ever ready to hand. There were the infidels to be fought, or the intrigues of the Germans to be counteracted, or what perhaps was more often an excuse, Protestantism must be protected. Though they were in a way vassals under the Sublime Porte, they possessed an internal constitution which was based upon a league for mutual defence—a league comprised of Magyars, Székels, and Saxons. This was in 1432. About this time the principality saw rising to importance one of the greatest figures it ever produced, Hunyadi János. Concerning his antecedents tradition has its own tale to tell, and as it is interesting I do not hesitate to give it. Hunyadi is said to have descended from Sigismund. It appears that Sigismund passed through Transylvania on his way to subdue his rebel vassal, the Woiwode of Wallachia. On the journey chance threw in his way a beautiful Wallach girl, Elizabeth Marsinai, the pride of the valley of Hátszeg. Without disclosing his rank, the cavalier monarch successfully laid siege to the peasant girl's heart, and on leaving her to proceed to the wars he

gave her his signet ring, with the command that when the fruit of their love should see the light, she should carry it to the King in Buda, who on recognising the ring would be sure to treat her and her child with kindness. The following year, as Elizabeth and the infant proceeded to the distant capital, the young mother, overcome by fatigue, fell asleep under the shade of a tree. The child in the meantime toyed with the ring which hung like an amulet round his neck. Then a mischievous daw joined the infant at play, and finally flew off with the ring. The child's screams brought Elizabeth to its side, and to her intense horror she saw all hopes of greatness vanish on the wings of a bird. Her brother, who accompanied her, however, sent an arrow from his bow which brought bird and ring to earth. Joy was surpassingly great, the journey pursued, and the delight of the monarch when he heard the story was complete.

He at once bestowed on his own son the name of Hunyadi, presenting him with the town of Hunyad and sixty surrounding villages. The surname of Corvinus, later adopted, with the arms a crow and a ring, were assumed in memory of the events of the girl's long journey. Szonakos, the village which gave birth to Elizabeth, was declared tax free for ever. Many a maiden has fared worse than this at the hand of kings.

The deeds of Hunyadi exceeded those of his gifted sire, for he was soon called upon to protect his district from the inroads of barbarians. Hunyadi gained a series of glorious victories over the Moslems, following them through Wallachia, across the Danube into Bulgaria, and forcing them to give up the fortresses of Servia and Bosnia, thus placing all these

countries under the vassalage of Hungary. Things did not always go well with him, for, having enabled Ladislaus V. to obtain the throne, and also to conclude a long truce with the Moslems, the monarch broke his word. War again broke out. Hunyadi was imprisoned. But honours came again, and his last campaign was the most brilliant, for he was responsible for driving the infidels almost to the gates of their Eastern city. Disease then accomplished what the sword had failed in doing. Thus died a great warrior.

Another figure associated in no small way with Transylvania is Zápolyai. Mr. Boner in his book ascribes to Zápolyai the distinction of having founded the kingdom of Transylvania. From all accounts Zápolyai was one of those historic figures whose selfish personal ambition was not the measure of his courage. He does not even strike one as having been invested with any special ability either. After 1525, and Mohács in particular, where Louis perished, Zápolyai, who was Woiwode of Transylvania, having been worsted by Ferdinand of Austria, retired to Poland. It was during this retirement that Jaroslav Laski approached Zápolyai with a scheme for placing him upon the throne of Hungary. In this effort the Turks were to play a big part, therefore Laski, with nothing to offer "and everything to demand," was so eloquent that he induced the Sultan to help to replace Zápolyai on the throne of Hungary, on the simple condition that he acknowledged the Sultan as protector. It is difficult to discover the reasons for such magnanimity on the part of the Sublime Porte. A Polish writer has explained it thus: "The Vizier and the principal officers of the Turkish State were at that time Slavonians of Bosnia, who, having embraced Islamism

towards the end of the fourteenth century, became the most loyal subjects of the Porte, without abandoning their native language or their strong attachment to their Slavonic nationality. The Slavonic language was at that time as much spoken at the Sultan's court as the Turkish, and Laski could freely converse with the Vizier and other Turkish grandees, who treated him as a countryman." Laski left a diary of his negotiations with the Porte, which contained the following remarkable words addressed to him by Mustapha Pasha, a native of Bosnia, who greatly contributed to his success: "We are of the same nation. You are a Lekh, and I am a Bosnian. It is therefore a natural affection that one loves more his own than another nation."

For all this achievement Laski was to be rewarded with the sovereignty of Transylvania. Alas! what frail memories some men have! Instead of being rewarded, Laski was thrown into a dungeon and accused of "dangerous machinations." Influential friends then set to work to secure his release, and eventually royal letters patent proclaimed his innocence; and for the injustice done he was presented with the towns of Késmark and Debreczen. This, however, did not satisfy him, and he at once set about to revenge himself. Approaching Ferdinand, he was sent by him to Constantinople, and his appearance there in a cause so diametrically opposed to that he had espoused some years before not only roused the suspicion of the Sultan but incensed him, and Laski was ordered to be imprisoned, and for some time his life was in danger. Eventually his eloquence told upon the Sultan, who forgave him, and afterwards showered upon him many marks of favour. An illness



A TRANSYLVANIAN MARKET-PLACE, NAGY-VÁRAD

in Constantinople led to his return to Poland, where he died in 1542. He is a little known figure in history, but his gifts were such that Erasmus in his letters says he learned many things of him "and improved by his company." His son Albert was received by Queen Elizabeth of England, and it is said that "the honours which were shown to him at Oxford, by the special command of the Queen, were equal to those rendered to sovereign princes."

Another theory advanced by some historians concerning this period is that Transylvania achieved her independence under bad auspices, and that Zápolyai submitted to the degradation of paying tribute to the Porte in lieu of, or as a tax for independence. Uncertainty looms everywhere, and a variety of opinions has baffled the few serious historians who have tried to account for and explain the past of the country, proving again and again that "history is not an exact science." In the fortunes—whatever they were—of Transylvania three other men had something to say. These were Gabriel Bethlen, Stephen Bocskai, and Stephen Báthory. The former was a man of exceptional gifts, and the part that he played is outlined earlier in the book. Bocskai is less known than Báthory outside the confines of Transylvania, but his power was considerable and his influence great. Báthory, without that ambition which characterised so many men of the period, rose by reason of his sterling qualities to the throne of Poland. So great, indeed, was his reputation, that though he was a Protestant, the clergy did not dare to oppose his election. Unfortunately, Solikowski, a dangerous Catholic prelate, with a delegation composed of thirteen members, was sent to Báthory to announce

his elevation to the throne of Poland. Of this delegation all save one were anti-Romanists. In spite of being closely watched, for they distrusted him, Solikowski obtained an interview with Báthory one night, and was successful in persuading him that he had no chance of maintaining himself on the throne to which he was elected, save by becoming a Papist. Detecting a hesitancy in Báthory, Solikowski said that one condition of his election was a matrimonial alliance with the Princess Anna, sister to Sigismund Augustus, but being a bigoted Catholic, she would never accept a Protestant husband. Poor man! he fell, and thus Protestantism lost a champion, and the Reformation in Poland was checked. Protestantism, however, was not forgotten by him, and he confirmed the rights of the anti-Romanist Confessions, opposed strongly all religious persecution, rewarded merit without regard to confessional differences, and rigorously suppressed all attempts to persecute anti-Romanists. He was unfortunately short-sighted enough to set much store by the Jesuits, who had no difficulty in insinuating themselves into favour with this royal and zealous patron of science and literature. Had he been gifted with that large knowledge of the ways of men, he would not have been deluded by the Jesuit Possevinus—who in turn was deceived by the Csar Ivan Vasilovics—into the belief that the peace of 1582 was the supreme need. Thus the country was deprived of many great and lasting advantages which could have been obtained by prosecuting the war; and history is given an example of final weakness eclipsing the good of a lifetime. It was just that essential insight into human character which Báthory did not possess, but which a multitude of priests discerned, that dimmed the glory of his life.

The separate nature of Transylvania can easily be seen when one considers that it had its own princes and its own Parliament. There was something interesting about this Diet, or Parliament. Hungarians point out with pride that the supremacy of their race was such that no Székler or Saxon ever wore the cap of State in Transylvania—that is, the Diet never elected one of these as Prince. The great foundation-stone of Transylvanian constitutionalism, the *Diploma Leopoldinum*, illustrates in a measure the methods of government employed, and bears contrast to that of Hungary. Primarily it ensured equal religious rights to Catholics, Lutherans, Reformed, and Unitarians; with the permission to build churches anywhere. And it further secured to such as these all the lands, tithes, benefices, foundations, churches, schools, etc., in possession at that moment, even though such may have formerly belonged to some other religious body. Civil privileges were granted to all Transylvanians, according to the established laws of Hungary. The Saxons to retain their municipal organisation. No change was promised concerning the form of government, appointment of Privy Council, constitution of the Diet, method of voting, nor administration of justice, save that of the right of appeal to the Crown. Foreigners were excluded from office. Clause VI. is interesting, for it declared that property reverting to the Crown by reason of the extinction of families had to be bestowed upon deserving persons, and Transylvanians possessing property in Hungary to enjoy the same rights as Hungarians. It further declared that the President of the Privy Council, the Commander-in-Chief of the Transylvanian Militia, the Chancellor, and the members of the Privy Council,

etc., must be natives and chosen by the Diet. In the Privy and Supreme Courts a fourth of the members had to be Catholics. Whilst an Annual Diet was guaranteed, dissolution depended on the royal will. The Governor was called upon to reside in the country, to be a member both of the Privy Council and the Bench of Judges, his salary being paid by the Crown. Seeing that war was not infrequent, an annual tribute of 50,000 thalers was levied in times of peace. But supposing war was waged against Hungary and Transylvania, 400,000 florins had to be paid, which included supplies delivered in kind. The Diet was left the task of assessing this amount. All other charges were borne by the Crown out of revenue derived from the salt-tax, metal-tax, the custom's tenth from the Saxons, and the tithe rent from the Magyars. Free Széklers, though tax free, had to perform military service. Amongst other items, it was essential to maintain troops for protection, etc., under the command of an Austrian general, who had strict orders not to mix in civil affairs, and in matters of war was obliged to maintain a good understanding with the Governor, the Diet, and the Privy Council.

Every county and free town used to send members to the Diet. And equal voting power was possessed by the three nations—Magyars, Saxons, and Széklers —right down to 1791. In the old Diet one saw about 46 Magyars, 18 Széklers, and 18 Saxons, with two representatives of abbeys, and often a Catholic and a United Greek bishop, both of whom claimed a seat. There was also what were known as "Regalists," which the Crown had the power to call up: these sat and legislated by "royal letters."

They were unlimited in number, and chosen from the aristocracy. Some of them were nominated for life by the Crown, others simply held seats by virtue of their office as lord-lieutenants and privy councillors. Under Maria Theresa the number of these "Regalists" was limited to 89. But the regulation was often infringed upon, until in fact in 1830 these numbered more than 200.

Every Székler claimed to be a noble born, and in fact they enjoyed most of the privileges of such for some time, but it is interesting to discover that even the Széklers paid taxes, which the ascendant Magyar nobility did not. In both the Saxons and the Széklers there was something of that spirit and practice which led people to describe them as democratic peoples. Democracy, like liberty, is overladen with unsatisfactory definitions. There was no talk of "nobles" and "non nobles" amongst them. On the one hand, the Széklers claimed nobility for their entire race; on the other, the Saxons regarded as one of their fundamental laws the equality of every individual member of their race. However much was done to accentuate or exaggerate nationality, one thing was evident, that both Széklers and Magyars spoke the same language and were conscious of a common origin. The Wallachs, on the other hand, though numerically strong, were not regarded in any sense "as a political nation," but only as a subject race. Apparently it was a question of "nobility," for many Rouman nobles were "freely admitted to the county sessions as if they had been Magyars," whilst Magyar peasants were excluded as if they had been Roumans. The peasantry were a conquered class. In theory at least Transylvania has always formed part of the

Hungarian kingdom, and though for 160 years the two Legislatures were distinct and separate, this was only, according to Professor Patterson, "a device of absolutism to weaken the constitution on both sides of the Királyhágó." The Királyhágó is the ridge which separates Hungary and Transylvania. There was a vast difference between Croatia and Transylvania. One was a *socium regnum*, which for its particular local purposes was possessed of a separate Legislature, but which was also represented in the Legislature of the parent body or ally. The Diet of Transylvania was vastly different to this. In May 1848, after frequent proposals, extending from 1688 to that year, the union of Hungary and Transylvania was achieved, and provision was made for 69 representatives of Transylvania to sit in the Hungarian Diet. This was disturbed by the allied forces of Austria and Russia, and separation again came. Transylvania was then regarded as one of the "crown-lands." Herr von Schmerling did all that he could to promote conditions favourable to Vienna. Pitting the various races against each other in Transylvania was hoped to accomplish much, and particularly to do harm to the Magyars, and a new electoral law for Transylvania was intended to accomplish more; but it only partially succeeded. What really happened was that a body of representatives were sent from the Transylvanian Diet to sit in the Reichsrath at Vienna. Both Magyar and Székler members heartily opposed this act, and refused to enter the Diet. Then came the fall of the Schmerling Ministry, and not long after it the coronation of Francis Joseph, which meant better days for Hungary and the real union of Transylvania with Hungary. Historical episodes practically close with

this act. I have often been asked why this part of Hungary was called Transylvania, or what is the meaning of the name? Sometimes it was spoken of as "the land beyond the forests"; other people have termed it, as did the Germans and the Saxons, "the land of the seven fortresses." For the meaning of the latter description one is supposed to go back to Roman times and the walled cities these people built.

The usual measure of chaffing was indulged in during the stormy periods of its history, and the Hungarian Magyars frequently spoke of "Little Transylvania"; but the Magyars of Transylvania, with no small sense of poetic feeling, called it "Fair Transylvania." It is recorded that Báthory on one occasion displayed no ordinary sensualistic taste by declaring that it "hardly supplied enough for a breakfast."

It is perfectly true that the country is for ever changing, and yet some traits will never disappear as long as the race exists. In hospitality they are not to be equalled, nor in courtesy. Combined with these two lovable qualities is a sound diplomatic capacity, which it is said came into life in the old days when trimming between German and Turk was a necessity. One feels even to-day a kind of aristocratic exclusiveness about all the great names, the Bánffys, Bethlens, Keménys, Telekis, and Wesselényis.

When I first walked into the great square at Kolozsvár, all the old-world spirit came to me just as I wanted it to come. There was nothing unduly modern to disturb me, nor destroy the picture which history and imagination had created. If perchance some conversation revealed a mundane modern mind terribly near me, I was at once hurried back to the

past by a very uneven piece of road, an uncommon costume, a quaint gable, or a strange tickling of the primitive sense. Whenever I visit, and I love to visit it often, I feel immediately the Protestantism of the town. Commerce having sought other fields, has practically left Kolozsvár to itself. And much as I perceive the value of industry and commerce, I do believe in preserving certain places from it. Like the Alföld and Debreczen, one may easily perceive the Magyar element in the town, but it is an element composed of finer intellectual material and none the less patriotic.

Small though it may be, Kolozsvár has more to show the visitor than most Hungarian towns. I was not there long before I was shown where King Matthias was born. It was in the oldest part of the city, a small one-storeyed house, now happily used as a museum. Not far from this spot Stephen Bocskay first saw the light. What a lot names such as these mean to the people even to this day! I am afraid that we have a tendency to forget our heroes in England. Of all the churches that really deeply influenced me in Hungary, that fine example of mediæval architecture in Kolozsvár made a stronger appeal to me than any other. Just as a man may be more forcibly reminded of great events by seeing for a moment a friend with his medals on and scarred face, so I was impressed because of the evidences of wars and struggles and retarding influences which the building bears. At one time this huge square was disfigured by an ugly old Guard House besmeared with streaks of yellow and black. The foundations of the church were laid about the beginning of the fifteenth century, Pope Boniface generously granting an indulgence to all promoting the growth of the building. Inside, just two or three

points are of interest. Look at the high altar for a few moments, and recall the incident of Zápolya's widow, Queen Isabella, handing over to Castaldo, the representative of Ferdinand I., the Hungarian crown "with all its appurtenances." As I stood and gazed at the spot I almost seemed to hear Isabella expressing her wish that the crown she handed over would never again rest upon a Hungarian brow. Little did she realise that she was making history then, for none save those of the House of Habsburg have worn it.

Phase after phase this church has survived. Possession by the Lutherans, and the removal of its altars and images. Then came the turn of the Unitarians, who were turned out by the Jesuits. When General Básta retired, the Unitarians cleared the Jesuits out, and remained in possession right down to 1716, when the Catholics regained the church, and have held it ever since. A great crucifix may be seen in the church, which is supposed to have been the one taken out when the Lutherans enjoyed possession. A very fine piece of sculpture is found at the sacristy door. It is in the Renaissance style and perfectly finished. A Gothic tower built on the north side of the church is regarded by many as unsafe.

Kolozsvár is also one of the great homes of the Hungarian drama. The new theatre is one of the finest in the land, worthy of the part Kolozsvár has played in the history of dramatic art.

Apart from the objects of interest in brick and stone with which the town abounds, students of ethnology and all visitors find Kolozsvár fascinating by reason of the multitude of nationalities meeting here and the variety of their costume. Before I visited Hungary I imagined that every branch of collecting had been

captured by someone, but I see to-day how mistaken I was; for, tiring of autographs, pottery, or stamps, one may enter upon a new field, equally absorbing and valuable, that of making a collection of peasants' hats. In colour, shape, size, and design, Kolozsvár is not to be beaten for such. Here the peasant type varies from the extreme north and centre of Hungary. A writer in the thirties of the last century says "the Transylvanian peasant is generally superstitious and deceitful." These weaknesses were attributed to their ignorance, and those peasants who were members of the Greek Church were more ignorant than the rest. Since then things have changed, and my own personal contact with the Transylvanian peasantry proves the direct reverse. One of the outstanding features of the town is its intellectual atmosphere of calm, a distinct incentive to freedom, with an unfortunate tendency towards procrastination. Here hurry is unknown. Everything bespeaks leisure. Churches meet you at every turn. Wide streets, cobbled it is true, and wide paths provide continual opportunity for gossip. One is never jostled, for the big world lies a long way away. Echoes of it arrive from time to time, and then groups multiply in the streets, and the inhabitants of the *kávéház* stay longer over their coffee. That is all. The true spirit of a University town is ever present. Don't imagine all this means an absence of life. On the contrary, it indicates the presence of life. Restless activity and noise do not necessarily imply life. Mingled with the air of study is the necessary compound of gaiety, one aiding the other. Social life is rendered more valuable by reason of intellectual seriousness, and here conversation takes a less physical form. Extremes are visible, but, like the hurried grouping of colours in



TRANSYLVANIAN PEASANTS, KOLOZSVÁR

a peasant's costume, they do not jar upon one. Much is accepted as inevitable, and standards differ. Walking one day in the big square, I was struck by the ease and unconcern of a peasant changing his socks on the edge of the kerb. For the care he took over his task he might have been within the sacred precincts of his cottage. This was not mere ignorance of custom, nor desire to combat custom. Neither was it an evidence of stupidity or lawlessness, but a sense of freedom, and the consciousness that by such a cleanly act none were being outraged. Acts such as these must not be misinterpreted. The geographical situation of Kolozsvár itself, surrounded as it is by high mountains, adds a charm and a unique consciousness of literary safety which no other town possesses. It is a haven of rest for writers, rest in order to work and worship, with all the compilations of nature surrounding one, and providing data no writer has exhausted nor adequately tapped. All this was deeply impressed upon me whilst sitting in the quaint old-world garden of the Mária-Erzsébet Red Cross Hospital, watching Dr. Brandt move leisurely amongst his patients and his flowers clad in that familiar scarlet jacket of his. Just over the wall—one of those fine old walls—one could see a row of majestic poplars waving gracefully to and fro, as if dancing to the song of the summer wind. The rich, pure air, the sweet song of the birds, the fragrance of the flowers, the blue sky, and the ineffable calm, simply chased away "dull care and melancholy." Sometimes I have felt like this whilst sitting on the banks of the river at Oxford listening to the unfriendly resonance of the "Mighty Tom." But there was always something lacking there. One rarely desired to express oneself. There were too

many lunches, and dinners, and parties. In Kolozsvár something goes out of one first, then come inrushing sensations, insinuating, suggestive theories and pictures. Poetry is readable here. It surrounds one. Often would I leave the quietude of the garden—sometimes, it is true, chased away by the heat of the sun—and seek the long, straight street, as if to test the value of the association the garden had engendered. The feeling did not vanish as I lazily strolled to and fro, wondering where in the world the forty-six thousand inhabitants were housed. Youth seemed to return, and life appeared "a vista of unmeasured years." What more does a writer need? All these things are withheld from the "tripper." Yet I am convinced that the American would find Kolozsvár more interesting than any other town in Hungary. Americans come to Budapest to see the Hungarians, and leave with many regrets, having seen but palaces and churches. In Kolozsvár one may see real people, costume-clad people, strange equipages, historic houses. Everything invites to contemplation. Both the attractive and the impressive are present. Nature's colouring is superb, and man in his varied types moves comfortably within the radius of the busy mart.

CHAPTER XI

SZÉKLERS, SAXONS, AND ROUMANIANS

"I came to your town once on a holiday."—KANTEMIER

FROM whatever angle Kolozsvár is approached, nature and history have marked their appreciation. Herein lies an additional pleasure to be gained by a visit there. Once I entered the town from Bánffy-Hunyad. In no part of Hungary—or, to be correct, Transylvania — have the inhabitants retained their original customs, dress, and manners more than in Bánffy-Hunyad. It is a perfect picture. The women are wonderful. The embroidery-hunter must not pass Bánffy-Hunyad on the other side. I was motoring through to Roumania and Turkey then, and a huge crowd assembled at lighting-up time to gaze at the car. Just as I was ready to leave, a young and stylishly dressed lady approached, and in excellent English asked whether she could be of any assistance in directing me to Kolozsvár. I thanked her, and she plied me with questions concerning the journey with the usual measure of Hungarian curiosity. It was pleasant to hear one's mother tongue so charmingly spoken far away from the track of the Anglo-Saxon. Having been told that at Szamos-Ujvár I might find nearly 6000 Magyarised Armenians,

I wandered there one morning, and was delighted with the little settlement. It is on the Kolozsvár-Zilah branch of the Szamos Valley line. Inexpensive and not distant. One of the sights of the place is the Armenian Catholic church, which contains a fine example of the art of Rubens. Bands of these people apparently came from Moldavia in the seventeenth century. They are clever in commerce, and have become most praiseworthy Magyars. There is another settlement at Erzébetváros, not far from the Roumanian frontier. The greatest luck in the world led to my seeing a place which under ordinary conditions I should just have passed through. Torda, about 34 kilometres from Kolozsvár, was intended only as a breakfasting-place. To reach it many hills must be climbed, but everything you do on the road is repaid with interest by the view disclosed all the way. The entire district is noted for its salt pools. Steaming into the hotel yard with a distinctly proud feeling, for the car had done splendidly, food and drink were called for, and without attempting to chase the dust from my clothes, I sat in a primitive looking shed which was decorated with circus bills of three years agone, and drank my coffee. I was soon joined by the chauffeur. No burst, no breakage, only a small adjustment. Not a terrible chapter of woes. Without thinking of what I was doing, I turned my eye over the car, and to my surprise detected a leakage in the tank. It was so small that I did not even worry. Breakfast over, repairing implements were hauled out, and an attempt was made to solder the joint. The truth to tell, it took all day; meanwhile I had an opportunity of looking at Torda and its surroundings. Not far away is Toroczkó, a regular

Alpine haunt. Here both the men and women are of finer physique than any other in the land. Just like Bánffy-Hunyad, only more so, they have retained in their social isolation all the most fascinating characteristics of their race. On my return the car was ready, and Nagy-Enyed was marked as the next halting-place. Having missed the road, for it is difficult sometimes to know, seeing that so little is marked by stones or posts, I inquired of a most respectably dressed man the best way to take, and he insisted on my having some wine with him, as it was essential to pass his house. Jumping into the car, he piloted us to the road leading to Nagy-Enyed. Hospitality has its drawbacks, for he was so charming a host that a new time-table had to be prepared. One is always doing this kind of thing when visiting in Hungary. He told me he was a Székler.

Naturally I looked for characteristics I had not met with in the Magyar, and I found them. I think the Székler more inclined to business, and as such, deep and sly, with a certain cantankerous disposition towards litigation. He is also content with a simpler method of life, and of a more roving or nomadic character. Peculiarities abound. The question of the origin of this people has led to much research and little certainty. Some aver that they are the remnant of Attila's Huns, others that they belong to those Avars whom Charlemagne defeated; whilst a younger school maintain that they belonged to those Magyars who were attacked by Simeon, the Bulgarian king. If one asks a Székler, he will probably respond by singing—

> "Therefore, because I am a Székler,
> I call no man lord.
> Attila was my father,
> A fair inheritance has been left me."

They also have a proverb which runs thus: "The difference between a Székler and a Magyar is the difference between a man's son and his grandson." This infers prior occupation of the land. In all this the traditional element is found. In the early days there was a simplicity, frugality, and an almost Hebrew shrewdness about these people. There was a compactness about their race which rendered them a most effective force in counteracting any schemes which the agitators of Bucarest might entertain on behalf of the Roumanian element in Hungary. Two or three great qualities they possess, independent of those already mentioned. They are courageous, industrious, and patriotic. During the Revolution of 1848 they played a big part in Transylvania. Some 40,000 of them were collected together at Agyagfalva to stem the torrent of Wallach insurrection. It was not an easy task to induce these people to take the field, and many were inclined to submit rather than fight. One of the causes of unrest amongst them at the beginning was the fact that their opponents had cannon. Amongst these native fighters was an old warrior who on discovering the dilemma promised within a week to make a cannon. He achieved his task, and its first report was so loud that all waverers were won, and the multitude shouted, "Ours speaks louder than theirs!"

One who served as an officer and commanded many Széklers said: "We found them of a peculiarly excitable temperament; but just as they were more easy to rouse to action than the other Hungarians, so they were more easily thrown into despondency. It was only by the severest threats that we could prevent them from throwing their powder into the fire when they heard of the Russian intervention."

Leaving my good friend behind with many regrets, it was not until late in the day that Nagy-Enyed was reached. To move on farther was an impossibility, and as I wanted to see something of the place, I settled down to whatever the town could provide. In these out-of-the-way spots it is better not to expect too much. To-day there are two hotels and an old Gothic Reformed church. Nothing of the former glory of the town remains. Even that atmosphere which sometimes survives a massacre or a fire is lacking. Yet one loves the spot for what it was. There is a generosity which one is able to call up, which is the result of a memory. The hotel struggled its hardest, and brought forth nothing. Feeling that the English were difficult to please, or realising the limitations of his larder and cellar, the genial landlord gathered a goodly crowd of citizens to meet me, to hear of the long motor ride. From one of these I was able to cull something, though he was, like his fellows, more inclined to ask questions. But I must not forget that as we sat over our cigars at night one of the men disappeared, returning "bringing his sheaves with him" in the form of several bottles of most excellent wine. Thus passed the hours. During the conversation two things were forced upon my mind: one was the old-time Protestant and intellectual glory of the town; the other, hatred of the Roumanians. It was the first time I had really come into contact with this feeling. One could scarcely call it a difference of nationality: it was something deeper, it was racial enmity. Nationality and race are two terms that are always demanding interpretation. It is said that "nationality and national character are the results as well as, if not rather than, the causes of history."

Such does not explain race. If one could push back the hands of time to 1848, and then peep in at Nagy-Enyed, what a different story could be told! In the Protestant College then a thousand scholars were intellectually fed. The College, in fact, was the centre of everything. It was the largest proprietor, and owned the largest houses and the finest vineyards. The association of Gabriel Bethlen with it added even greater distinction. In 1848, when the whole land was tingling with revolution, Austria did its utmost, and eventually succeeded in harassing the efforts of the Magyars in this part of the kingdom. Roumanian disaffection and antipathy was known to exist, and this was seized upon and so worked up that massacre, plunder, and arson devastated the whole area round Nagy-Enyed. Professor Patterson tells of a traveller who, when passing through Aranyosszék in the spring of 1849, asked his driver, when they once stopped for refreshment, how far they were from Felvincz, this being a once noted town. "Your honour," was the reply, "is now exactly in the middle of Felvincz." Not a stick of the place was allowed to remain. All this was the work of the Wallachs. Needless brutality was practised. During this spell of lawlessness some of them seized a landlord, put out his eyes, then placing him in front of one of his great farms, asked him if he still saw it. So terrible was this period and so ruthless were the Wallachs that many Magyars on hearing of their approach preferred suicide to murder. Enyed unfortunately was cut off from military salvation by reason of its geographical difficulties. Without a blow being struck, the town was given up. The wonderful collection of antiquities disappeared, and soon most of the principal citizens also, seeing that

the military had left. No great disaster was wrought on this occasion. When, however, the Pole Bem was given command of the Hungarian troops in Transylvania, and accomplished so many daring things, another storm was gently brewing, and the successes of the Pole only intensified it. A priest of the Greek Church and a Roumanian entered Enyed on the 8th of January 1849 with a small armed force, but the inhabitants were assured that there was no danger in his presence. At eventide another troop entered the town, ordered thither by a Roumanian, and the task of firing the town was commenced. Nothing was spared; neither property nor woman was regarded as sacred. The Catholic clergy died, crucifix in hand, in full canonicals. On the 10th of January the Wallachs withdrew, leaving only a charred mass and thousands of dead bodies. The College was burnt out room by room, its library of 36,000 volumes destroyed, also its various collections. But one of the most serious losses was that of an immense number of MSS. and documents relating to Transylvanian history.

These Wallachs are not romanised Dacians, but they had their origin doubtless in the Balkans, and during the twelfth century wandered into Transylvania. I have seen much of these people not merely near Enyed, but in Szilágy *comitát* and in various other counties. There is a rough, uncouth, wild picturesqueness about them that appeals to the artist more than the writer. Once I saw them roused. It was at Vajda-Hunyad, when 800 of them descended upon the town one morning all armed with modern and primitive weapons. Making for the Town Hall, they smashed the windows and practically wrecked the building, but fortunately only killed an Italian who

defended some Magyars. One could easily see even from a distance that with a few up-to-date implements they are capable of doing much harm. When these creatures first came to Hungary they made for the mountains. In appearance there is something in common between a mountain and a Wallach. Farmers have told me that they make excellent shepherds. Many of them tired of the mountains and came down into the valleys, where they were taken as servants. In the early days they must have made good servants, for when Mr. Paget travelled through Transylvania he met an old countess who was lamenting the changed times. Peasants, and Wallachs in particular, were no longer respectful as they used to be. In the good old days she could remember walking to church on the backs of the peasants, who knelt down in the mud to allow her to pass over them without soiling her shoes. I think it is good that such days are over.

In a Wallach village the well is still a good gossiping-spot for maids and matrons. These women have a very pretty custom, that of throwing a small quantity of the water from the full pitcher back again to the well. This is said to be done in order to appease the spirit of the well. Some of the Wallachs that I have met were supposed to have been of Székler origin. They are tall, fair-haired, with long, serious faces; but they are not lazy: on the other hand, they are plodding, and many of them skilful. Quite a different type may be found beside the Transylvanian streams. These are dark-skinned, with round, happy-looking faces, less industrious perhaps, but not criminal. In Hungary proper yet another type is furnished. A race of short, strong, morose-looking men with broad faces, bead-like eyes, and rich black hair. Youth is



NAGY-SZEBEN

the time in which to gaze at a Wallach woman. Age creeps on these poor creatures apace. On the whole they do not strike one as having a very strong physique. But they have finely chiselled faces, and are very industrious. There is much conservatism about the Wallach nature. They are not fond of learning languages, and are not very generously minded to those of another race. The men are very obstinate and tough customers, given to revenge, and when angered very destructive. Yet they are patient, content with modest things, and though somewhat indolent regarding mundane affairs, they are religious. With such fine abilities as many of them possess, it is amazing that more progress is not made. Unfortunately, the priest has too great a hold over them.

They have their own language, which is soft and abounding in vowels. Most of its words are derived from the Latin. In pronunciation a similarity to modern Italian is easily recognisable, and the inflexions and terminations resemble that language rather than Latin. One must not suppose that the Wallachs of Maramáros are able to fully understand the Roumanians who may come over from Bucarest. An interesting feature of Wallachian is the placing of the article at the end of the noun. The courage of the Wallach has been for long a question of dispute. Mr. Paget never doubted their bravery, and from what I have seen of them there has been no deterioration of race in this direction. M. de Gérando says: "Something of Roman valour has remained among them, and when they compare themselves with the Saxons, whose pacific ardour is seldom exercised but in the pursuit of commerce, they are wont to say, *La un Român dece Sassi*, 'To one Wallach ten Saxons.'" I daresay the

Saxon reverses this. There is, however, a distinct inferiority about these people. That they are more superstitious than their neighbours is without doubt. There is a paganism about many of their superstitions. An onion in the mouth of the corpse is supposed to be an efficient charm against the contagious disease from which the victim died. A strong belief in ghosts is prevalent. One poor fellow was so afraid of his dead wife's appearing to strangle him, that he rushed to the burying-ground, dug up the corpse, collected all the neighbours possible, then hacked it to pieces and reburied it. Much of this is happily fading away before the glow of education. The revolting practices into which superstition led them may disappear, but not superstition itself. About forty years ago, in the county of Bihar, cholera raged furiously, and a Wallach village, in order to elude the epidemic, selected six maidens and six young unmarried men, all of whom were in "nature's birthday garb," and these with a new plough drew a furrow round the entire village over which no demon could pass. This was giving purity a high place. In some cases their ignorance is appalling. One is often told of a Wallach peasant being despatched by his master with a message to another village, and on arrival knows neither whom it was from nor to whom he was supposed to deliver it. Now, alas! they listen to unscrupulous appeals from equally unscrupulous political agitators, and young and old alike, educated and uneducated, are guilty of outrages not merely against common law, but outrages that are cowardly and despicable. The conception and idea of a large Roumania is constantly held up before these people, and though many are amenable to common sense, the village-folk in distant

areas are always a source of danger to the Magyars who may happen to hold some official position there.

In Szilágy-Cseh, where there are many Roumanians, I was fortunate enough to be present at a political meeting. This is one of the danger zones. Many were killed here in the voting-room a few years ago, and at the last election, two years ago, the disturbance was so great that the presiding officer had to close the poll early in the day. The Wallachs simply swarmed into the town, for their candidate was a priest. On the other side was a Hungarian Catholic priest, a friend of mine. It was a midday meeting, and we had interruption but no rioting. At the banquet which followed—and a political meeting in Hungary is sufficient pretence for a banquet—a young man approached me and in broken English asked me to step into his carriage and see his wife. Imagine my surprise to find absolutely alone, amongst these wild hill-folk, cut adrift from civilisation, a young and charming English lady. For a year at a time she had no opportunity of speaking her own language. It was a joy to both of us.

Out visiting with a friend one day, he called on one of the peasants, and we sat and drank wine, chatting away for an hour in mixed Wallachian and Hungarian. There was an air of calm and repose about this little home which reminded me of the farm-labourer's cottage in Norfolk. Evidently it was not the average peasant we were visiting. The man wore a home-spun and home-dyed jacket, loose and shapeless. Our visit was anticipated, and the pair had adorned themselves. The room was not overcrowded with furniture. A highly striped cloth had found its way on to the table. In the corner stood a spinning-jenny, but not for show. Four little

jugs hung from the wall, a row of uncommon colour. Three religious pictures, one the Sistine Madonna, supported by two less effective prints, formed the only other decorative emblems. There was, of course, the inevitable stove. Of such stoves, an old emperor once said "it required as much talent to warm a room as to rule a kingdom." Upon the bed rested a pile of pillows and coverlets that almost reached the ceiling. It was a tresselled table, not for use. But the little wife was a gem. I fell in love with her immediately. When we chatted away in Hungarian, she looked appealingly to her spouse to translate it, and he did. On her head was artistically twisted a richly hued handkerchief, the front of which gave her a nun-like appearance. The rich brown of her face was in perfect harmony with the crowding, jostling colours. Two cheap little trinkets were found in her ears, and they looked like real gems. It was a white blouse that she wore, full and long in sleeves, with marvellous hand-made lace flowing over on to the hands. The white of the blouse was broken by yellow embroidery, and a red and yellow buttonless vest which left room for a display of blue ribbons round the neck. A dark skirt, heavily embroidered in colour at the bottom, was surmounted by an apron in a crushed-strawberry hue, bearing on its surface stripes of pale blue and brown. One must see such to fully appreciate it. Of course there were other rooms, but these were not for English eyes.

On another occasion I made friends with some Roumanians who had outgrown everything interesting, and were simply normal Western people. These fortunately are few in number. The question as to whether their racial hatred of the Magyars will

eventually disappear is an intricate one. My own opinion is that providing Bucarest relinquishes agitation, and the Magyars devote special helpful legislation to the Roumanians, then there is a possibility. But so long as existing conditions continue, never. In the Wallach-Roumanian there is colour.

The other Transylvanian race, the Saxons, I saw something of in Nagy-Szeben and its environs. Before going to Nagy-Szeben, there were two places I wanted to visit, and though a trifle out of the way, I determined to take them in this journey. My decision was aided by a misty rain which drove me to Gyula-Fehérvar. I confess that when I arrived I was not conscious of its past glory. It is one of the towns you must go a long way from ordinary routes to run across. Here the princes of Transylvania once resided, whilst to-day it is the residence of the Bishop of Transylvania. There is a citadel and a cathedral to be seen, the latter having been restored in 1444 by John Hunyadi. Here I chanced to meet a Hungarian officer I knew, and the hours sped. It was amazing to find again so many people learning English. But the chief value of my visit was the opportunity it afforded me of going to see the famous Castle of Vajda-Hunyad. If you visit a Hungarian picture gallery, or the Castle at Buda, or even the Parliament, a magnificent picture of this wonderful home of the dashing Conqueror of the Turks may be found. One may spend a happy week at Vajda-Hunyad. There, on the peak of a lofty old chalk crag, stands the Castle. It is much newer than one expected it to be. To reach it you must cross the little bridge which spans the Zalasd. The Castle is the work of a Frenchman whose name

is now forgotten. In style the Gothic easily wins, but it is not alone. Perhaps the chief glory of the place is the two rows of marble columns which divide the manorial hall. Hunyadi János commenced the building, King Matthias continued it, and it was left to that great Transylvanian, Gabriel Bethlen, to complete it in 1624. After 1805 it passed into the hands of the Crown, and fifty years later was destroyed by fire, after which the Government ordered its reconstruction, in which Steindl played a great part. This explains its newness. Two hotels, neither of them elaborate, will administer to the creature wants. Few Hungarians know this district well, but it abounds in romantic wild scenery. The Hátszeg Valley is alive with Roman ruins. One day you come across the remains of an old Roman amphitheatre, the next other relics are seen. Mining is carried on near here. Quite good coal is found at Petrozsény. Climbing is also good, and the Carpathian Society have built a refuge on the top of the *Blime*. There is no really exciting climbing to be done in Hungary. It is good, but not perilous. Few Hungarians climb, but the most noted is Dr. Marcell Jankovics, M.P. He, however, seeks the excitements of the Tyrol and Switzerland. Journeying back over much of the same road was not pleasant, but unavoidable. I shall never forget my first impressions of Nagy-Szeben. With a population of about 30,000, only two hotels were available. It seemed to me lacking in enterprise. In Hungary it is always best to take your bearings of a hotel before you decide to stay there for a few days. Here choice is restricted. So, instead of going straight to the "Romai Császár," I took the first restaurant, drove

into the yard, and asked for as good a lunch as they could serve. It was late, and so one could only get pot-luck. I wish ordered luncheons were as good as this was. The excitement caused by an unwieldy, snorting motor car being driven into the centre of a mediæval courtyard led at once to the appearance of an unusual number of apparently unemployed domestics. To see four Englishmen swilling themselves near the pump, and each man asking for a separate and clean towel, was too much for them. They collapsed. As interpreter I had a rough time of it, and none would believe that I was English. At lunch the amount of bread consumed led to more international complications. Every action was watched, every trait noted. It was a little embarrassing on one occasion to have the rosy-cheeked daughter of the landlord sitting by my side scrutinising the cut of my coat. There is much give and take in travel. On asking whether they could accommodate me and my friends, a family council was immediately summoned, and with many pleadings and head-shakings it was decided as impossible. On promising to visit them for meals every day, I left, and drove straight to an undignified hotel. Let its name never again pass my lips. But it was the Saxons and the sights I was out for. Apparently the former, having been pushed afield by serious inundations along the Lower Rhine, sought and found pastures new in Transylvania. Colonists were needed then. There was a generosity about Kings and Parliaments when the Saxons came to Transylvania that soon ceased to exist. It is perfectly true there *is* a psychological moment for entering a country. The Saxons were fortunate, and invested with privileges which were so

bounteous that they excited the admiration of everybody. There was wisdom in all this. A sparsely populated area, rich in fields, forests, and minerals, needed men, whilst Hungary and Transylvania were in constant need of allies and counteracting forces. Then as now men could not be induced to leave their homeland to colonise another unless some hope of freedom in government and defence were vouchsafed. To encourage divisions among his subjects was the aim of more than one Hungarian king, and the House of Habsburg in particular. For this Hungary suffered, and is suffering to this day. Separatism never succeeded in the sense applied to it by the Habsburgs. In the Saxon nation all were citizens. There was a common good understood to which all worked. Therefore, just as amongst the Széklers, when a Saxon died without heirs, his property was distributed amongst his neighbours in his commune. It is difficult to appreciate all this to-day. The royal decrees of Francis II. brought some change to this liberal organisation. Strangely enough, none of these changes were seriously contested. It is another example of being killed or crippled by kindness. Power was vested in what was known as the *Universitas Gentis Saxonicæ*, or "Corporation" of the Saxon nation, and the younger men of the time were opposed to the acceptation of the changes wrought by Francis II. Certainly it involved a loss of prestige, and the Corporation exceeded its power in accepting them. The Saxon clergy were richer in foundations than their brethren, and this created envy and strife. In the democracy preached and practised by the Saxons was a parochialism which said, "democracy is only national." And amongst this little nation was a

conservatism in most things that betokened smallness. Land was conserved in Saxon hands, and not allowed to be sold outside. This exclusiveness was characteristic. I often wondered why it was that the Saxons joined with the Austrians in the political squabbles of 1848. One day at Nagy-Szeben I chanced to meet one who was particularly well informed on these points, and he simply replied by saying they only acted up to their national motto, a motto which was the gift of a mediæval king, "In defence of the crown." This partisanship did not benefit them, for with the Magyars they lost their constitution.

Eager to become wealthy, scant in courage, were two of their weaknesses. Their timidity is unexplainable. But everywhere one found them peaceable, tidy, well clothed, and dwelling in well appointed houses.

Nagy-Szeben struck me as it must have struck many a traveller who preceded me, and many, I am convinced, who will follow. On waking up next morning it was some time before I could persuade myself that I was not in some dull German town. Everything Germanised. Everybody speaking German. It simply tired me, and I was glad to escape to my little restaurant where they spoke Hungarian and Roumanian. It is also continually enveloped in a kind of funereal calm. Visible stagnation. A Picture Gallery, not uninteresting, the usual complement of churches, and an excellent Museum. It was more than I was led to expect, and in every way worth the journey. The library contains nearly 100,000 volumes. In the Picture Gallery is a genuine Van Dyck, "Charles V. and his Wife," and about 1000 pictures from the Italian, Dutch, and German masters. Though a great number are copies, some very good

pictures may be seen here. There is also an excellent collection of engravings. The numismatic and the natural history collections are particularly good, less local than expected, and Japan and China exceedingly well equipped. For much of this the town is indebted to Governor Samuel Bruckenthal. The provincial Diet of Transylvania held its sittings here sometimes. The old-time spirit is but a memory. Now nothing relieves the monotony, and it is a puzzle to me how anybody manages to endure such a town. It is true such towns exist everywhere, but why? On leaving Nagy-Szeben I felt that before night had fallen I should have reached the confines of Hungary. No more deviations were possible, and it was a straight, delightful run into Brassó by way of Fogaras. Brassó, I knew, would be busy despite its large German element. Besides, Brassó had seen action. This I think invariably changes the colour of a town. It was quite dark when I arrived at the hotel, to find it was absolutely full up. Going next door, I found the same thing; but the kindly proprietor, who spoke Hungarian, immediately fitted up the dining-room with four beds, and there food and rest were possible. Never for a moment does Brassó seem to rest. Geographically the position of the town is unique. A city set in a basin is easily hid. Such is Brassó. Of the 34,000 inhabitants, quite 9000 are Saxons, and these are to be found in the Old Town. On the slopes of the steep hills are to be found the Wallachs, whilst Széklers, Magyars, and Roumanians make up the full complement. It is the prettiest little town in Hungary. The Protestant Church, called by many the "Black Church," contains several objects of note. Here the carving is wonderful, and on the outside of the choir

walls stands the twelve apostles, once resplendent in gold, now painted an unearthly black. This church was forty years being built. A fine arched doorway at the west end interests many. There is a boast existing even to-day amongst many in Brassó, that the organ of this church is the third largest in the world. My organ of size led me to dispute this. Poor little town! as I sat and gazed up at its historic walls, and imagined its sacking by the Tartars, its firing a hundred years later, its repeated sieges, and its conquests, I thought what a story for the poet. Even to-day they point with pride to two events during that long struggle for supremacy in Brassó with pardonable pride. One is the defeat of Gabriel Báthori, Prince of Transylvania, by Albert Weiss, who, it should be mentioned, was aided by the Woiwode of Wallachia; and the other is the gallant defence of the fortress on the hill by a handful of Honvéds in 1848 against the Russian Lüders and his force, and which many computed at 28,000. A small brick obelisk was erected by this general to commemorate his victory.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Brassó carried on an active trade with the Hanseatic towns, and to-day an extensive business is carried on in the manufacture of cloth, for which there is a big demand amongst the Roumanian peasants. On Sunday in the summer months it is unusually gay, bands play in the park, and hundreds of visitors turn out for the promenade. As it is on the direct motor road from Hungary to Roumania, the scent of petrol is familiar. Restaurants and their food are good and cheap, but the waiting is abominable. Transylvania in this direction had now been covered, and only isolated and special spots remained for study. To these I shall soon pass.

CHAPTER XII

THE GIPSIES AND THEIR MUSIC

"There's a tribe
Of alien people, who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison."—BROWNING

IF the Hungarian gipsy is not himself a speciality, his music is. Wandering to and fro in Transylvania, it was my good fortune to visit several *csigáne* habitations. For undiluted filth they cannot be beaten in Hungary. And it is no small wonder that repressive measures have been instituted practically over the entire Continent this year. Yet there is a traditional picturesqueness about these nomads that captivates one. They are a nation. As such they demand special consideration and legislation. In Hungary there are about 350,000 of these unkempt and unwashed pilgrims. It is supposed that they came into the country early in the fifteenth century. They bear, particularly those in the Trans-Danubian districts of Hungary, a marked Indian similarity. In a little cantonment just over the fields from Pécs one may find remarkable examples of Indian gipsies. Given the richly coloured draperies worn by the women of the East, and the men decorated with turbans and

long loose flowing garments, I defy discovery. Facial expression, colour, and hair and hands eloquently attest their distant home. Ishmael and Hagar are unknown to such as these, for they see with other eyes and hear with other ears. Most of the men either worked or sat and watched another work. There was a genteel, almost intellectual, laziness about the habitation which attracted me. Everybody begged, but artistically. Englishmen had never visited them before, and they wondered of what stuff such were made. Though intensely keen about their own language, all condescended to speak Hungarian. They had their eye continually on the main chance. It was something for something before I could leave. Yet, such as they were, they were undesirables. It is a happy trait of theirs which leads them to drift away from ordinary citizens. In Hungary they have been particularly well treated. The late Archduke Joseph made a complete study of them, and spent much of his life in attempting to civilise them. Legislation invested them with freedom, and for a considerable time this was not seriously abused. Some strange spell seems to have overtaken them last year, and a series of terrible dramas were enacted by them, insomuch that new legislation was necessary. The truth was they had been neglected. And whilst the theft of an occasional horse was no vitally serious matter, the "laying on of hands" and murder had to be immediately and strenuously checked. The Dános tragedy in 1907 awakened people to their existence, and once public opinion is roused other phases of harm are usually recognised. Stealing and the kidnapping of children is a common pastime of the Hungarian *czigányok*. This had to be restricted. It

is known also that in certain branches of espionage they are adepts. More attention. Petty larceny has developed into a habit. But the outrage referred to called attention to other undesirable methods of life and action. Their disregard of all the rules of sanitation, their evasion of the laws of compulsory education, vaccination, etc., led not merely Hungary but the whole of Europe to reconsider its position regarding them. I am of the opinion that these types of vagabondage are not only irreclaimable but irredeemable. All this does not rob them of one whit of their fascination, nor does it imply that all deserve such a serious charge.

It appears that Sigismund gave them permission to settle in Hungary about 1423, and a Hungarian law describes them as "new peasants." The law's usual ambiguity is obvious. Joseph II. attempted to turn their invasion to advantage by introducing helpful legislation. But it is rumoured that the only Government to obtain any advantage from its gipsies was the Austrian. Few indeed of this wandering army are satisfied with any of the ordinary vocations of man. True, some are found working in iron and wood, and others are skilful brickmakers; but these are a hopeless minority. One of the things that Joseph II. tried to do was to force them from nomadic pursuits into the settled vocation of agriculture, by means of special laws. Landlords were forced to make them small grants of land, and also they were allowed to build houses at the extreme end of villages. All these plans were futile. In 1782, some forty-five of these nomads were beheaded, quartered, or hanged, on a charge of cannibalism. First they were racked until they confessed to the crime of murder, then they were brought to the spot where their victims were said

to be buried, and when no bodies appeared they were racked again. "We ate them," was their despairing cry, and forthwith the journals teemed with accounts of "eighty-five persons roasted by gipsy cannibals," and straightway the "cannibals" were hurried to the scaffold. The whole incident was so unsatisfactory that Joseph II. sent a Commission down, whose inquiries showed that no one had been murdered save the victims of the false accusation. This reveals another picture not to be forgotten. I have met four distinct groups of gipsies in Hungary of the nomad order. In each case the type varies even down to the dwelling, save in the one particular—dirt. In the Tátra one of the tribes was in a measure quite industrious. Their hovels were more habitable, and they came into closer contact with their neighbours than any other tribe I met in Hungary. The women-folk were tidier. And out of a group of nineteen assorted gipsies, only one seemed to have a tendency to emulate Adam's Edenic garb. They none of them seemed to hanker after "the real vagabond life of joy." The houses or huts they occupied were built entirely of wood, careless and clumsy of design it is true, and not rain-proof, but they were an improvement upon many I saw. Perhaps it was that, settled as they were amid poor conditions, with few chances of begging and fewer of stealing, old habits and practices, sheerly from disuse, slipped from them, leaving only their language, their brown skin and their unmistakable features, to remind them of their race. The same piercing dark eye, the curly black hair, the olive complexion, and the small active form, was present in every tribe.

In Transylvania I met another branch of this mendicant family. Most of the men wore short

bristly beards, and hats of a rigid uniformity, with brims that always shaded the top part of their faces. They lived in curious tents formed of poles and canvas. Whenever I visited them they betrayed their Eastern descent by squatting as the Easterns do. There was a curious other-worldly shape about their trousers, and they wore a smock-shaped coat, which reminded one of a tired Norfolk-jacket. But they were dirty, and the place was simply alive with vermin of the teasing order. A patient ass interested me very much, it was laden as camels are wont to be. A heavy rug covered its ungroomed hide, to which was fastened on either side a pole. To these poles were added heavy mattresses, until an easy-chair kind of saddle was formed, on which hung three hatless, clothesless urchins. Added to this human freight was a huge water pail, which did not enhance the balance of the speechless beast. How these managed to live I could never discover. Yet there always seemed an "eternal wantlessness" about them. A third company of vagrants I met near Pécs. As I approached only the women-folk were visible. But soon men appeared, and in an unmannerly way appropriated the front ranks of the crowd. Apparently this type always selects a background for their habitation. Here was a thinned-out, hungry-looking little plantation, with a few frightened green leaves at the top of the trees. The hovels were formed of sticks, clay, and mud. Cooking for the most part was done outside, and the one street of the gipsy town was bestrewn with culinary utensils. The women smoked native pipes, and one man, the most industrious of his class, was engaged in making wooden spoons and shaping out wooden wash-bowls. Beside him a young man lazily droned some native unfamiliar dirge, whilst



NIGHT IN A GYPSY CAMP

a third unevenly accompanied him with a violin from which an important string was missing. It was afternoon, and a laziness crept over all. I fear it was contagious. The savage indecency of the children and the accumulated filth never for a second destroyed the harmony of the picture. Snakelike as were many of the movements of the men, there was nothing to fear, nothing to distrust, and a huge struggle went on within me between my sanitary self and my artistic self. The latter won. As a picture it was perfect. As a condition of life, impossible.

Usually the arrival of a stranger is heralded by a carnival of noise—barking dogs, squealing children, and the moaning of the aged. In the art of begging they are very proficient, and as witty as the Irish. On one occasion a large crowd of these "interesting impossibles" presented themselves before a certain Countess W——, whom they used to call the mother of gipsies, from her frequent charities to them, with a piteous complaint of cold and hunger. The chief, who acted as spokesman for all, pulling a wry face, begged hard for relief, "for he was a very poor man, and it cost him a great deal to clothe so large a family." Humour steals out in every note of this appeal. They will beg from you a score times a day. I detected a profound respect for the aristocracy amongst them, and they are said to be the best genealogists in the country. Neither must it be forgotten that they make excellent blacksmiths. But for ignorance in its unadulterated form they have no equals. They are ignorant of the simplest moral laws, and you may often find them performing tasks which the poorest peasant would not bemean himself by doing. None of them are bothered by the question of furniture, the hire-system does not

exist for them. A Hungarian servant who had travelled with his master in Turkey, said on passing a camp of *czigányok*, on his return, "After all, sir, our negroes are not so ugly as those in Turkey."

Many of the women are surpassingly beautiful. I remember seeing one, a young girl, sitting by a dry ditch at Zsibó, monopolising all the sun she could. Her features were perfect, and her grace of movement superb. We with our Western notion of things, with our prejudices, and particularly we English with our insular pride, look down often upon such human trifles as these as fit only for isolation. Emerson was not far wrong when he sang the song of the "Romany Girl," and makes her disclose the gifts an unerring Providence had provided her with—

> "Go, keep your cheek's rose from the rain,
> For teeth and hair with shopmen deal;
> My swarthy tint is in the grain,
> The rocks and forest know it real.
>
> The wild air bloweth in our lungs,
> The keen stars twinkle in our eyes,
> The birds gave us our wily tongues,
> The panther in our dances flies.
>
> You doubt we read the stars on high,
> Nathless we read your fortunes true;
> The stars may hide in the upper sky,
> But without glass we fathom you."

This is the song of the gipsy. The art of fortune-telling has not yet been given up by the Hungarian gipsies for crystal-gazing. On one occasion the late Archduke Joseph, when visiting the gipsies on his mission of reform, asked several women to tell him his fortune. When, however, he addressed them in their own language, they refused to proceed, and on

being asked the reason, declared they would not "cheat one of their own." Asked by the Archduke whether they sincerely believed in fortune-telling, the women laughingly replied, "No, that is good enough for the non-gipsies." On another occasion the Archduke was really warned by a gipsy. It was just before the battle of Sadowa, in 1866, and he was sleeping in a peasant's cottage, when in the middle of the night he was awakened by a gipsy. On the man being brought to the bedside of the Archduke, he burst out into rapid Romany, declaring that the enemy were approaching with the intention of surprising the Austrians.

"The outposts have not heard anything suspicious," the Archduke remarked.

"No," replied the Zingari, "because the enemy is still a long way off."

"How do you know this?"

"Come to the window," exclaimed the gipsy, leading the Archduke forward to the narrow opening in the rough wall and directing his gaze to the dark sky illumined by the silver rays of the moon. "You see those birds flying over the wood toward the south?"

"Yes," replied the Archduke, "I see them. What of it?"

"What of it?" retorted the gipsy. "Do not birds sleep as well as men? They would certainly not fly about at night-time thus had they not been disturbed. The enemy is marching through the woods southward, and has frightened and driven the birds before it."

Immediately orders were given for the outposts to be doubled, and the entire camp to be awakened. In less than two hours after the visit of the gipsy fierce fighting was indulged in, and the greatest friend the gipsies ever had was able to realise that his camp and division,

together with his military prestige, were all saved by the sagacity of a gipsy. Gipsies and their life became almost a mania with the late Archduke Joseph. He did his utmost to induce them to settle down and devote their energies and skill to the art of metal-working which he discovered they possessed. Near Pozsony a number of villages were laid out, and gipsy settlements organised. But the scheme was a failure. The gipsies abandoned the comfortable cottages and the flower-stocked gardens and the rich fields, and simply refused to do anything seriously. Old habits had too much power over them, and poaching and stealing was in the blood. To the old life and haunts they went, and disappointed the most generous heart that ever beat for them.

The whole history of the Hungarian gipsies is so bound up with the life of the Archduke, that I do not hesitate to continually refer to him. So keen was he about them that he learnt their language perfectly, together with several of the dialects. He then proceeded to compile a *czigány* dictionary and grammar, which stands unequalled in the world. It was their music which first attracted him. Herein lies the chief value of these "mysterious pariahs" to Hungary and to the world. Their music? It is quite true, it is their very own unschooled music. In their own way they are the chief contributors to Hungarian music. Hungary is the home of the born musician. Even prosaic Englishmen have journeyed to hear a "Blue Hungarian band," and, having listened, departed, imagining that the name conveyed the truth. There's nothing in such a name. Substitute the term "Bohemian" for "Hungarian" and you arrive at the truth. Hungarians are not starters in England.



STREET SCENE IN POZSONY LEADING TO THE OLD CASTLE

In Vienna, Belgrad, Bucarest, Sofia, if you like, but not England. To these gipsy musicians, Liszt, one of the greatest musical products of Hungary, in 1859 ascribed the creation of Hungary's national music. To keep in tune with Hungarian musical critics the emphasis must be placed on the term "national."

In the days now beyond recall the minstrels sang the heroic deeds of the fallen champions. There was also a "Dance of Death" which was always danced at the close of the funeral banquet. This, however, was 160 years ago. Times and tunes were different then. There was something of the Irish wake about these festive gatherings. The Magyar finds much of his happiness in sorrow. At the old-time burials the Cantor took leave of the dead in a mournful song. But at eventide his joy was wingless. As one feels a certain measure of paganism about some of the music to-day, this old Hungarian dance was probably a relic or remnant of some heathen funeral rite. One feels its past. It is a calling to the unknown, and only partially understood by Western souls. One of the most distinguished gipsy musicians of the eighteenth century composed a "Dance of Death" melody. Who has heard of, or remembers Czinka Panna? These old-time minstrels were wonderful fellows. Long before gipsy Czinka Panna lived, a king in kingly script wrote: "As to their wars and heroic deeds, if you pay no credence to my letter, at least believe the prattling songs of the minstrels, and the well-worn legends of the people, who have not allowed the heroic deeds of the Hungarians up till now to fall into oblivion." All these songs and legends have been worked into unmistakable music by the gipsy musicians of Hungary. In the fourteenth century

the most conspicuous executants of Hungarian dance-music were the wandering gipsies. Then as now they were patronised by the people, willingly entertained at the Court of the Magnates. Not only were they in demand for festivities, but sometimes they were found at the sessions of Parliament, and history attests their presence at the noisy assemblies of Rákos and Hatvan in 1525. Dominik Kármán was a most conspicuous figure as a lutist and violinist. There was also Michael Barna. Johann Bihary followed in the wake of these distinguished executants. He and his entire band were invited more than once to the Court balls at Vienna. So popular was he, that he gave concerts throughout Hungary, Transylvania, Poland, and Austria. On one occasion the great and incomparable Beethoven was present when Bihary and his band were giving a concert, and was much taken by a slow Hungarian melody of Bihary's, so much so, that in his overture dedicated to King Stephen, the master musician incorporated the melody. This was a token of genuine appreciation. The gipsy musicians also did much to spread and make known Hungarian music. Liszt says: "There is no other music from which European musicians can learn so much rhythmic originality as the Hungarians'." During the forties of the nineteenth century the *Csárdás* (pronounced *chardahsh*), or Tavern Dance, arose. It is a real native dance, a dance of temperament. It is terrible in its might, entrancing in its subtlety, intoxicating and cosmopolitan. In the middle of it you sigh for the cool mountain air, and pine for the blessed silence of the trees; yet avoid it you cannot. The music steals over the senses and awakens memories of a past, bitter or sweet; it is so infectious and so

reminiscent, that though it may pain you you are enchained by it. You ask yourself what it is like, of what does it remind you, but in your feebleness you are lost for ideas and words. You roll, you race, you swing, you are giddy, you fall. The bows of the performers chase the notes weirdly over the strings of their instruments, they tremble and fall in confusion, only to start again yet even faster. There is a pause! The scene is changed, though the partner remains the same. The movement is rhythmically measured, cautiously slow. I call it the thoughtful movement. But ere thought has been restored the final scamper begins, and amid the utmost confusion the *Csárdás* ends amid a terrific crescendo. We English have not the physical capacity, nor the essential temperament for such a dance. Yes, it is a dance of temperament. It is a story on strings that impels both peasant and proprietor. You may detect the silencing of the voice of sorrow, the removal of mental discomfort, as with eyes aflame and mind alert the dancers whirl their partners round, gathering fresh inspiration as the story develops in the mind of the leader of the band. Patriotism is traced in every note, and with national temperament awakened all things become possible. The voice of national hope cries out that the Magyars are allies, and not a vanquished people; and it is a voice continually heeded from one end of Hungary to the other. Even listening to the band will awaken all these feelings. It is a species of musical hypnotism. It is a microbe one swallows. Brahms has based all his gipsy songs on Hungarian melodies, and whilst he enters thoroughly into the spirit of the national music, he does so without sinking his nationality. He owed much to his association with Reményi.

This violinist introduced to Brahms the real gipsy music, which later he presented in a form attractive to musicians, both amateur and professional, of all nations. The romantic side of his nature was deeply imbued with the Hungarian spirit. And a modern critic has said that "the style and musical idiom of Hungarian national melodies constantly appear in his works in classical form." But those with any knowledge of gipsy music will immediately detect the difference between Brahms and the gipsy.

Returning to the *Csárdás*, one must see the peasants dance this. It is a curious dance, for the men only seem to use the legs from the knees downwards, the rest of the body being upright and rigid. They place their hands lightly upon the shoulders of the women, who in turn rest their hands upon the shoulders of the men. The women only appear to dance with the shoulders. But in their costumes they are a canvas The men wear tight-fitting *attilas*, which is a sort of vest, with an embroidered dolman hanging from the left shoulder, and whilst dancing they delight in clattering the spurs attached to their top-boots. In their embroidered corsets and short petticoats and top-boots the women look very gay. But these gipsies they are wonders. In quality their bands vary considerably. It is largely a question of conductor. Every coffee-house in Budapest has its famous conductor. Berkes, Radics, Rácz, and Farkas. These are names to be remembered. The band at the New York Hotel, Kolozsvár, is the best I heard in Hungary. An amusing story of this band was told me the last time I visited Kolozsvár. All these bands are allowed even in the best hotels to go and collect from the guests present. Sometimes the

conductor himself deigns to go round. Or the second-fiddle, being easily spared, collects the coins which you place upon a plate, which on his return is emptied into some large receptacle for the sharing-time. In order to prevent any petty pilfering during his perambulations, the gipsy is presented with a live fly, which he must return alive in the same hand to the conductor when he has finished his round. Not an easy task. The alertness and cleverness of these musicians was demonstrated one day to the waltz-king, Strauss. He was practising a new composition, which was still in MSS., with his famous orchestra, when a gipsy leader happened to be present at the rehearsal. Apparently unconcerned, the man took in everything, and that very evening, when Strauss was sitting with some friends at one of the famous Viennese restaurants, to his surprise he heard his new creation played to perfection by this gipsy band. It was a perfect marvel to him, and revealed the amazing power of rapid absorption these men possess. I remember being asked to sing—for some reason or other—away in the north of Hungary, and having no music with me, and wishful to oblige, I just hummed the air of "Father O'Flynn" to the gipsy leader, and in less than five minutes we had the whole thing going at fine speed. If one must find fault, it is that they play too loud. It sometimes annoys both the musical and the unmusical soul. But the Hungarians love noise, and it is only we foreigners who complain. A young Frenchman who was visiting me found it a constant source of amusement. On the other hand, I know scores who shun any place with gipsy music. The chief complaint is its monotony. Personally it is the little that I enjoy. One friend described the

music as a continued intoning of the national anthem. He was nearer the truth than he imagined.

If there is but one attentive soul in the room, the gipsy can play. Seated in the company perhaps is a friendly soul from some distant village or town, and in the words of Vörösmarty he says—

"Come, gipsy, play: thou hadst thy pay in drinks,
Let not the grass grow under thee, strike up!
On bread and water who will bear life's ills?
With flowing wine fill high the parting cup.
This mundane life remains for aye the same,
It freezeth now, then burneth as a flame;
Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play who knows?
Thy bow-strings soon will wear out, I suppose.
With wine and gloom are filled the cup and heart,
Come, gipsy, play, let all thy cares depart.

Strike up! But no—now leave the chords alone;
When once again the world may have a feast,
And silent have become the storm's deep groans,
And wars and strifes o'er all the world have ceased,
Then play inspiringly; and, at the voice
Of thy sweet strings, the gods may e'en rejoice!
Then take again in hand the songful bow,
Then may thy brow again with gladness glow,
And with the wine of joy fill up thy heart;
Then, gipsy, play, and all thy cares depart."

As a chaser of gloom and an evangel to sad men the gipsy is unequalled. The appealing notes of his violin strike deeply and exceeding sure. He has a song for every mood, a balm for every ill. The genuine gipsy is incomparable. Sitting one evening with Kubelik at supper at the Hotel Hungaria, Budapest, I was anxious to note the effect the gipsy music would have upon him. Something seemed to speak to his great musical soul when they played their national music, but when they emerged into internationalism or penetrated the classics the eye lost its

glow, and conversation was possible. As he told me afterwards, when they play their own music they are wonderful, but when they do not they are impossible. There's an illusion I should like to dissipate, that is concerning the knowledge of music possessed by a *czigány*. It is not true to say the real *czigány* does not know a note of music. If you say he does not need it, that is another question. But a few evenings before I wrote this chapter I was seated with a friend in one of the largest coffee-houses in Budapest. Whilst there a young friend arrived with full band parts of a new march, and I saw them handed out to the band, and heard them play it all over to a crowded house. This in itself was a wonderful performance, but with notes. The amount of money that these men make sometimes is enormous. I remember a middle-aged Greek taking some of his relatives to a coffee-house after supper, and so great was the effect of the music upon him that he gave the conductor a 1000-crown note. It has never been my personal ambition to give much to these dark-skinned musicians, but I have seen hundreds of crowns pass hands. One evening in a gay haunt a crowd of irresponsible nobility were amusing themselves. The central figure of the group was an old, noble-looking veteran, to whom all the variations of gipsy music were familiar. When jollity had passed the frontier lines, and man had entered that strange land where thought and fear are unknown, I noticed the old man draw from his pocket a 1000-crown note, gaze at it a moment, not at all thoughtfully, then deliberately tear it in halves, and hand one-half to the *czigány primás*. To me it appeared a wild freak and absolutely devoid of generosity. The psychology of the act I could not

arrive at. Waiting thus a moment, pondering over things, I saw the old man moisten the remaining half with his mouth, then plaster it upon his forehead. Hypnotism or madness, which? Mine was a Western soul with no Eastern culture about it, and I understood it not. So I waited until the bitter end. Steadily the *primás* advanced towards the group. There was something of the panther's stealth in that movement. His eyes were aflame, his body swayed, and a spell had also fallen upon the band. It was great, and I too began to feel the atmosphere created by the man and his music. Then the group he played to swayed like a cornfield in full ear before the summer wind. Passion, patriotism, and power, all of them almost satanic. Then I realised dimly the truth of the stories I had heard of men giving up everything they possessed to gipsies. Native power. Love, pain, rapture, every nerve set tingling. The *primás* now played into the old man's ear. Now beseeching and entreating, now gay and intoxicating, halting a moment to find some deep responsive chord, then lingering and trembling until it dies out with a sweet plaintive sigh. The tears begin to fall, music and wine have conquered. It is a new man, alive, alert, enthusiastic; past defeats, sorrows, aches, are all forgotten, he sees and feels but the bright promise of to-morrow, having been led through the dark valley of humiliation and tears by the gipsy. Herein lies their greatness. A moment later the remaining half of the note rests quietly in the gipsy's palm. To hear them play the latest comic opera score is nothing, but to hear them play the hillside minstrel songs is to obtain a glimpse of national character otherwise obscured by modern conventionality. When nothing

is stirring in the political firmament, and the stars move orderly in their courses, these men play much that is international, but the moment a grave crisis looms and national feeling rises, then the gipsy, like the allegorical poets of old, appeals to the heart of the nation with a series of pictures pregnant with power. National spirit can never die when such as this is possible. It is small wonder that the Countess Festitics married Nyári Rudi, the *primás*. She is Hungarian, and he is a master amongst gipsies.

> "And when he played, the atmosphere
> Was filled with magic, and the ear
> Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
> Whose music had so weird a sound,
> The hunted stag forgot to bound,
> The leaping rivulet backward rolled,
> The birds came down from bush and tree,
> The dead came from beneath the sea,
> The maiden to the harper's knee."

Thus sang Longfellow.

CHAPTER XIII

CROATIA AND THE CROATIANS

"If I granted your demands, I should be no more than the mere phantom of a king."—CHARLES I

"A NATION within a nation," such was the definition provided me by one of the most fascinating publicists of his native Croatia. To imagine, as I fear I did at first, that Croatia was but the name given to a group of counties forming the political area labelled "Croatia-Slavonia," is as bad as denominating Hungary a mere province of Austria. On all sides in Croatia you see the impress of race. I had anticipated but a shading off into something a little greyer than the Magyars, but instead of that I found a distinct and distinguishable type. There were men in this south-western corner of the map, with thin, worn faces, tall spare men, men with serious faces, and consumptive-looking men. Yet in these I found the evidences of nationality, the trade-mark of race-toughness. Two elements for centuries have kept alive this type, the struggle against both nature and man. Here one is confronted with a Slav nation, ancient and proud. Prior to 1090 it was not only an independent but a very powerful State. I have selected the heading of this chapter in the same way that I selected the title of the book, but I am aware that the political area

covered by it should be, and indeed is, "Croatia—Slavonia — and Dalmatia," as in the book it is "Hungary and the Hungarians." In the one the Croatians are the dominant race, and in the other the Hungarians. The area covered by Croatia-Slavonia is 16,420 square miles, with a population of 2,416,304 in 1901. The giant struggle against man is revealed alone to the student of history. When the Romans, Avars, Ostrogoths, had all come and gone, these patient fighting souls in this out-of-the-way corner advisedly made peace with the Frankish kings and Byzantine emperors, and in 640 A.D. one reads of an independent kingdom being found here formed of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia. When the Magyars came to Hungary the poor Croatians found another warlike race to contend with, hence they were then harassed on one hand by the Magyars, and on the other by the Byzantines, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Neither did the rivalries of Hungary and Venice during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries leave them unscathed. And in the sixteenth century they fell into the hands of the Turks. Fortunately, after two years' rule, and after the battle of Mohács, they gave up Croatia to Austria, and in 1699 surrendered their title to the entire territory. Naturally this visitation of the Turks left its impress upon national character. From 1769 till 1799 these three little kingdoms of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia formed a union and called themselves Illyria. After this, following the smash-up of the Napoleonic empire, Croatia-Slavonia became a dependency of Hungary. Thus may the fluctuations of Croatia-Slavonia be traced right down to the Revolution of 1848. Refusing to join the Magyars in their struggle for freedom, and hoping by

such refusal to obtain their own, the Croatians assisted Austria, and thus cemented a hatred which time and legislation might have dispersed. I use the term "might" advisedly. After the "war of independence" a large measure of freedom was secured to Croatia-Slavonia, as a result of their aid to Austria, but when the "Ausgleich" was passed, then it gravitated again in the direction of Hungary, and seems likely, in spite of the continued political strife at Zágráb, to remain there. Enemies of Hungary, under the guise of defenders of small nationalities, constantly assail the Magyars for the hypothetical restrictive legislation which emanates from Budapest. Faults on both sides are magnified, the constitutional position is misinterpreted, and an opportunity afforded to political disturbers from without to utilise the ever present elements of discontent within. No important country is without such elements. Ireland can obstruct as effectively as ever the Croatians have done. Nonconformity in England can hinder legislation and contest the putting into action of detrimental measures just as strenuously as the Croatians have done. In the one country it is understood, accepted as a piece of religious fanaticism or party politics. In the other it is misunderstood both from within and without. Opponents of the Magyars maintain that the opposition and obstruction of the Croatians in the Budapest Chamber arise from the habitual tendency of the Hungarians to oppress all nationalities under their rule. Friends of the Croatians affirm it is but a legitimate method not of demonstrating power, but of drawing attention to what they consider as evils. It is the old parliamentary position. Some freak of chance has invested a special party with special power, it may be oratory, language, or numbers;

but when an occasion arises the strong right hand is used. Such is the Croatian position. The political relationship of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia is interesting. Whilst this triple designation is correct, Dalmatia is now only *de jure* attached to Hungary and *de facto* is united to Austria. What then comprises the area over which both Croatia and Hungary exercise control? After the battle of Mohács, old Croatia, which was the district lying between the Kulpa and the Upper Verbász, came for the greater part under the dominion of the Turks, and the name of Croatia—since the territory corresponding to it existed no longer—was eventually applied to old Slavonia, while the name Slavonia spread gradually over that district of Hungary which consisted of the counties of Szerém, Pozsega, and Veröcze. Old Slavonia was simply that strip of Hungarian territory which embraced a part of modern Croatia and the northern part of Bosnia. From the time of the conquest right down to the eighteenth century this district had known no special autonomy, but in fact formed a component part of Hungary. It was Wladislaus II. who first gave Slavonia the title of a kingdom. After Mohács, then, strangely enough the name Croatia was utilised. This was in a measure unconstitutional. This change of name, deficient in all legal justification and diametrically opposed to the Hungarian Constitution, was from opportunist motives fully sanctioned by Act 30 of 1868, sections 15 and 66. Therefore, on the basis of the so-called Croatian Compromise, Croatia-Slavonia possessed the following boundaries: Zala, Somogy, Baranya, and Bács-Bodrog counties on the north; on the east, the county of Torontál; on the south, Servia, Bosnia, and Dalmatia; and on the west, the Adriatic,

Fiume, Krain, and Styria. But the territorial division was not finally fixed until 1886, when by an autonomous law Croatia contained eight county and two town municipalities.

Croatia-Slavonia, then, enjoys autonomy in internal affairs, religion and education, and justice. At the head of the Government in Zágráb is a *Bán*, or governor, who is appointed by the King of Hungary, on the advice of the Hungarian Premier, and who is responsible to the territorial assembly of the province. In the Ministry of the Interior autonomous executive jurisdiction is allowed, but not legislation in commercial and exchange and mining matters. In navigation, river regulation, forestry supervision, copyright granting, patent issuing, and trade-mark and sample protection, Hungary has reserved to herself for the whole State, including Croatia-Slavonia and Fiume, the right of both executive jurisdiction and legislation. Compensation for the foregoing restrictions is received by Croatia-Slavonia through the existence of (1) a Croatian Ministry in the Budapest Cabinet, for codification of laws, transmission and authentication of documents, and exercise of influence in Hungarian and Croatian joint legislation, and (2) Croatian sections or bureaus in the Hungarian ministries of finance, home defence, commerce, and agriculture, for the exercise of executive jurisdiction over Croatia-Slavonia in those branches. Their coat of arms is not the same as Hungary, and they have their own flag, which must be hoisted along with the Hungarian flag. The coinage is uniform with Hungary. Croatian representation at Budapest is forty members to the Commons and three to the House of Magnates. In the Delegation appointed for the settlement of the business common to Hungary and

Austria, the Croatians have six representatives,—two from the Magnates and four from the Commons,—and here also they may use their own language. Such is a sketch of the juridical position these Slavs occupy.

In Croatia one feels immediately the atmosphere of dispute. This is more or less true of all Slav nationalities to-day, but particularly of Croatia. There is not only the tag end of the old-time dispute between the Eastern and Western Churches left, but the air is full of the discord of contending political factions. Forces are ever moving to the attack or defence. Its language is Slav but not with those bewildering Cyrillic characters which a friend of mine described as *tripthongs*. One may see the unrest written upon the faces of all men. They seem always spoiling for a fight. Regarding their language, they hold as tenaciously to it as the Magyars nurse theirs, or a Sinn Feiner fondles Gaelic. All this displays the characteristics of race. When the Magyars attempted to introduce Hungarian as the language of official railway intercourse, the backs of these stout henchmen were stiffened, and they said "no, we'll fight you, but not speak your language." Many of them must and can speak both languages. It is always a shortsighted policy to attempt to induce a Slav to change or relegate his language. In the minds of all there exists an idea of the Great Slav Nation. This idea is the guardian of their language often. M. Bodenstedt, when writing to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* in 1848, said "that the patriotism of the Slavonians is not attached to the soil, but they are kept together by one great and powerful bond, by the bond of their language, which is as pliant and supple as the nations who speak it." Attachment to their nationality is a

distinctive trait of the character of the educated Slav.

With such an electric atmosphere as Zágráb produces, one may always be assured of political sensations. Disturbance is not always a peace-destroyer, but it is a depopulator. Again let me go into ecstasies over the peasantry. A modern writer has termed with undeniable truth the Croatian peasant, "attractive, unspoilt, and ingenuous." But his ignorance, thanks again to the Church, is appalling. To invest such as I met with the weapon of universal suffrage is but to play into the hands of unscrupulous political priests and laymen. The times, however, are moving in this direction. The Croatian is tough. Things for a long time have not gone well with him. There is little to keep the Croatian in his native land. In 1906 some 43,311 of them found their way to other lands. Depopulation similar to that in Ireland is going on here, and America is the El Dorado they seek. The sterile Karst, and the rugged Krbava country, have driven thousands away. But one fears that it is not always soil difficulty which accounts for the big emigration. Poverty alone seldom causes people to migrate. A people will starve in peace at home, but it will not starve in trouble at home. Political disturbance is a disintegrating factor. The Slavs of South-Eastern Europe have always been poor. These poor Croatians have been the frontiersmen of Europe. One of them said to me, "We gave civilisation a chance in the West." All along the Turkish-Austrian frontier the Magyar Government settled and organised people. There was a militarism about the scheme. Uniforms and weapons were provided, and a man had to serve from his eighteenth



THE MARKET-PLACE, ZÁGRÁB

to his sixtieth year. One village would perhaps form a company, three or four villages a battalion, and a number or group of villages would make up the complement of a regiment. Men worked with their guns beside them then. The advent of Hungarian supremacy changed much of this. I am afraid that these old methods did more to promote militarism than agriculture.

One of the chief features of Croatian life is the *zadruga*, or co-operative community. One of these communal families will number as many as 200 people. It was customary to place the eldest man at the head of the community, whilst his wife—for they usually had one—superintended the labours of the women-folk. Almost the same line is taken to-day. There is something so very primitive about these institutions. A common purpose, a common toil, and a common sharing is the practice of all such communal gatherings. At one time there was a self-sufficiency about the community, for they produced all they needed. Women busied themselves spinning flax, and making the thick outer garments that were necessary. Then men hunted, and from the skins of the captured animals caps and overcoats were made, whilst the hides of the domestic animals provided sandals. Men built the houses and tilled the field, and thus by all working want was unknown. This story of the not distant past is the realisation also of the present. One who is now busy in a large city in America, reflecting on the days spent in the *zadruga*, in writing to a friend said: "Looking back now, these seem to me the happiest days of my life, for it was then that I learned to play our simple country airs on a pipe cut from hazelwood, and it was then that our native

fairies—the *Vile*—used to appear before me in the full glory of our Croatian spring nights." Contentment is bred in the communal groups, but directly both the men and the women drift away from them discontent begins. A good head will of course keep the men from leaving, and the women-folk won't budge without them. Such a man must have a good character, and ability. Things have been pared down since this idea of life was instituted, and one fears that in a few years the system will be obsolete. Not far from Zágráb one may, however, find a good example of the communal system. Here some eighty-five persons still live under rules similar at least to those of the old days. A large room, with beds arranged with the regularity of a hospital ward on either side, and a huge common table in the centre where the men meet for meals. In another room all the unmarried girls are housed. The men are always fed first. There are, it is true, in the large yard a few small tenements utilised by some of the young married people, but all meet at meals. Some critics of the system, that individualistic soul that one meets with everywhere, point out the supposed weakness of the scheme in that a less urgent appeal is made to "energy and initiative." There is some truth in this. But the lazy man does not get so good a time of it as some may imagine. Character tells both ways. I remember seeing one melancholy soul who suffered from inertia. He was a pitiable creature, for his relatives cut him. His legal share was daily earned, but the misery of selfishness was his. At first it may have seemed clever, but that day had passed, and here he was surrounded by a crowd that he knew—but alone. This was the terrible penalty his own act had inflicted, and there was no remission

of the sentence. It eventually drove him out. Where? I know not. In favour of the system is the "economy of time, labour, and capital." Life being less isolated became more bearable. To show the change that has gone on amongst these communal families, the inquiry instituted in 1890 declared that "nearly a fifth of the population lived in such communal families." But quite 80 per cent. of these have only ten members. These "hold their property like a corporation," no member being allowed to "claim a share or dispose of his rights to another." Dissolution of one of these families spells destruction. Everything is divided, and sometimes even the boards of the dwelling are pulled down and divided equally. This is not a common occurrence. Such is the life that labour lives in Croatia.

In all the counties that I visited the Servian element was present, perhaps with the single exception of Varasd. The Croat-Serb of the north-west is of medium stature, and for the most part fair-haired. Here the soil is cultivable, and the race was kind and sincere. Those dwelling by the sea are short and thick-set. But those on the hills are perhaps the biggest men. Life is hard here. Much of the Karst is rock and stone. An American once said it is about as pleasant to try to cultivate as a "piece of bare coral." Miss Balch, who made a study of the emigration question in Croatia, says: "In many places there are depressions in the stony ground into which soil washes, and one sees such spots, perhaps fifteen feet across, walled around and carefully cultivated. These *dolinas*, as they are called, are characteristic of this limestone region (I counted, I think, forty on one scrubby hillside), which is also rich in grottos, rivers

that sink into the earth or suddenly flow forth from a cavern, and other picturesque natural features." The Southern Slavs still live the patriarchal life I have described. In all parts of Croatia the women age early. Amongst these peoples I found a rich store of popular poetry, and a strong attachment to ancestral customs and national institutions. Hospitable and fond of liberty as they are, the jarring note of intolerance is often heard. One of my hillside memories is that of a visit paid to one of the villages I was staying in by a band of *guslars*, or wandering blind fiddlers. What the minstrels did for Hungary, these men continue to do for Croatia. We were at supper when a group of them appeared on the little tired piece of grass which my peasant friends devoted much attention to in front of the house. The door was thrown open, for it was summer. It was the first time that I had heard them. With croaking voices they sang in the rich Slav tongue of the heroic deeds "wrought in ancient days." There was blood in their songs, and one could almost feel the cut of the scimitar and see the flowing robes of the Turk. My dear old host bowed his head as if in grief, and his kindly wife shed tears. Then one may hear the topics of the day turned to rude and primitive verse, and all to the accompaniment of a strange two-stringed violin. Village life even outside of the communal system has its charms. There is more thrift in Croatia than in Hungary. The activity of the women accounts for much of this. Woman is often a rival here, a competitor in the agricultural market. In looking at some figures, I found a Hungarian economist affirming that "the proportion of the earning class to the whole population is best in Croatia, where it amounts to

49 per cent." In most villages there are libraries bought by the peasants themselves, and not the gift of a Carnegie or Passmore Edwards. Here the Russian writers are given a good show. The houses these peasants live in are much better than many of the houses I saw in Hungary. One of the first questions I asked was, Where was the chimney? "We have no chimneys here," answered the little Croatian. True, no chimneys, but trap-doors. In such as these a stone hearth in the centre of the main building indicates where fire may be found during the cold winter months. The beds here are for the most part different from those in Hungary. Often one finds nothing but clean straw, upon which highly coloured and weirdly designed home-spun blankets are thrown. I can assure all that sleep is possible to the tired man on such as these. I would exchange my Budapest bed any night for a turn on a Croatian "shake-down." What I suffered from most was a lack of ventilation. Windows are so small in the villages that one might imagine that a window-tax was in existence. The women have a passion for work. It is born in them. As soon as a girl can do anything she begins to provide her marriage dowry. This is no mean task. It means a complete outfit for bride and bridegroom, from the cap to the shoes. This gives the man much more leisure than Western mortals get. Therefore, as soon as the child is able to hold a pair of knitting needles or a crochet-hook, she is set to work. It is the task of a lifetime, for a lifetime. A heavy premium is thus placed upon poverty. What chance has the poor girl of marriage? None. Even in Croatia customs vary a little. As one approaches the sea, the girl provides no dowry,

but jewellery. In the arrangement of a marriage a great family council is summoned. Health and family character are the qualities that count, and at such councils the man is usually supported by a host of responsible sponsors. Such is very rarely disposed of at a single sitting, and a period of weeks may elapse ere a decision is arrived at. Then one hears the mystic happy sound of *dobro*, and the end has been reached. A meeting of the parents, then of the representatives of the respective parties, followed by the advent of the bridegroom. Now comes the quaint part of the ceremony. He hands the girl an apple, and she presents him with a handkerchief. Queer custom. In much of the Croatian poetry a girl is likened to an apple. This seems going a long way back for a precedent. The ceremony itself is most elaborate, one of the imposing features of which is a speech which has been learnt off by one of the men. Its length is terrible, for it occupies nearly ten pages in a printed volume. Having endured all this, the poor girl is now a wife. What will not a woman go through for a husband!

Economically the condition is not what it should be here. The birth rate is said to be the highest in the world, yet so great is the infant death rate that the net increase to population is even lower than in any other country except France. Educationally the country is making a distinctly progressive move. During the sixteenth century a very high degree of culture was exhibited by the Croatian students who flocked to the universities of Padua and Pisa. Compulsory attendance from seven to twelve years of age ensures a certain measure of education to-day. And special classes are held for those between twelve and

fourteen years of age. This, of course, applies more particularly to towns or large village communities. In some of the districts schooling is practically impossible. For instance, in Lika-Krbava, it is rumoured that only one-third of the children go to school, so scattered is its population. The tendency throughout Croatia is to keep the girls at home. In Zágráb, of course, a different state of things exist. It is not only a very beautiful but a surprisingly lively city. With only half a glance one may see that it wears the attitude of a capital. It is imposing rather than jaunty. There it stands, about half an hour's distance from the foot of the wooded Szlyeme Mountain, with its 60,000 inhabitants nestling beside it. Zágráb has something of the atmosphere of Paris about it. Life centres near the Jellačic Square. Here stands a large bronze equestrian statue of the celebrated Governor. The boulevards are strikingly handsome and wide. In the art rooms of the South-Slavic Academy quite a good collection of pictures is on show. So little is known of the talent of these men, that I was surprised to find such a degree of excellence. Matejko, Csermák, and Jaroslav have some paintings there. A younger school is always striding along, and soon will have to be reckoned with. Public buildings confuse one here. The most important historical edifice in Zágráb is the Cathedral. There are three naves, seventeen pointed arch windows, and some good interior decoration. A treasure chamber here discloses—on Sundays only—the forefinger of King St. Ladislas, with his ruby ring. It was not Sunday when I visited Zágráb. One of the features of the old town is the roof of St. Mark's Church, in red, white, and blue, the national colours of the Croatians. As a rule I

enjoy the old part of large towns, but this roof destroyed my appetite. In Zágráb aristocracy quarters itself near a plane-tree walk. Life in all its varied activities flourishes in this Croatian capital. Art and literature are taking upon themselves new forms of expression, drawing less from within and more from without. What struck me as the need of the country was clever, responsible leaders. Given one honest inspiring soul, Croatia, young Croatia, will go far. Amongst the awakened souls there is less inclination towards inertia, and a clearer conception of Western capacity and demands, than I found amongst many Hungarians. But though in some respects Zágráb is not Croatia, yet it is. The Croatia to be heard of in the future is doubtless the Zágráb of to-day. But there is another Croatia, sad in its desolation, cold in its poverty. It was the contrast of the two that startled me. What will be the message of the capital to the country? For without the country there will be no capital. The unconcern on this point in Zágráb alarmed me. America's growing community of Croatians seemed not to weigh with them. Strong, clever workers, with nothing to do. Meanwhile politicians fight about what language shall be used on the railways. Who really cares? Directly the practical plane is reached, Croatia will mend. But that time won't come yet.

In attempting to escape the conditions imposed upon them by the homeland, over forty thousand a year are now finding a home in America. It is not skilled labour, but whatever the task is that's offered, the Croatian will soon become an expert at it. The Croatians have a proverb which illustrates their character: "What he sees, he makes." Some of them are very expert with the axe. It is a common thing to find in the



MARKET FOLK, NEAR ZÁGRÁB, CROATIA

woods of America Croatians who can hew to the line for a distance of sixty feet. Sturdy men like these always find an employer. In 1895 they began going to America, settling principally in Pennsylvania, Illinois, and New York. In New York City 15,000 of them were employed to break the dock-labourers' strike some years ago, and to-day they have a monopoly of the industry. It is interesting to discover that, whilst these people knew nothing of trade unions in Croatia, and took the places of the Irish dock labourers in New York as non-union men, they have since formed the most iron-bound trade union in that city, and now dictate terms which the older unions would never have thought of exacting. In Joliet they run a paper which has a circulation of 50,000 copies. Apart from wild, rugged scenery, little of moving interest is provided the tourist in Croatia. A Slav language or a knowledge of German is essential. Travelling without these is not dangerous but difficult.

To the lover of gorgeous costumes and unique embroideries Croatia will never be dull. One costume a peasant woman wore fascinated me intensely. Her head was encircled by a marvellously embroidered band nearly three inches deep. At the top one might just distinguish the colour of her hair. Then, as if to destroy the idea of comic opera which the arrangement of the band might give, flowers were deftly tucked, so that some hung heavily over the side of the band, thus giving it the more finished appearance of a cap. The usual loose white blouse and shirt, those relics of Eastern association, were present, but a curious thick woollen mantle was attached to her waist, which hung about a foot lower on the left side. Over this was placed, so as to be very effective, a single strip of brilliant embroidery. A multitude of small beads hung round

her neck, and more elaborate embroidery rested from her shoulders, forming a kind of sash. The white sleeves of the blouse were left perfectly plain and unadorned.

Another type—perhaps it was her sweet face—which caught my attention was a young unmarried peasant girl. Her hair was parted in the middle and well brushed down, with a scarlet rose resting just at the back of her right ear. She wore a light brown, thick jacket, simply aching all over with colours, and yet so very pretty. Her skirt was white, and for the most part covered by a pinkish apron, with an open-work front, and a bright yellow embroidered fringe. Her rush for colour is already apparent. The blouse was of a dark green material, this too embroidered in black. Coloured beads also rested idly round this maiden's neck. But her jacket! It was gorgeous. I had seen men on the *puszta* with some such coat, but never one so gay with colour. Very little of the original material was visible. A deep collar was composed of four embroidered rows of colour. There were also shoulder-knots, simple and effective. And the back, it was a wall-paper design; whilst the border had no fewer than eleven different rows of embroidery and combinations of colour. Even the sleeves did not escape her assiduity. Was ever Solomon of old arrayed like this? Or Joseph's coat more thrilling? I think not. Once I tried to buy such a coat, but providence in some form or other intervened. We in our sombre Western hues know little of the joy of pigment these poor peasant-folk feel.

Such is the Croatia that I like to sit and reflect on, its gaiety and its sadness, its content and its unrest, with the great eating sore of emigration. But the hopeful days have not all passed.

CHAPTER XIV

CUSTOMS, COSTUMES, AND CHARACTER

"Customs may not be as wise as laws, but they are always more popular."—DISRAELI

I HAVE often been plagued by certain well-meaning persons into a description of Hungarian customs, seen it may be "through a glass darkly." Some of these I have grown to appreciate and to love, others I do not appreciate. To discover what is absolutely Magyar and what only differs in minute form from that of a neighbouring State, is a task for an explorer or a Royal Commission, and not a writer of books. What I here describe are habits and traits differing from those of our "sea-girt isle," and as such interesting. Hungarian society possesses much the same aristocratic flavour as society in England does. If one would institute a comparison, the same value is placed upon pedigree. But there are differences. One of the first things that struck me in Hungary is the familiarity enjoyed by all the old men-servants on the baronial estates. They enter into conversation at meals, advance an opinion, laugh at an unexpected sally; such are some of the perquisites enjoyed by the family retainer. At first it alarmed me. I had been fed on doctrines which thundered against the inequality of power and

property. Here in my first Hungarian castle was power and equality—at least of approach. This is not to be interpreted into mere good manners, or generosity of feeling; it is deeper than both, it is in the blood, has grown up with the ivied walls and been welded in storm and stress. There is a mediæval flavour about it. This is not true of the newer families—of the Jewish magnates aping Western civilisation in its most hideous forms, appropriating the ugly because it merely bears the hall-mark of English. The Hungarians are copyists, but one must always distinguish between the Magyar and the Magyarised Jews, who for a trifle change their names. In Hungary one is always hearing this question asked, "What was his name before?" This is one of the most modern customs. I don't think it would do for Frank Richardson to visit Hungary—they might not like him. This is my last word on hirsute appendages. What does disconcert me even now is to find my neighbour in some café drawing from his pocket a little looking-glass, then a brush and comb, and proceed to put his house in order. To what base purposes are such glasses put! Sometimes it is a slight discoloration of the skin, which is tenderly surveyed; at others, an ill-used tooth will demand attention. It is always a public display, but customary.

There is one habit I love the Magyars for, it is their full appreciation of practical joking. It takes a variety of forms, but there's temperament in all. The chief value of it is to see it from a safe distance. To be the victim is indeed to suffer. Not long ago, a young French nobleman visited Budapest, and, having excellent introductions, was thrown into a gay

set of young Counts, who proceeded to show him the town. This went on for nearly a fortnight, when the young Frenchman, unable to stand it any longer, informed his friends that he intended to retire early that night, as he was tired out. No murmur came from them, and he was soon asleep. Two hours later a party of young roysterers were seen carrying a pail containing something alive. On their arrival at the hotel, they ascertained the number of his room, found it unlocked, and entered in the dark, then suddenly uncovering him, deposited a quantity of live fish in the bed, and scuttled. It nearly drove the tired man mad, but it was their idea of a good practical joke. Much of this kind of thing resulted from the ennui of the old life. Times are changing now, and the old coarse form of practical joking is out of favour. Yet in contrasting the old with the new, and taking into account altered conditions, there was more real humour in the old form than in the new. Often the most horrible scandals are started now, and when traced back to their source, one finds that leisure and imagination joined forces to disconcert somebody, and it was the effect it produced upon the unlucky individual that created the amusement. Sometimes men have been almost ruined by such meaningless, baseless scandals; and none are more repentant than the perpetrators of the outrage. There may be a certain measure of vindictiveness about the Magyar, but there is no gall in his blood. Nevertheless, there is a serious danger underlying an excess of such a practice.

Jókai in his novels has given English readers an opportunity of seeing the strange condition Hungary was found in at a certain period—how talents ran

to waste, and ambition had no scope. One of the most famous jokers of the old school was Józsa Gyuri, the Calvinist. Exiled practically in one of the most inaccessible parts of the great plain, he lived and died "a prodigal and a buffoon." A story is told of Józsa going to spend a night with a Count Keglevich. Wishing to be impressive, he journeyed thither in a beautiful new coach, of which he was very proud. On being shown over the grounds by the Count, he was pointed out a remarkably fine hayrick. Hay was then standing at a good price. After supper, Józsa drew together a few members of the "dissipated club," and the rick was soon nothing but a heap of ashes. Next morning, when Józsa wanted to continue his journey, his wonderful new carriage was not to be seen anywhere. "Why, my friend," said the Count, "you yourself burnt it last night. The fact is, my coach-house wants repairing, and as the evening threatened to be wet, we put your carriage under the rick to keep it dry." Here the biter was bit. He terrorised everybody. This quality seems to have been inherited from his father. One of the quaint habits of his father was to carry with him in his carriage no less than 40,000 florins, for he was a bargain-hunter, and determined never to miss anything. When out on such a quest on one occasion the carriage-pole snapped, and, being in the middle of a wood, the coachman accompanied him in search for a young tree that would enable them to proceed. Having to go farther than anticipated, and imagining all was safe, to their sad surprise they found on their return that horses, carriage, and florins had all disappeared. Such were the old days. Another form joking would sometimes take was that of arriving

in the middle of the night with a huge army of servants and friends to stay with some soul noted for his stinginess. To detect any irritation or inconvenience on the part of the host satisfied the joker immediately. As a rule the joker never started on such an expedition without laying in a plentiful supply of provender. There was always a commissariat section to his cavalcade.

Generosity and hospitality are two outstanding features of the Magyar character. It is, even now, one thing to pay a visit to some Hungarian friends in the country, but quite another thing to get away. They never seem wishful to release you. Every excuse for departing is ruthlessly hurled to the ground, and done in such a manner that the stoutest heart gives in. There is no exhausting hospitality if one is at all interesting. This is the test applied. In the old days carriage wheels were removed and hidden, and every conceivable dodge resorted to in order to detain visitors. Transylvania, I am sure, would do the same thing now. In the sixties landlords were told to send to the manor house all guests who had "the faintest claims to respectability." If you came from a foreign land, then it was double welcome.

"Graceful women, chosen men,
Dazzle every mortal."

Every unspoken wish is divined by these noble Hungarian housewives. Theirs has been the great undying contribution to Hungarian character. Morality is higher amongst the women than the men. More things are sacred to these patient, long-suffering souls. They have their little vanities, such

as being fond of compliments, but they are capable of much more intellectual conversation than they get from their masculine acquaintances. Exceedingly well educated many of them are, good linguists, and with a thorough knowledge of household affairs. Some of the customs particularly associated with ladies I have never been able to encompass. There is, for instance, that kindly entrance speech, of "Kiss the hand," and what is even more important to actually accomplish, the feat. I have come to the conclusion that nations have to be born to this kind of thing. An easier, and in its way quite a nice custom, is that of shaking hands with everybody after a meal, and wishing them continued health, etc. We English are frightfully matter-of-fact. I am not quite sure in my own mind whether the Hungarians are as fond of flowers as the practice of presenting such suggests. Everybody seems imbued with the idea of presenting a lady with a flower, and often only a single unselected, unthought-of bloom. Custom here baffles me.

The Hungarian is fond of gambling. He loves cards. Sometimes he will play all night. Some of the Hungarian games are as intricate as bridge, and demand much intellectual capacity as well as good cards. I remember a somewhat sensational gambling story from Kolozsvár. Two Hungarian magnates sat down to play cards one night with an Armenian merchant named Azbej. It was ten o'clock when the game began. Luck at first rested with the Armenian, and one of the Hungarians at the close of an hour's play had lost all his ready money. He very prudently dropped out of the game. His friend Count B—— continued playing, although he lost steadily. After

six hours' play he got up from the table, having lost nearly £11,600. It is said that the lucky Armenian received 100,000 kronen in cash, an estate worth 40,000 kronen, and an annuity of 12,000 kronen, this all being done by the Count's family. Many such stories are told of merchant and magnate. Sometimes it is the other way about, and the magnate replenishes his coffers. Gambling I fear is increasing amongst the lower classes and women. The lottery system and horse-racing accounts for much of this, together with the ambition of many people to live beyond their means. Official circles suffer much in this way. As a friend of mine remarked, "Something 'll have to be done."

The Hungarian is also a great smoker. Sometimes I wish he were not. Looking over the figures for a period of eight months last year, I find that 1,721,428,690 kilos of Hungarian tobacco were blown into the air; over 35,000,000 cigars and about 1,500,000 crowns worth of foreign tobacco imported. He has a preference for the cigar, which is often surrounded by foreign or imported Havana outer leaves, no Hungarian leaf being sufficiently pliable and strong. The Hungarian average of tobacco consumed is more than half as much again as that consumed in the British Isles, and the second highest in the world, though America almost equals it. Whilst in Budapest I heard two pipe stories. One is pathetic. An old Magyar peasant had apparently smoked the same pipe for more than fifty years, and as a natural consequence had grown to love it as a companion. One day, however, his infant grandson smashed the pipe beyond all hope of repair. The old man was so broken-hearted at his loss that he hanged himself on a peg. In his

pocket was found a scrap of paper on which was scribbled: "My pipe is done for, and I must go too." To some the element of exaggeration may seem to appear, but to me it is quite within the limits of possibility, for this is a land of suicides. The other pipe story has a happier ending. I was told that a century and a half ago there lived in Pest a shoemaker named Charles Kovács. Among his many patrons was a Count Andrássy who had been the recipient of a huge lump of meerschaum. Handing it to Kovács one day, he ordered him to experiment upon the new material, and if possible, fashion from it a pipe. Kovács cut two pieces from the block, and smoked one himself. Not having troubled to wash during the smoking operation, he found that wherever his waxed hands came into contact with the pipe, in time appeared a pale brown spot like a stain. Still experimenting, he waxed the entire pipe, which after habitual smoking grew to a most beautiful even brown. Incidentally the pipe smoked sweeter than before. Meerschaum then sprang into popularity. The aged King of Hungary prefers the pipe, which he smokes night and morning.

Easter, Christmas, and New Year's Eve are productive of customs uncommon in England. Easter is the sprinkling season. In Hungary the custom is to sprinkle young girls with scent or water, and in turn to receive from them highly coloured eggs. I mean, of course, that the shells are highly coloured. The first girl one meets on Easter morn must be sprinkled. This custom is universal in Hungary. Amongst the poorer classes, particularly those in the country districts, a little rough play is often indulged in. No sooner has the thoughtless maiden left the house than she is seized by the boys and literally

dragged—for coaxing availeth little—to the well or to the brook. This, let me say, not without a scuffle. Finally a bucket of water finds its way all over the girl, and then she is allowed to escape. Later she heaps coals of fire on their heads, so to speak, by handing them eggs. I know many girls who would not miss this little amusement.

The ceremonies preceding Easter in the real Hungarian quarter are even more amusing. The day before Easter Sunday is utilised to gather together some eighty or more people in the market-place. Here certain officials are elected, elected to carry out the Easter ceremonies. These invariably comprise a judge, with two deputies and two assistants. Having accomplished this, prayers are offered that the crops may be preserved from locusts, drought, or any other devastating pest. The entire company then move in broken ranks to the cornfields, singing psalms, and halting now and then for prayer. One of the chief duties of the officials on occasions such as these is to enforce a strict adherence to the rules governing religious observances. He who breaketh a rule is physically punished. No official must be addressed as he would be in ordinary life. Only their official title is possible. To forget this means punishment. The procession will sometimes last for four or five hours, commencing at eight in the evening and not terminating until after midnight. On Easter Sunday morning attendance at church engages everybody. In the evening, however, jollity reigns. The god of ridicule is dragged out, and any who are out of favour with the villagers, or who are guilty of some mischief or wrong, are its victims. Those who took part in the midnight procession of the previous night

then appear before the cottages of the offenders, and in dismal, shivering tones beg for admittance. A bucket of water will usually disperse them. After which more eggs will be given to the one left behind. If it happens to be cold, a crowd of them are admitted. When this is the case, the ceremony is lengthened by further jokes. A lazy notary is presented with an assistant, and a drunken priest with a doll for baptism. But the entire countryside reeks with interesting ceremonies of this nature.

To talk loudly is esteemed by many a virtue. And several may desire to appear virtuous at one and the same moment. This has often led me into deep water. I prefer the still waters. Nationality must out. One is also bound to admire the Hungarian almanac. If I were an official, particularly a school teacher, I should pray that the coast of the almanac be enlarged. In Hungary holidays pall on one. Any little bickering will provoke a holiday. Sometimes these run on for days, as if not knowing how to stop. I doubt whether so many are good for the country. Once I suggested a change, but was told to mind my own business. My name being interpreted in Hungarian "Vilmos," I was allowed a name-day holiday. Who would think of keeping William or John day in England? This is not caricature nor criticism, but simply asking questions. Without in the least being a drunkard, the Magyar loves wine. Having sampled most varieties of Hungarian wine, I admire his taste. Drinking means company, and the Magyar hates sitting alone. Drinking also means conversation, and here is another Magyar delight. Drinking merely for drinking's sake is foreign to the race,

There is a courtliness about both the old and the new families of real Hungarians which is pleasing to regard. The desire to please is perhaps a trifle overdone. Promises mean so little often—the main idea being to pacify for the moment, and to get rid of you and the promise at the same time. They refrain from bluntness. Personally I prefer English methods. Often bowing and scraping is carried to an unnecessary extreme. Such, however, is resultant from either the impetuous young or the misguided old. Torrents of words, of acts scant. I was amazed on more than one occasion to find the hatred of the Jews so deep-seated. Amongst the best and old families, despite his wealth, the Jew is not the power he would like to be. In time this prejudice will be broken through, and a challenge will be issued. The future struggle should be interesting. I remember one crusty old fellow who asked his son to look him up the trains from Lake Balaton to Budapest. With twentieth-century keenness he selected the fast trains, when to his surprise the peppery old man answered, "What do I want with a fast train? Let the Jews go by that."

National habits and customs elbow their way so into one's mind that selection or arrangement is well-nigh impossible. Divorce, for instance, is common—almost as common as suicide. Hungary will outgrow both of these. Duelling in Hungary has now reached ridiculous limits. Death means a year's incarceration for the survivor, and I would make it ten years. This mad, disfiguring pastime ought to be stamped out, and one is glad to find such an array of noble ladies striving their utmost to suppress it. A law rendering it more difficult to fight duels is practically impossible,

for so many members of Parliament have constant recourse to the arbitrament of the sword.

When Hungary enjoyed the period of *Ex Lex* under the unconstitutional Fejerváry Government, quite new traits were revealed. It became boisterously turbulent, and called its actions "passive resistance." One then saw what men were prepared to do for money, and to what lengths a desire for position would carry them. It revealed both courage and cowardice, patriotism and treachery. Yet in all the struggle something of the old-time humour and hatred stole out. Lord-lieutenants were needed everywhere, but patriots preferred starvation to service under a Ministry of nobodys. There were men, however, prepared to sell their birthright for a lord-lieutenancy. Against all such traitors the country rose *en masse*. To obtain an election was not as easy as it looked. A certain number of men had to witness to the election, but to find these in some places was well-nigh impossible. Election day was usually a riot. Never have I seen the worst in the Magyar brought in such volume to the surface. Elections in many places were rendered impossible. In Kolozsvár, Count László Teleki was made black and yellow—the Austrian colours—by means of soot and eggs. The local M.P. ran the Count in with a chair, but the uproar was so great that he beat a very hasty retreat. It was not a desire to be constitutional that led so many to run counter to public opinion, but the appeal of the glories of office. In Hungary there is no authority comparable with the authority of underlings. Given a sword, a few extra buttons on a braided coat, and all things are possible. In its higher forms this kind of thing led men to accept office under a discredited Ministry.

Some were literally starved out of towns. When the would-be lord-lieutenant arrived at one town, five donkeys were sent into the meeting, labelled witnesses. Others were executed in effigy. A vote of thanks was sent to one in the name of all the rogues, ruffians, and thieves, simply because he called out all the police, who formed a guard round him to ensure his election. Often sheer brutality was resorted to, and in one town the candidate almost lost his life. All this kind of thing has given rise to the name "wild Hungarians." Political frenzy, it is true, reveals the most savage qualities of all races, and the Magyar is not allowed to escape such a criticism, but he is no worse. In character he is a trifle too easy-going, and will stand much more bullying than the average Englishman. But once set going he is difficult to stop. For a political cause he will do anything; others leave him damp and indifferent. He is quickly cooled in argument, and does not often resort to blows. Nothing upsets him more than being struck on the face. If only boxing were taken up instead of duelling, there would be less work for the doctors, and fewer disfigured men, but more self-control.

Another characteristic is the desire to please, the anxiety to create a good impression. This is not always the result of vanity, but it exhibits a freshness and juvenility of character unexpected. Then, again, the Magyars have a keen eye for the dramatic. In Parliament one may often see this element striding into position. Pose and speech are often theatrical; it's in their nature, and escape is impossible. I like this quality, the flaring up, the wild gesture, the thunder and the lightning of debate, with the final hallowing reconciliation scene.

Dainty little attentions are paid one, which reveal to a foreigner their evident desire to please, to provide you with the very best they can. I remember being at dinner one day with some friends, and being amused by the efforts of my host to make sure that my meat was the best the dish contained. First he emptied a huge quantity of meat on to his own plate, then carefully examined and tested the merits of each piece, and finally placed all the choicest parts on my plate. It was rather hard on the rest, but it was explained that I was the honoured guest, and had but to submit.

Then there is the innate love of show, and of rich costumes, etc. At both weddings and funerals much pomp is present. The entrance to the house is heavily draped, and the stairs leading to the house. Often a man in sombre uniform stands as if on duty bent at the entrance. The funeral procession is enormous. Postilions, scores of enormous wreaths, weeping maidens, numberless carriages, and often a priestly procession in full canonicals leading the solemn cortège. Perhaps there is more fuss made over a funeral than a wedding. I was invited one day to a wedding, a peasant wedding, right away amongst the Transylvanian hills. It was a long drive from where I was staying, but the day was gloriously bright. I had provided myself with a wedding gift for bride and bridegroom—a pipe for the man, and a silk handkerchief for the girl. Driving direct to the house, we were introduced to all, and soon our carriages were part of the perambulating procession which led up to the little Protestant church. No hitches, nothing forgotten, all merry and bright, and service over we sat down to a most excellent spread in the best room the girl's

mother could provide. As each dish was ushered in, the best man, a real merry soul, delivered a speech at which the company roared heartily. After dinner, fiddlers three were dragged in, and dancing commenced. It is the custom for everybody present to dance with the newly-married peasant girl, and when your spell is over to place a thank-offering of money in a plate. This is supposed to give them a start in life, and to insure them against any immediate want. It was an interesting sight to see the peasant girls dancing, then untying their knotted handkerchiefs for the coin they had providently hidden away for the great event. Quite a large sum of money was collected. The quantity of useful wedding presents amazed me, and after being photographed the wedding group simply let themselves go, and a real rollicking time we had.

Let me now deliver myself against customs which I think should be abolished. I detest paying a toll to cross the bridges every time. It is true it is a trifling toll, but the principle of extortion I object to. To be called upon to pay for telegraph forms is another stupidity which might be dispensed with. Then it is appalling that everyone's hands are itching for tips. A postman brings you a registered letter which may be a county-court summons, and expects to be tipped. These petty trifles, as they may be called, are by their constant repetition a little annoying. Again I protest against having to pay to go in and out of my own room after ten o'clock at night. And this to a housemaster whose ignorance is only equalled by his impudence often. But the things I have grown to adore far exceed those that annoy. I love the Magyars with all their quaint habits and costumes, their stirring patriotism and their hero-worship. I love the kindness

of the women, their eyes appealing with love, now flashing with hate, yet tender in their services and exacting in their devotion. It is the element of contrast in custom, costume, and character which makes one fall down and worship at their shrine. I was disappointed over many things, but afterwards I found out that it was simply because of erroneous things men had written or said about these wayward peoples. Every Magyar is not the horseman I looked for. That day has passed, and I ought to have known it.

Before this chapter closes I must say something about the costumes, the gala costume of the nobility. The velvets and furs employed are simply gorgeous. Orientalism is seen in the curved scimitar they carry, whilst the striking jewellery, the chains, the monster buttons, the fur cap with its aigrette, the tight-fitting breeches and top-boots, render the owners conspicuous and charming. Hungary is a land of costume.

CHAPTER XV

MUSIC AND SONG IN HUNGARY

"Stirring, bewildering, unspeakably saddening, inexpressibly exhilarating."—EMIL REICH

MUSIC, like dancing, is temperamental with the Magyar. In Hungary it is less the infant art than in some countries. There is a distinctiveness about Hungarian music, drawn as it is from that strange, impetuous temperament of the Magyar, which is rich in laughter and tears. One had expected a certain floridity, but was happily disappointed. There is tone colour, volumes of expression, and huge billows of feeling. Wildness often resigns its post to tunefulness. Much of it seems blank-verse music, full of undisciplined protest against something or other; and one goes away only with a sense of having mastered its mystifying modulations. It is home-made. Foreign influences are recognisable, it is true, every now and then, but only now and then. In music perhaps more than any other branch of art, the real temperament of the Magyar is felt. I have shown the influence of the foreign schools upon painting, sculpture, and literature; but in music the Magyar reserves a school of feeling and interpretation to himself. Only a Hungarian can adequately interpret Hungarian music. One may correctly master the phrasing of a passage, may observe

all the colour notes with their Italian names, but it will even then lack that essential something which the Magyar alone can impart. Herein lies his genius. It is this impossibility which has always made Hungarian music so attractive. It is just like trying to understand the Magyars as a race. One is neither annoyed nor disappointed by failure, but attracted, the aim being to advance farther than one's predecessors into the unexplored land and to return with some new message. Whence came this wondrous quality which so attracts man? Mayhap in that distant home from which the necessities of history seems to have driven them, some special musical capacity was born. There is a far-awayness about the musical forms which seem to suggest such an answer. Music is inherent in the Hungarians. Of this one is satisfied. Music has always occupied an important place in Hungarian life. In the old religious sacrifices it is said that the *Táltos*, or high priest, led the ceremony with song. But singing was not confined to this dignitary. For the people present all joined in the refrain, and young girls were selected to throw fragrant herbs upon the altar flame and dance blithely. There were also the many minstrels with their songs and lutes. Thus one made merry in olden days. Funerals were particularly regarded as opportunities for song and music. It was customary then for priests, after they had sufficiently praised the virtues of the silent dead, to perform a sort of slow dance round the grave. How the times change! Even to-day one may hear the Cantor taking leave of the dead in a mournful dirge. But the banquet's the thing. It is simply great. I attended one, and I was only sorry that I had not lived two hundred years earlier, so that I could have seen the famous "Dance

of Death" which followed such a meal. In this dance, which was probably the oldest Hungarian dance, some heathen feeling must have existed.

In battle also these musical qualities were utilised. Often these musicians were combatants. After the great battle of Catalaunum, when Attila withdrew to his barricade of waggons, the battle-songs of the Huns could be heard from one camp to the other. And on the morrow scores of lutes were found upon the battle-field. Music, feasting, and fighting filled up the life of the early settlers, and the spirit of these three characteristics has not been destroyed by the flight of time. Civilisation, perhaps, amid its many exacting phases, whilst it has left two of these qualities unimpaired, has lessened the desire for fighting. This is a result of civilisation, one of the penalties imposed.

A monk's chronicle of the tenth century informs us that the Hungarian dance had seven steps, and that it was taught to a crowd of people beside Lake Constance by Hungarians who were living near there at the time. The great Bishop Gerhard, when on his way from Csanád to King Stephen, with Walther, the famous singing master of the Fehérvar School, was awakened during the night by the singing of the people. Turning to Walther, he said, "Do you hear how sweet the song of the Hungarian is?" On the volume of sound growing clearer and sweeter, the Bishop said, "Walther, tell me what causes this song which so breaks in upon my slumbers?" The music master then told the story of the peasant girl grinding her wheat hand-mill, singing away the hardness of her task.

To-day these songs are heard in the harvest-field, and beside the wine-press. Quite eight hundred years

ago, Hungarian music enjoyed a reputation which, like its constitutionalism, it has held firmly to. On one occasion, when fighting as the allies of a great Russian prince against the Poles and Bohemians, after a victorious combat, they marched into Kiev with much pomp, the townsfolk rising to welcome. A historian in speaking of this event declares "the house was fortunate in which Hungarian music sounded."

There was not much variety about the ancient instruments, and perhaps also about the music they discoursed. There was the *koboz*, or lute, and the *hegedü*, or violin. Whilst of wind instruments large and small was the *tilinkó*, or shepherd's pipe; a horn made either out of buffalo's or ox's horn, which bore the name of *kürt*; and a kind of small hand-drum, similar to a Moorish tambourine minus the castanets. I was told that it is best to assume that the Hungarians brought these musical instruments from their original home. Not wishful to annoy, I did so. Later on I looked at some of these primitive instruments of torture —in uncultured hands—and I am now convinced my friend was right. The lute was usually placed on the player's knee, and played *pizzicato*. Let it be mentioned in connection with the assertion of the Indian *Vina* and its resemblance to the Hungarian lute, that the Székelys of Transylvania have yet a similar instrument which they call a *timbora*.

Though unfortunately not a single example of those old Hun songs were handed down, one may easily imagine their dramatic and heroic interest. Two things are supposed to account for this loss. One is the advance of Christianity; the other is the defeat of Vata's rebellion. The glorious reign of Stephen, however, initiated amongst many other excellent things a

School for Song. At Székesfehérvár the first of these was founded by Bishop Gregory, and the renowned Walther was appointed instructor. Alas! only "thirty Christianised families" were allowed to partake of this boon. Soon schools sprang up at Esztergom, Pannonhalma, Vácz, Veszprém, Nagyvárad, and Nyitra. In all this the bishops were very active. In many of the early folk-songs the influence of church-music is clearly seen. At first only Latin songs were taught, seeing that most of the priests were at that period Italian. Then, when the Hungarians were ordained, hymns with a Magyar text became the vogue. One of these early compositions was printed in Nüremberg in the middle of the fifteenth century. It was a song on St. Stephen. But in the thirteenth century a Transylvanian named Klinsor took part in the singing competition held at the Wartburg, near Eisenach, and gained much renown. Szlatkoni, who was born near Nyitra, and eventually became Bishop of St. Stephen's, Vienna, was a distinguished musician under Maximilian I. He was made choirmaster, and his success and aim is disclosed by the following rhyme:—

"In consonance and harmony,
In melody and symphony,
In every art to my desire
Have I improved the tuneful choir;
And yet the honour not to me,
But to my emperor must be."

The Hungarian monarchs also did much to foster the art of music and song. At their courts one found many great foreign masters. Sigismund boasted of his having secured the services of Georg Stolzer, who was a contemporary of Josquin des Prés. Matthias had beside him that Dutch master of theory, Johann

Tinctoris. Buda had great singers then, and the best choir in the world. In the band were no fewer than thirty executants, an extraordinarily large number for that period. Wladislaus II., surnamed "the Poor," even spent two hundred gold pieces annually on singers and musicians. The gipsies at this era were not as rich or as plentiful as many of them are to-day. Lewis II. was fortunate in inducing Adrian Willaert, the creator of the madrigal and the founder of the Venetian school, to spend seven years at Buda. Buda was more musical than it is now. Yes! It has a past. Despite the great influx of German and Italian musicians, little impression of their visit was left upon the musical character of the Magyars. Only a miserable pittance of the period remains. It is rumoured that an organ with silver pipes was played in the Matthias Chapel, Visegrád. Of the Hungarian folk-songs there is no accurate data connected with this period. What spirit remained was caught and absorbed by the wandering gipsies of the time, and by them it has been perpetuated. Of these I have already written. There was, however, another kind of music being created, which was more essential than either coronation or dedication odes; it was the battle-songs and the music of the camp. Cesinge, who in the fifteenth century was Bishop of Pécs, composed songs of battle, which he taught the men he led. The lute at this period enjoyed great renown, and Hungary boasted of several notable performers. There was Valentine Bakfark, who lived long at the Polish court, and John Newsidler, with a noble host of others. But one of the most fascinating sons of the lute that Hungary produced was Sebastian Tinódi. He was composer and player, a typical wandering lutist. Tinódi is regarded by many

as the first Hungarian composer. Erkel adapted the air of one of his songs to his famous opera *Ladislaus Hunyadi.* Passing from mouth to mouth as did Tinódi's songs at the time, people began to perpetuate his style—a fact clearly disclosed by the songs and ballads of the Thököly and Rákóczy period.

Then came another influence into Hungarian life, an influence which music benefited by. It was the Hungarian Reformation. People then sang in their own language, and many secular poems were sung to the music of sacred songs. The Thököly period is the finest for Hungarian folk-songs. This with the Rákóczy songs, with all their natural fire, their impressiveness, and their marvellous rhythm, marks a point at which we may more closely observe the tendency and force of the nation's musical gifts.

> "The Muse of nations is coy,
> Oft courted will not come;
> In palaces and market-squares
> Entreated, she is dumb."

The musical character of the nation now begins to assert itself, and, having done so—speaks. Many of these songs were melancholy in character, as songs of exiles are wont to be, but their beauty when interpreted by a Hungarian is surpassingly great. Often have I listened for a whole afternoon to them, and the amazing part about them is that I found myself humming them all the way home to my room. They haunt you, seize hold of you, abide with you. It is small wonder that men died fighting and singing. After listening to them, a man feels stronger, more capable, not simply passionately roused to action, but desires to act because of the consciousness of sheer strength they impart to him. There is a sad note

in them all, almost a wail. Life is like these songs, and these songs are like life.

> "Therein I hear the Parcæ reel
> The threads of man at their humming wheel,
> The threads of life, and power, and pain,
> So sweet and mournful falls the strain."

Ask a Hungarian to play for you "Ne búsulj" (Don't be grieved) or "Zöld asztalon ég a gyertya," and you will appreciate what I have written. But from the middle of the seventeenth to the end of the eighteenth century only the song and *nóta* were prominent in Hungarian music. *Nóta* is only another way, the Hungarian way, of saying tune, and it implied something more imposing and grand than the music-set folk-song. One must not, however, forget those early dances. Of dances there were two kinds—the court dances, and those the peasants revelled in. If the truth were known, the latter were the most fascinating. Most of the former were slow and undoubtedly graceful, but not, if one judges aright, exactly in keeping with the gay-grave Magyar temperament. The "dumping tune" of the peasantry fortunately provided the necessary element of contrast. One simply had to leisurely stroll through the movements of the "court dances," which indeed were so slow that even ecclesiastics took part in them. As a variation gay young courtiers would often dance a solo dance, doubling the time to their evident enjoyment. Another dance which seemed to grow out of some of those slow steps was the *Verbunkos*, which according to a chronicler was danced at recruiting. Apparently this is a purely Hungarian speciality. One is sorry that the old-time variety has faded, for one reads

of the "Wedding Dance," the *Sátoros*, or "Dance of the Tents," and the "Drum Dance." Even in the forties of the nineteenth century Society boasted of its *Körmagyar* and its *Füzér-táncz*. But the *csárdás* fortunately remains, and an irresistible dance it is indeed. Still pursuing the centuries, one finds a Hungarian named Cousser of Pozsony at Hamburg helping to create the first German opera. He became in time quite a famous man, and in 1700 was choirmaster at a big church in Dublin. A serenade of his on the birth of George I. attained some popularity. In the realm of church-music Francisci of Beszterczebánya was a noted figure in the early days of the eighteenth century. He was a great organist, and knew Bach intimately. Hungary owes much to the interest and generosity of its landed gentry regarding music. In the old times—unfortunately not true of to-day—the nobility did much to foster the art. The Esterházys had a wonderful band at Kis-Márton, and a band with quite a history. Three of its conductors won European fame. There was Haydn, Pleyel, and Hummel, a trio of great names and greater men. Old Duke Nicholas Esterházy also erected a beautiful theatre. But he was not alone in his patronage. The Károlyis and the Batthyánys had also excellent bands and theatres. These, aided by the bishops, did much to keep alive the art and encourage the best foreign influences. At Györ lived Beethoven's master, the famous master of counterpoint, Albrechtsberger; whilst Nagy-várad boasted of Michael Haydn and Dittersdorf. All these men influenced in some way Hungarian musical thought and feeling. As there are great musical centres in England, where special soil seems to have been planted, so is it in Hungary;

hence Kassa, Eger, Nagy-várad, Pécs, Pozsony, and Temesvár are really the best places, and the most musical audiences for singers and players. In this way music then became fashionable—a horrible expression—but a true one—to associate with art. The piano soon became popular, and was found in all the big houses. One of the first, if not the first book for the piano was written by Stephen Gati. This was early in the nineteenth century. Quickly followed works by Dömény and Milovitzky. A composer of variety, and perhaps of some note, belonging to this period was Fuss, who, though born in Hungary, lived most of his time at Vienna. Haydn interested himself somewhat in the many compositions of this man. All along the nation had awaited the advent of a really big man. Hungary in every department of its history has always produced such, and music was not to be denied. The first name to stir the great world outside was Hummel. He was born at Pozsony, and as pianist and composer achieved fame. He died at Weimar in 1837. But the man who followed him, and who lifted up Hungarian music, and with it the nation itself, was Francis Liszt, the greatest man the nation produced. His influence is felt everywhere. He was a prodigy—and more. Of Liszt I feel I could write on for ever, he was so wonderful. As a boy I once saw the old master, tall, white-haired, with an enormous head resting upon broad shoulders, eagle-like eyes, fine ironical mouth, with eloquent lips, and interesting nose—and one must not forget the many warts. I would have given worlds to have heard him play. But to have seen him was something. His whole life was a poem, grave and gay. In his ninth year he startled the world, and one regrets now

that he gave up the life of the virtuoso before he became forty. His great master was Czerny. Beethoven kissed the boy Liszt of eleven tender years on the occasion of his first recital at Vienna. As a pianist he has never really been equalled. Chatting with one of his pupils, Herr Georg Liebling, he told me that Liszt "made the piano sound as no one else ever has. Even up to the very last he was in perfect command of sublime effects—giving here the effect of a storm, there the effect of sunshine." His tours were histories. The entire world seemed to prostrate itself before him. It was more than anything else the manifestation of the Hungarian in his playing that so captivated men. A distinguished Hungarian has written: "As a matter of fact, Liszt was not a pianist only, he was a great poet. He wrote his poems with his fingers on the keyboard. It was real poetry." After the fateful Revolution he settled down at Weimar, devoting himself to composition. Both Mendelssohn and Schumann regarded him as a supreme master of the piano. The former in writing to his mother said: "I have never met a musician whose musical feeling would run so much into the tips of the fingers and would stream out from there directly." Whilst Schumann in his musical journal declares: "It is not any more piano playing of this or another sort, but utterance of a bold character to whom fate has given, instead of a dangerous instrument, the most peaceful of arts, an art to conquer and to govern the world." His personal life was full of charm, the charm of rich association, and of kindly, generous deeds. The way he championed Wagner was but a revelation of his great nature.

As a composer he was less than he desired. There

is a haunting sense of inadequacy about the life of a mere executant, however great, which soon depresses him, for he seeks the more permanent fields of recognition. Liszt must also, great though he was, have realised the impermanency of mere applause. Therefore it was not surprising that he desired to be remembered and go down to history as a composer. He was not a great composer viewed in the large sense, but he was a composer of note. His "Hungarian Rhapsodies" are incomparable. In them one may distinguish some of the sweetest of the folk-songs and dances. He was the creator of the rhapsody and the symphonic poem, and demonstrated that Hungarian music is capable of being applied seriously. In 1862 he visited Rome and lived in seclusion in the Convent Monte Maria, receiving there the lowest form of clerical ordination. The Abbé Liszt, this was another dream of his life. About this period his most important contributions to music were made—his oratorio, *St. Elizabeth*, the famous Hungarian Coronation March, and another oratorio named *Christus*. He became President of the Hungarian Academy of Music in 1875, and did a little teaching at Budapest. This giant died at Bayreuth in 1886. He was a wonderful personality. Nevada tells of meeting him in Paris towards the close of his life. It was one of those great gatherings of musicians—Liszt, Gounod, Rubenstein, Thomas, Délibes, Massenet, and Saint-Saëns. Nevada sang some of his songs, and Saint-Saëns played the accompaniments. The old Abbé was drawing near to the end of his life, and when his songs were sung went fast asleep in a spirit of reverential compliment, but as soon as someone else's music was played, he awakened instantly and listened intently.

This was so like Liszt. In Hungary, Liszt's is still a name to conjure with. Contemporary with Liszt was Francis Erkel, who was born at Békés-Gyula. Erkel is rightfully termed the creator of Hungarian opera. His predecessors as composers of opera were by no means of Erkel's calibre. Rusicska, Heinisch, and Bartay made some contribution, but they all lacked the genius which endures. Of Erkel's works, *Ladislaus Hunyadi* and *Bánk Bán* justify his fame. The overture of the former is remarkable, whilst the Swan Song and the Funeral March are pieces of fine classical composition. *Bánk Bán* is typically Hungarian, and visitors to Budapest should make an effort to hear it whenever it is performed. In it one both sees and feels something really, genuinely Magyar. Erkel wrote much, but these alone are famous and known. As a conductor he was also famous, for he laid the foundation of the Budapest Philharmonic Concerts. Work of this nature made its distinct appeal to musical circles, but Erkel will never be forgotten by the entire Magyar race, for it was he who composed the music of the national anthem, "Isten áldd meg a magyart." In the whole crowd of national hymns one may hear some more imposing, but none more inspiring. The genius and feeling of the nation seems to be concentrated in that song, and it reveals more than any other national hymn that I know.

This was more or less the golden age of Hungarian music. Men talked and wrote of it in distant capitals—marvelled at its strange, insinuating pathos, its captivating melodies, its range, and its rare combinations. Many understood it not, for none had tried to understand the Magyar. It was a new musical force, and often strange criticisms of the

race arose from criticisms of the music. There was something of the historic wildness continually peeping out from the bars of composition; something of that untaught yearning, that striving for recognition, that disappointment, which has often o'ertaken the Hungarian in his march of progress. The nation expressed itself musically, and the great world understood not. New forms then came into vogue with new men. Charles Goldmark was soon recognised as a dramatic composer of power. His chamber-music, symphonies, and songs earned more than a mere local appreciation. Goldmark, though born at Keszthely, was not destined to become a mere parochial composer. His poetic originality and his harmony, schooled into strength perchance beside the banks of Lake Balaton, won recognition immediately. By his "Spring," "Sappho," and the "Country Wedding," he is known in almost every European capital. But his "Queen of Sheba" and "Merlin" unfold the real greatness of the man. He worked slowly, re-wrote much, aiming always at an exceedingly high degree of excellence. Small triumphs satisfied him not. Thus endeth the race of Hungarian musical giants.

Composers have ever been prolific, but great compositions have been rare. In much of the work that followed Erkel, Liszt, and Goldmark there was much excellent writing, and a tunefulness which the old masters had not adequately grasped; but the stamp of genius could not be applied to much of the work. Both Thern and Huber wrote much, but greatness was not their achievement. Jenö Hubay, an eminent violinist, had also ambitions in the opera line, and one of his works achieved no little popularity. It is called *Falu rossza.* Mihalovich was another who

writes well and much. Of quantity there has been no stint, but quality seemed to revolve around a very narrow and select group. In connection with the contributors to Hungarian music, the names of Mosonyi and Cornelius Ábrányi the elder must not be omitted. Edward Bartay and Emerik Székely were others who as composers achieved some notoriety. Stephen Heller was also a pianist of renown, a rapid composer, and a distinguished teacher. His best work was done in Paris. The one-armed Count Géza Zichy created quite a sensation wherever he played, by his wonderful performances. By such as these, by the virtuoso more than the composer, the rich gifts of the Hungarian became known.

Crowds of song-writers. Egressy, Lányi, and Szigligety are names dear to the Magyar, but which are practically unknown in England. Modern music is known, but some of the great grand music-poems of the dead have never been heard even by the wondering English critic. Hungary made its contribution, in its own way, to the musical character of Europe. In Beethoven, Haydn, Schubert, and Weber one may find distinct Hungarian passages; whilst amongst the men of another generation and class the influence is equally strong. These are Berlioz, Volkmann, Brahms, Raff, Hofmann, Bülow, Massenet, Délibes, and Mascagni. A veritable host of worthies. In the realm of great exponents Hungary again has something to say. Joachim, Reményi, Auer, Singer, Richter, Vecsey, Poldini, Dohnányi, Nikish, and the two Szigetis are all great names. In grand opera to-day Hungary is also well equipped. Let not the name of William Beck or Rothhauser be omitted. The lighter forms of music find Fedak, Blaha, Petráss, and

Ráthonyi all good exponents. Singing is not one of the great achievements of the Magyars. Capable but not great in grand opera, much better actors than vocalists. Writers are as plentiful as ever, and production is prolific. Teachers are good. There is the one and only Popper, a veritable master of the "'cello." As a master he is incomparable. But he is only a Hungarian subject, not a Hungarian bred and born. There is always an eagerness to appropriate the great, therefore both Bohemia and Hungary lay claim to this genius of the strings. Lehar, that modern master of musical comedy, popular and prolific, is also claimed by two countries. Independent of all these claims, Hungary is rich enough in true-born sons and daughters to amply justify her rearing proudly her head in musical Europe.



NIGHT ON THE DANUBE, LOOKING TOWARDS BUDA

CHAPTER XVI

HUNGARY'S POLITICAL RELATION TO AUSTRIA

"A personal union carrying with it the duty of mutual defence."—DEÁK

IF there is one point upon which the foreigner on visiting Hungary is confused, yea, ignorant, it is regarding the relationship of Hungary to Austria. The Magyars are very sensitive about this being clearly defined, and attribute much of the hatred which they have to encounter to a wilful intention on the part of writers to distort and to disfigure the actual facts. For my brothers of the pen, or on behalf of those of English birth, I deny the wilfulness, but plead guilty to ignorance. Many of them ignorantly write of the "Austrian Empire." When such is supposed to include Hungary, then the error is great indeed. Even the term "Austro-Hungarian Empire" is an unhappy one. The essential fact to be realised and understood at the very beginning is that Austria and Hungary are severally autonomous. They have always been so. Therefore, when for political reasons they invested one person "with the external attributes of sovereignty," neither country subordinated to the other its absolute independence. So one sees an Emperor-King, the representative of two distinct codes of public law, the product of two

distinct nations. The person of a common ruler connects the two countries.

Just as long as there has been a Hungarian nation there has been a Constitution. The growth of this Constitution is parallel with the growth of the nation. At the end of the tenth century, when Christianity did its great work in Hungary, the King was invested with a vast prerogative. In those days it appeared a necessity to concentrate power upon a certain individual, seeing that the land was in constant danger both from the east and the west. This prerogative, however, did not go unchecked for long. Institutions sprang up. A national assembly, which was the gathering of all the freemen, and which soon developed into national representation, was recognised as a legislative force, seeing that its assent was essential to the giving of "permanent force to royal enactments." This epitome of constitutional history and usage may be of some special value to the traveller. Another feature to be remembered was the "semi-elective character of the crown, which, though vested in a reigning dynasty, could be transferred by election to any member of that dynasty, making it advisable for the King to conciliate public opinion if he wished to ensure succession to his son."

Independent of all this was that clause effective in the Golden Bull right down to 1686, "conferring in so many words on the estates of the realm a right of resistance to the King, should he infringe their liberties." Kingly prerogative thus underwent a change. The theory or idea of Hungary as a vassal State is therefore preposterous. It was in 1686 that the Hungarian crown became hereditary. A hundred and sixty years before this, the Habsburg dynasty

was called to the Hungarian throne. The Hungarians will never forget Mohács. Even then, when the Hungarian forces were so annihilated by the Turks, and the helplessness of the country was so apparent, and when Ferdinand, brother of the victorious Charles v. of Germany and Spain, was elected King of Hungary, even then there was no thought of merging the old kingdom into that of Austria. On the contrary, "the election and coronation of Ferdinand took place on the express condition that the independence of the Hungarian Crown and the Constitution of the realm should remain unimpaired." Hungary has never forfeited her right to such independence. She has been treated as a conquered nation, and absolute government has been tried to eradicate that innate sense of national liberty and constitutional government. But all such efforts have failed, and will fail.

Now, whilst the old method of monarchical election was dispensed with in 1686, something else had come into existence which in a measure balanced affairs up. Primarily there was the question of coronation, and after that all the necessary legislation surrounding such a ceremony. For instance, the old laws maintained that the heir to the throne must see that the crown is placed on his head "within six months of his accession." Supposing he should fail to observe this law, then he is shorn of legislative power. To be crowned he must possess the assent of the national representative bodies, who impose such conditions as they deem necessary. Thus is it that every coronation is virtually founded on a "new agreement between King and nation." This is all embodied in a document called the "Inaugural Diploma," to which is attached

the King's oath to observe the terms therein, and preserve the Constitution.

In this way one may clearly see the fundamental principle of Hungarian institutions, that all power has its source in the nation. The nation crowns the King, and his very prerogative is blended into one with popular rights. Count Apponyi declares that "both together, prerogative and people's rights are designated in their joint force and sacredness by the name of 'the holy Hungarian crown,' of which every Hungarian citizen is a member." As the first part of the Habsburg rule which ended in 1723 was productive of no juridical tie of any kind, it was hardly likely that the new epoch would see one. Neither did it. True, it witnessed oppression and obstruction, the latter the direct outcome of the former, but no welding tie was formed. The year 1723 is interesting from more than one point of view. It was the year of the celebrated "Pragmatic Sanction." This historic act settled several things, and probably unsettled many people. Notable was the conferring the right of descent upon the feminine branch of the House of Habsburg in connection with the Hungarian Crown. That is, "hereditary right to reign as Kings of Hungary is conferred on the male and female descendants of the Kings Leopold I., Joseph I., and Charles III., in conformity with the law of primogeniture already in vogue in the Austrian domains, to the effect that as long as the above-mentioned lineage lasts, the same physical person must infallibly reign in both countries, Hungary and Austria, with no legal possibility of division. The other collateral branches of the Austrian house have no right to succession in Hungary, though they may be possessed of it in Austria." The situation

as outlined by the Pragmatic Sanction is clear. When the above-mentioned lineage has run its course, then the old right of election will again be utilised, and utilised independently of anything Austria may do; whilst, as matters go to-day, foreign aggression is provided against, and the liberties of the nation respected. By this I mean that both countries are pledged to assist each other against foreign aggression.

In all this what can one discover that in any way impairs the independence of Hungary? In Law I. of 1790–91, Article 10, the following is found:—

"On the humble proposal of the estates and orders of the realm, his most Holy Majesty has been pleased to recognise:

"That, though the succession of the feminine branch of the Austrian House, decreed in Hungary and her annexed parts by the Laws I. and II. of 1723, belongs, according to the fixed order of succession and in indivisible and inseparable possession, to the same prince whose it is in the other kingdoms and hereditary domains, situated in or out of Germany: *Hungary with her annexed parts is none the less a free and independent kingdom, concerning her whole form of rule* (*including therein every branch of administration*), *which means: submitted to no other kingdom or people, but possessed of her own consistence and constitution;* therefore she must be ruled by her hereditary and crowned kings, consequently by his most Holy Majesty too, and by his successors, according to her own laws and customs, and not after the example of other provinces, as is already enacted by the Laws III. 1715, VIII. and XI. 1741."

Thus the names or titles "imperial" and "royal" are equal though distinct, the dignity of the one in

no whit surpassing the dignity of the other. Therefore in Hungarian public law "the Emperor of Austria is a foreign subject," and *vice versa*. What effect had the Revolution of 1848 and the interim to 1867 upon this position? In no way was the "legal continuity of the principles" destroyed, events untoward in themselves simply suspended them. The nation always, whatever the nature of the struggle, preserved the "legal continuity." During the moments of suspension the nation patiently awaited its opportunity, and the tide always turned. In 1867, feeling, thanks to able statesmanship and unremitting agitation, again flowed in the direction of Hungary. It was the year of the famous "Ausgleich." Naturally it meant change, new rules and new conditions, but in no essential part was the dignity of the nation lowered, nor its independence as a sovereign power weakened. Alongside of the wonderful recuperative force of the nation must be placed its tenacity to the juridical relationship of Hungary to Austria which had existed for so long a period, and which involved the independence of Hungary. The "Ausgleich" did many things, and amongst them it upheld the principles of the "Pragmatic Sanction," determining clearly national independence, and the mutual and common protection of the common safety. Having again secured this, means were then devised by which the question of mutual defence could be most fittingly arranged. Thus sprang into existence the "Delegations." By means of these joint action is unfailingly secured. Both the Hungarian and the Austrian Parliament selects a delegation which consists of sixty members, forty of whom are drawn from the elective House of Deputies and twenty from the Magnates. These are

elected for one year, but the members may be re-elected. In the case of a dissolution of Parliament the Delegations share the same fate. The Emperor and King alternately summon the Delegations to meet at Vienna and Budapest. Each delegation has its president and officers, and the sittings are held independently. A decision is arrived at by an absolute majority. Supposing, however, there is a difference of opinion, an attempt is made to settle the question by correspondence. Should this fail after a threefold exchange of communications, a joint session is held, in which—without discussion—the question is put, and by a mere absolute majority decided. I do not think this has ever happened. I have often asked the question, What would happen if the voting was equal? Who would decide? In Hungarian law there appears no provision made for such a possibility. This is a grave defect. The business of the Delegations is concerned with the "Common Affairs" of Austria and Hungary. What are these? The three absorbing questions are foreign affairs, common defence, and finance. To provide for a Common Ministry of Foreign Affairs and War necessitated the formation of the third Common Ministry—that is, of Finance. The first two Ministries and their functions will doubtless be clearly apprehended, but the third is open to some mystification. The expenses of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and of War are jointly borne by both countries "in proportion to their comparative financial power." How is this gauged? Practically by the results of taxation. Therefore your Common Minister of Finance is not the inventor nor institutor of a financial policy, in the accepted sense of such; but rather a cashier who, receiving contributions from both countries, disburses

them to the "respective common departments." In passing, it should be mentioned that "it is merely accidental that the Common Minister of Finance is now generally entrusted with the government of Bosnia-Herzegovina."

The Common Ministry of Foreign Affairs naturally implies a Common Diplomatic Service. Hence you may always, or at least you should, read—Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister. The Foreign Minister must keep up a regular communication with foreign States, and with regard to foreign lands it is his business to watch over the interests which concern both States and their subjects, to consider international treaties, and in general the business of foreign commerce and international communication. To all this some critics would add "and continually to consult Berlin." The Common War Minister deals with the joint army and marine. The Hungarian *Honvéd*, or national army, is, however, controlled by the Hungarian Minister of National Defence, save in the questions relating to mobilisation for war. In such a case control falls upon the Commander-in-Chief, who is named by the King. *In public law the individuality of the Hungarian Army has been expressly maintained.* The importance of the Delegations is obvious. This is clear from the business transacted concerning commerce and customs. Every ten years the relationship of one country to the other in a commercial sense crops up. But all the business of the Delegations relating to commerce and customs must bear the impress of satisfaction of the Legislature.

A question that continually excites attention in Hungary is the extent of the quota that country should contribute to the Common Budget. This year the contribution of the Hungarians has been slightly increased. The contribution is included in the

domestic Budget of the country. At first one may appear to discover a limitation or restriction of the financial power of the Hungarian Chamber. This is illusionary. Though the Hungarian Chamber has no special power to change any of the amounts contained in the Common Budget, it can refuse to endorse them if it should consider that the Delegations had exceeded their powers. The manner in which the Delegations act in connection with Parliament is more simple than it can be made to appear on paper. And it must be continually borne in mind that these Common Ministers have neither right nor "power to intervene or exercise influence in matters which concern either Austria or Hungary exclusively." These Common Ministers therefore do not represent a superior domain in the sense of being able to control Hungary. On the contrary, it is a uniting bond, but one which does not bind. The "Ausgleich" is simply a law so very much like any other law, which can be either abolished or changed at "Hungary's uncontrolled pleasure.' The entire machinery of the Delegations, legally speaking, "can be destroyed by an independent act of the Hungarian Legislature." Thus Hungary stands as heretofore an independent and sovereign State.

There is no Austro-Hungarian territory, and no Austro-Hungarian citizens. At the moment of writing the citizens of Austria enjoy the privilege of universal suffrage, whilst those of Hungary vote under the old Franchise Act. Qualifications vary in each country, and no man can become the citizen of Austria without giving up his citizenship in Hungary. The double term "Austria-Hungary" then implies not one empire, but "the permanent union of two nations for certain international purposes."

CHAPTER XVII

THE DANUBE

"Nature can do no more than physicians."—CROMWELL

THE Danube is neglected more than it should be. People only know it in patches. It is not fashionable. In Hungary to-day the tendency is to know about other countries first. In a measure this is also true of England, though scanty linguistic capacity keeps many timorous souls at home. This excuse will not meet the Hungarian case. I looked at the broad, swift-flowing Danube a long time before I ventured even to cross from one bank to the other on one of the "propellers." The visitor is beset with considerations which do not weigh with the Magyars. Most people, for instance, come direct to Budapest—from somewhere. From Budapest short interesting trips are difficult to arrange. The shortest is too short and the longest too long. Hence they leave Hungary without really seeing the Danube. To see the Danube properly one must at least go from Vienna to Orsova. You will not even then see all the Danube, but you will see some of the most picturesque scenery. One of the chief considerations of the American visitor is shortness of time, yet more Americans than English take the journey between Vienna and Budapest by boat instead of train. It is worth it in the summer.



MARIA THERESA'S CASTLE, POZSONY

Americans less than the English fear the difficulties of language. Englishmen as a rule move within a certain touring orbit, and within that radius kindly souls bridge over the language question.

The difficulties on the boats running to and from Orsova are not great. Many of the chief officers on the Erste K.K. priv Donau-Dampfschiffahrts-Gesellschaft boats speak a little English, and are always glad to increase their store. The boats are good, and the food affording and not too expensive. Leaving Vienna, one must needs pass through Austrian territory for some thirty miles. Even this has its own interest. One's memory of the Napoleonic struggle of 1809 is refreshed by passing Aspern, Essling, and Wagram. Later comes Deutsch-Altenburg, Hütelberg, with its neighbouring Roman ruins, and Rottenstein Castle. Time passes quite pleasantly until Dévény is sighted. Here the scenic atmosphere changes. It is often the first glimpse of Hungary that one obtains. At first it strikes one as commonplace. To me it made this one appeal, that of restful strength. True, there are a hundred places that provide such, but the pastoral strength of this view after one has just left the noisy Viennese streets, and all the attractions of the city, is powerfully borne in upon one.

At the foot of the ruined castle which immediately demands an examination of the guide-book, lies the little market town of Dévény, in a charming valley. Those whose business it is to tap rocks with their tiny geological hammers tell us that once a huge inland sea flowed up here and covered the Hungarian lowlands. Here the fossil-hunter has found traces of antediluvian times, remains of strange animals, and pottery. Curious souls even to-day wander out in

search of these century-stones. Mountains begin to loom in all their natural greyness. These are not spurs of the Alps, but on that lofty crag upon which rests the stately ruins of Dévény one may behold the extreme peak of the Lesser Carpathians. Gazing down the river, another eminence with another castle rich in decay meets the eye. It is the old fortress of Pozsony. The place looked so interesting that I determined to break my journey here and explore the ramparts of the town. For many reasons I am glad I did this. Pozsony is a city off the touring track. It is just one of those towns that are known from the carriage window. In the town I found a multitude of interests. Historic struggle has drawn deep furrows across the face of the town. These do not disfigure, they only accentuate and remind. Not until the ninth century did its name appear in early history, but from that period onwards to 1848, Pozsony was connected with all the great Hungarian movements. Perhaps one ought to give its Baedeker or German name of Pressburg. The strategical position of the town was important, hence the repeated attacks it was called upon to repel. In 1042 it was destroyed by the Germans, but was so speedily rebuilt and fortified that it successfully withstood two noted and powerful attempts at capture within a short period. Alas! in 1271 the city fell again. Moving rapidly over the crowded past until 1541 is reached, the greatness of Pozsony is beheld in the fact that when in that year Buda was Turk-ridden, this little Danube town became the capital of Hungary. Here kings were crowned, and from here the ministers of State directed the affairs of the land. Even after the Turks had vacated Buda and had been driven over the frontier lines, Pozsony



ORSOVA

retained its glory and power. It was here that the Austrian and Hungarian malcontents concluded the treaty with the Archduke Matthias against Rudolf II. In 1619 the town again fell, and this time into the hands of that Protestant hero Bethlen Gábor. Three years later the Imperialists avenged a former defeat, and the city was recovered. Such were the fluctuations of Pozsony. Then there was that memorable parliamentary session of 1687, when the Magyars accepted the principle of hereditary succession. History mounts upon the shoulders of history to fascinate one here. The age of Maria Theresa immortalised Pozsony. Who has forgotten the opposition to her from without? The enmity of Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, and France? The flight of Maria to Pozsony, the summoning of the Diet, her appearance before that assembly on September 11, 1741, with her infant son Joseph in her arms, her appeal in Latin to the largeness and the loyalty of the nobles, and their declaration, "Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa." These events made history, and with it assured a niche for Pozsony. Another event which increases the attraction of the city is the fact that here on the 26th of December 1805 peace was made between Napoleon and Francis I. after Austerlitz. Thus, from event to event did Pozsony progress until the dawn of the Hungarian struggle for Independence in 1848, continuing to be the seat of the Legislature, and as such the scene of those momentous reform debates which heralded the Revolution. Pozsony to-day is quite another place. It has lost its political significance, but won laurels in the fields of commerce. Its old-time dignity sits nobly upon the city still. Walking its streets and conversing with its citizens brings back in vivid tones

the past. The old-world air of the place reminds one of an English cathedral town. Yet there is much activity. Its population of 70,000 are not dreamers, and there is an atmosphere of German commercialism about the place. The dynamite factory produces more than one million kilograms of explosive material annually, and there is a large business done in tobacco, papers, brushes, ribbons, leather-work, liqueurs, confectionery, corn and wine. It is a curious combination of learning and business. There is an excellent Academy of Jurisprudence and Philosophy here, and numerous religious seminaries. Pozsony is the see of an evangelical bishop, and the headquarters of one of the fifteen army-corps of the Hungarian Army. It is, in fact, an up-to-date little city with a historic background. Churches and Jews flourish here. The Cathedral dates from the eleventh century, and is in the Gothic style. Here the Hungarian kings were crowned formerly. Apart from this the church is interesting because it contains the tomb of that great preacher Peter Pázmány, and a statue of St. Martin in the garb of a hussar, cast in lead by the celebrated Donner. Pozsony has, in fact, all the characteristics of a great city, attractions enough to satisfy a place ten times its size. The natural beauties of its surroundings provide numerous excursions, of which I have tried not a few. Catching the boat again and pursuing the journey to Budapest, almost the first thing that one notices is the uninteresting flatness of the land. It is almost like Holland in parts. Here begins the Little Hungarian Plain. Scarcely out of sight of Pozsony, the Danube takes it into its head to divide up into two parts. This seems to the visitor an odd caprice. But it does it all the same. The smaller stream, bent upon

exploration, bears the name of the Csallóköz Danube. A little farther on the wild force of the Vág joins in with it, and this sort of Vág-Duna rejoins the main stream, forming as it does the island of a hundred villages—Csallóköz. Then comes Szigetköz, another mid-Danubian island, at the extreme end of which is Gönyö. Here one may find a group of tired and disappointed gold-washers. They say that twelve hours' work as a rule only produces a few grains of gold, save when the heavy floods are on. This is a most important navigation centre. There is little to attract the eye on either bank now for some time. One can hardly imagine a royal river like this becoming so dull and monotonous. Things brighten up a little before the boat reaches Komárom. Were it not for the islands in between, Komárom would be seen much earlier. One of these island enjoys a bit of history all to itself, and was named by reason of it. It is said that Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, first touched Hungarian soil here in 1857, consequently the island is named Elizabeth Island. Just before the boat reaches Komárom a stop is made for a moment at Uj-Szöny. This is quite an important little junction. Everybody seemed busy except the railway officials, who were engaged in explaining the causes of late trains. One never expects a steamboat to keep good time, for everybody seems to work against it. Komárom, with its 20,000 souls, stands out with a certain hauteur of character. I gathered that this arose from its fortified position. It seemed to say, "Express your love but not your hate here." Experts told me that the fortress is one of the most formidable in Hungary. The great fort is humorously fortified, or surrounded by fortifications. These originated in

the sixteenth century. So impregnable were the fortifications in the past that it was assailed in vain, and earned for itself the name of "Virgin Komárom." Even during the struggle for liberty in 1848 it was the last to abandon the contest, being heroically defended by General Klapka. Here stands to-day a fine monument to the General by Joseph Róna. On both banks of the Danube now for some way marble quarries may be found. Before reaching the next large town, Esztergom, some idea of Hungary's mineral wealth may be gauged. Stone quarries, coal mines, cement works, thermal springs, all more or less huddled up closely together, as if dependent one upon the other. But it is only churches and monuments that the ordinary visitor is out for to see. The things that make for national greatness and well-being lie too deep below the surface for the "tripper."

Esztergom is interesting. Rising some 215 feet above the Danube is a hill upon which stands in the form of a Basilica a memorial of the town's past and present ecclesiastical glory. It is in the Italian Renaissance style, and by reason of its exalted position particularly imposing. It is said that churches are all alike. Here is one that is an exception. The building was commenced in 1820, when Rudnay was Primate of Hungary, consecrated by Scitovszky in 1856, and completed by Simor. The dome is 260 feet high, and the nave 350 feet long. Of paintings of note the church has few. There are three large altarpieces by Grigoletti, the others deserve no special mention. Some of the statues are good, notably Canova's "Ambrosius Charles," with others by Schrott, Ferenczy, and Strobl. On no account must one miss visiting the Bakács

Chapel. So few things of this order of merit exist in Hungary, that it would be a sin to miss it. The artistic merit of the chapel is exceptionable. There is an altar there in white marble, the work of Andrea Ferrucci; whilst in the west end, at the back of the big altar, other priceless treasures may be found. There is a marvellous Cloisonné enamel, "The Kiss of Peace"; a twelfth-century cross used for coronation purposes, and beside it the Apostolic Cross, a rich example of Renaissance jewellery. But the great thing for lovers of church ornaments to see is the wonderful "Calvary of Matthias Corvinus." It is rich in its Renaissance splendour, and adorned with 213 Oriental pearls. Right at the base of the hill, beside the pretty little church of St. Anne, stands the palace of the Primate. It is a modern building, but extremely beautiful, whilst it contains one of the finest collections of paintings in Hungary. There one may find Giotto, Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, Guido Reni, Caracci, and Palnezaro. A speciality has been made of engravings, and the collection at Esztergom contains rich examples of the art of Dürer, Rembrandt, Leyden, and Van Dyck. One may spend a long summer's day amongst the churches of Esztergom. The bulk of the journey to Budapest has now been covered, and echoes of the larger life of the country already reach attentive souls. The boat stops more often now. At Nagy-Maros and at Visegrád. Both are tourist centres for the summer crowds. The latter has some picturesque ruins. As early as the eleventh century a castle stood here which was occupied by the Hungarian kings, and upon which the art and genius of Matthias Corvinus was lavished. It was disfigured and

practically destroyed by the Turks, and Leopold added to its decease by dismantling the fortifications. To-day only Solomon's Tower stands to remind one of the distant past of Visegrád. At Vácz one finds quite a nice little town. And amongst other distinctions an episcopal see. At the far end of the town stands a triumphal arch commemorating the entry of Maria Theresa. The sounds of a great city and its commercial strife grow louder and louder. Now the Budapest Waterworks is passed, Aquincum, Old Buda, Margaret Island, and then one is landed in the very heart of the city and beside all the best hotels. Thus about 167 miles has been covered in thirteen hours. Only the towns are interesting *en route*, but the journey to Orsova has no big towns, and the beauty is only found in the lower reaches of the Danube. Part of the trip, that from Báziás to Orsova, is really great. I have taken the boats of the Magyar Folyam és Tengerhajózási Részvény Társaság at all seasons of the year, and seen the view under all kinds of climatic conditions, but it has always been grand. After meandering along the busy wharves, where in summer swarthy Magyars in an artistic variety of knickerbockers and shirts carry to and fro the merchandise for Vienna or the Black Sea, one finally escapes civilisation again, and with few regrets. The last thing that remains in one's memory is not the palaces of Budapest, but those bronzed lightermen, those athletic-looking dockers. Artists simply rave over the blue and reds of their home-made garments. The dead speaks in its own way, but we carry thoughts of the living with us. We pass by unheeded almost *Budafok* with its champagne reputation, and *Érd* with its page in



ON THE DANUBE NEAR VISEGRÁD

Turkish history. Even *Ercsi* and *Adony* fail to elicit surprise or kindle excitement, when it is known that in one a great poet-statesman lies buried, and in the other a Hungarian traitor general allowed a Hungarian Imperialistic partisan to be executed. It takes more to attract people to-day. The world is rapidly growing *blasé*. Quite a dozen small places are thus hit off. One celebrated for its wheat, another for its archbishop, and a third for its wine. I remember the wine, and the traveller in Hungary must try some of the famous Szegszárd red wine. The climatic conditions all favour good wine. A usually long but mild winter, with few spring frosts, little hail, and in summer a regular tropical heat. Try the genuine Szegszárd wine when you visit Hungary, and you will find it smooth, aromatic, a trifle dry, but most agreeable. The Lengyel estate owned by Count Alexander Apponyi also produces some excellent red wine. But one must not tarry too long over the wine-cup, for there is Baja to see, and after Baja comes Mohács. Here the destiny of Hungary was twice decided, or at least influenced. Poor Louis II. but 160 years after this defeat was wiped out by Charles of Lorraine. After leaving Mohács the scenery bestirs itself a little, and on leaving Palánka, with its famous Franciscan convent, Futtak discloses a remarkably beautiful panorama. This suffices until Ujvidék is reached. There is an air of massiveness about this compact town. Its ten churches reflect the strength of Greek-Catholicism. This is also the land of corn and wine. Ujvidék is essentially one of those places to be seen from a distance. Taken as read, so to speak. Opposite is the small town of Pétervárad, with its large prison.

One more important little town, Karlocza, the seat of the Servian Patriarch, and Zimony is reached. The shadow of history still hangs over Karlocza, for peace was concluded here with the Turks in 1699. Each town and hamlet has its atmosphere. Zimony on the right bank of the Danube is the Hungarian-Servian frontier town. Zimony always interests me. Perhaps it is because of its nearness to Servia. How often have I gazed across at the "White City of the Hill," so replete with tragedy, noting every line of its grim old fortifications. In every Slav race there is colour. Here one may feel it, for the separating river does not destroy its power. It is a new page of history that one turns over. Belgrad makes a distant appeal, and you always want to discover what this is. Other steamboats, however, convey you to and from the Servian capital every two hours. Show your passport, and away you may go. It is early morn when the boat leaves Zimony for Orsova. Everything interests now, history being the medium. The landscape now flat, now rugged; now blooming with its fertility, now barren and sterile. Variation satisfies. At Pancsova the navigable *Temes* falls into the Danube, which is now about two kilometres wide. On the opposite bank stands Semendria. The last time that I visited this place was with the Hungarian and Servian journalists. I shall never forget the speeches and the grapes. The place wears a sad, regretful look. Its ruined old fortress eloquently attests the old-time Turkish occupation. The eye has much to take in, and rapidly. Now comes Kubin, and "Nobody's Island." Jókai has immortalised this island in his novel *The Gold Man*. Fishing and the production of caviar is what the

inhabitants live from. One is contented with all this until Báziás is reached, for here begin the great natural attractions of the Danube. Many people travel by rail from Budapest to Báziás in order to save time, and it is much wiser for those to do so whose holiday is limited. At the railway restaurant one may sleep for a few hours, but not in luxurious rooms. Years ago the part from Báziás to Sip on the Servian bank was unnavigable for boats drawing much water. Thanks, however, to Count Stephen Széchenyi, a navigation scheme was initiated, but which, owing to certain financial and technical difficulties, had unfortunately to be postponed for a time. Cataracts were numerous, and huge blocks of rocks rendered the passage extremely dangerous and difficult. Later new plans were designed, and as late as 1883 a National Commission sat to investigate the possibilities of carrying out the idea mooted by Széchenyi. Baross, Hungary's great Minister of Commerce, then some ten years after commenced the work, which has conferred a great benefit to commerce and tourists. Cataracts simply abounded. The Stenka Cataract was first controlled, but not before some 18,000 cubic metres of solid rock had been removed from the river-bed. Another deep channel was dug at Kozla-Dajke, Izlás-Tachtalia, and a dam was constructed from the Grében to Milanovac. This was a giant enterprise, in which nearly 500,000 cubic metres of stone were used. But the most dangerous piece of work was the cataract formed by a chain of rocks which constituted a link between the Carpathians and the Balkans. Here was excavated a channel "enclosed by dams, 1720 metres long, 75 metres wide, and 3 metres deep." The value of all this is

clearly seen in the fact that formerly boats drawing 18 decimetres of water only travelled between Orsova and Turn-Severin for 91 days during the season. Now 271 days are possible. In 1896 this marvellous canal, called the "Iron Gates," was opened for traffic in the presence of Emperor-King Francis Joseph and the Kings of Roumania and Servia. The cost of the work was some 31,000,000 crowns. On the Hungarian bank is fixed a tablet bearing these words:—

AZ ALDUNAI VASKAPUNAK ÉS A TÖBBI ZUHATAGNAK
AZ 1888. ÉVI XXVI. T.-CZ. ÁLTAL ELRENDELT SZABÁLYOZÁSA MEGKEZDETETT
I. FERENCZ JÓZSEF
URALKODÁSA ALATT
GRÓF SZÁPÁRY GYULA
MINISTERELNÖK IDEJÉBEN
BELLUSI BAROSS GÁBOR
KERESKEDELEMÜGYI MINISTER ÁLTAL
1890. ÉVI SZEPTEMBER 15-ÉN.
ISTEN ÁLDÁSA LEGYEN E MÜVÖN ÉS MEGALKOTÓIN!

(The work of regulating the Iron Gate and the other Danube rapids, decreed by Act XXVI. of 1888, was begun on September 15, 1890, by Gabriel Baross de Bellus, Minister of Commerce, during the reign of Francis Joseph I., Julius Szápáry being Prime Minister. May the blessing of God rest on this work and its creators!) Such is the history of the Kazan Pass in its modern form. Báziás, however, is nearly three hours' ride to Kazan, and Moldova, Galambócz, Drenkova, and Szvinicza must be passed ere the famous defile is entered. All these places have their own unique history or legend. Moldova has its copper mines to boast of, whilst just below Moldova a huge

rock seems to rear its head from the middle of the stream with a strange menace. It is the Babakaj rock. Tradition tells of the elopement of a young Magyar with a beautiful Turkish woman, once the queen of a harem. Ill-fortune attended the adventure, for the youth was captured, after a gallant swim across the Danube, and beheaded. As a reward the maiden was banished to the Babakaj rock, and forced to wear the head of her lover as a neck ornament, and to remind her of the folly of her act. Some say that she was starved to death here by her revengeful husband. Lovers of all nationalities are pointed out this rock and told its legend, but nothing will deter man or woman from risking all for those whom they love.

I was told the story of the bravery of Stephen Rozgonyi and his wife at Galambócz, who saved from capture King Zsigmond. There is a cavern also here, famous for its flies, which carry poison with them everywhere. In summer the poor cattle are said to succumb from the stings of these swamp-bred insects.

But it is the Kazan Pass that all travellers come so far to see. One advances towards it with a sense of thrill. Wild, recriminating rocks on either side, light and shade varying at every turn of the wheel, all eyes fixed, all wrapped in silence. The very grandeur of the situation compels all this. The past again appeals. Ordinary things are forgotten, and one feels that here the great of past ages have tramped. It is more than beautiful, it is grand. On one side is the famous Trajan road, and an inscription dating back to the reign of the great Trajan (101 A.D.) marks the place where a road was built by hewing into the solid rock, during one of his great campaigns against the Dacians. Rub up your Latin, and read :—

IMP. CAESAR. DIVI NERVAE F.
NERVA TRAJANUS AUG. GERM.
PONTIFEX MAXIMUS TRIB. POTI IIII.
PATER, PATRIAE COS IIII.
MONTIS . . L . . HAN . . . . BUS
SUP . . AT . . . . . E . . . . .

It is a feast of memory. The past is made to re-live. Even Széchenyi and his own marvellous road is forgotten for a moment. It is small wonder that Hungarians rave about this most beautiful of passes. The scenery awes one. One feels like stopping to worship amid such surroundings. The grand, great past blots out the present, and inspires. A little cavern on the left bank of the river recalls again the struggles against the Turks. It is said that here some 700 soldiers kept 3000 Turks at bay for forty-five days in 1692. The place reeks with memories, and, despite its solemn silence, one feels close to activity. This is one of the contributions history makes to feeling. But the long ride is almost over. Even the red wine of Szegszárd has now lost its strength, and is almost forgotten and obliterated by the old-time feeling the Kasan Pass engendered. White Belgrad is now only a fading memory. One is conscious that the enduring feature of the trip is the Pass, and nothing but the Pass.

Orsova, however, has not been reached, and though luggage is being huddled together in the gangways, and heavy coats and rugs collected, there is still something to see. Orsova itself demands attention. I remember being hurried by an excited young Hungarian friend to a little chapel not far distant from the landing-stage, which bears the name of the Crown Chapel. It appears that Bertalan Szemere, after the sad Világos result, buried near here the Hungarian

crown and insignia. Many have attributed this act to Louis Kossuth himself. Probably one of Szemere's three confederates betrayed the secret of its hiding-place, for in some way the crown and jewels were found, and carried to Vienna by a special man-of-war. I spent several days at Orsova, but only two other things created any special interest. One was its nearness to Roumanian territory, for I wanted to see something of the ways of the people just over the frontier. The other was that romantic little Danube island called Ada-Kaleh. Once this queer, quaint-looking little spot enjoyed fame. After the Peace of Passarowitz (1718) Charles III. fortified the place, the remains of which may be seen to this day. Some twenty-one years later the island fell into the hands of the Turks, and though, after a long siege, Joseph II. regained it, the Peace of Sistor (1790) saw it again held by the enemies of Hungary. By the provisions of the Berlin Treaty, the Turkish garrison was withdrawn, and soldiers of the Dual Monarchy posted there in defence. There is something of an anomaly about its position. Passing over to it in a little rowing boat one day, I was fortunate in witnessing a strange event. It was the departure of a batch of Turks. The episode appealed to me. Such a queer-looking little place it is, and so Turkish in spirit. The larger questions of Hungarian politics have not disturbed its Mohammedan serenity since 1878, and the entire spirit of its peoples has remained Oriental. It is strange that no Magyar impress is visible, and it speaks well for Hungarian toleration that the residents of this island have in no way been disturbed by legislative changes. Even to this day they are exempted from taxation and military service.

Wandering as I did amongst its fascinating walks, gazing at the depressed crowd in "robes and fez," it seemed almost impossible to be so far West as I really was. Quietly and orderly this Oriental crowd manages to eke out a living by cultivating tobacco, wine, and roses, together with a not inconsiderable fishing trade. The first time I visited the island I saw it under exceptional circumstances. It was swathed in sadness, for sixteen poor families were leaving for a new home. Altogether some eighty souls represented these families, who left for Galatz by boat. Their new home was to be across the Bosphorus, where the Sultan was founding a new colony. Here a large tract of good land had been placed at their disposal; one pair of oxen, and one plough, together with exemption from taxation for seven years. Such was the Sultan's gift to each head of a family. Now only some 500 Turks are left on the island, and it is feared that even further encroachments will be made upon this number. Soon one fears this historic island will need repeopling, but doubtless with a less picturesque race than its present occupants. What will happen with the exodus of the Turks one cannot exactly foresee, but it is hoped that something will be done to prevent such a calamity of romance. These are the compensating spots of which Hungary is scant. It would be a pity to destroy the peacefulness which the present occupation has developed. These oases ought to be preserved, if only for the benefit of the visitor. Modern places and institutions have their place, even Western civilisation has its values, but to destroy the past and the Eastern in this the nearest of the Near East would be an act of vandalism indeed.

CHAPTER XVIII

AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE

"Here is the land,
Shaggy with wood,
With its old valley,
Mound, and flood."

WE are all agriculturalists. This is as trite, or as true, as saying, "We are all Socialists now." The strength and wealth of Hungary lies in the land. Ruskin was perfectly right when he said, "Neither the avarice nor the rage of men will ever feed them." In Hungary one is continually being asked by the inquiring visitor about the staple industry of the land. On what does the country depend? The obvious answer to-day is, Its agriculture. If you ask me what is the commercial ambition of Hungary, I am forced to answer that it is industrial. But the fact remains, Hungary is an agricultural country. In this fact lies much of its interest and the whole of its strength. Hungary is handicapped, however, by one grave defect, or perhaps it is better to say one urgent need—business capacity. The handling of things earthly, the participating in such mundane affairs as sale and barter, was, and is even to-day, alas! too, far from the mind of the Hungarian youth when he is determining upon a vocation. Hungary is con-

sequently full of men with a doctor's degree, who seek the more gilded avenues provided by the *ministeriums*, with its less lucrative livelihood. Therefore, where the need is less the market is glutted with labour, whilst in the larger fields of enterprise men of education and position are really needed. This habit of mind gave the Jews their great opportunity, and what of trade or commerce exists to-day in Hungary is practically a result of their patience and perseverance. The time will come when this state of affairs will need correction. It is bad policy on the part of the *tiszta Magyar* to allow these avenues of power to remain uncontrolled. In a measure something is done by State intervention, but even this excellent work performed by the various Ministers of Agriculture and their excellent assistants does not fully cover the need, I think. It will be a happy day for Hungary when its youth graduates not in law, but in agriculture; when it is not thought an inferior occupation, and not the work of a gentleman. In such matters we are less aristocratic in England.

To all agricultural countries the measure of Hungary's State interference must be of great interest. Much of this State aid is due to the energy and genius of one man—Dr. Darányi. He is enthused by the very romance of agriculture, and the individual enthusiasm results in national well-being. The State has and is doing excellent work in all branches of agriculture, viticulture, horticulture, sericulture, and pisciculture. But it does more, it interests itself in bee-keeping, veterinary administration, horse breeding, forestry, and a host of other excellent experiments are always being undertaken. Thanks to Dr. Darányi, a new spirit has come over agriculture. It is perfectly clear, then, that



THE AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM, BUDAPEST

Hungary with its great governmental agricultural policy, and the large class of farmers who have always been independent of such aid, is justly styled not industrial but agricultural. How far, then, has the State succeeded in its policy of intervention? In what direction has it worked? Farming in all its branches has been touched by the State, and Government papers tell their own story of failure and success. The mere question of the advisability of State interference is not for me to discuss, it is rather my business to present a picture of what has been accomplished and the lines the productive capacity of the country is now taking. It is not mine even to discuss the distribution of the land. It may be that genuine land hunger exists, that conditions are against the small peasant proprietors, that the Church and the Magnates swallow up not merely the bulk of the agricultural land, but the best of it. Time and an extended franchise will doubtless change much in this direction. The root of all political dissension in England is the land, and in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales the same thing is true. Therefore it may be that political discontent on one hand, and agricultural limitation on the other, may have their source in a common evil. The redistribution of seats is much easier than a redistribution of land. Simply regarding conditions as they are with no thoughts of equality or inequality, one naturally asks in which direction lies the productive capacity of agricultural Hungary. Let it not be forgotten that four-fifths of the soil produce maize and grapes. Really great climatic extremes are not encountered, owing to the situation of Hungary. The noble Carpathians act as a breakwater, in the north dispersing the cold winds, whilst in the south the

hotter currents are deftly steered into the Alföld. In certain districts the weather is most tantalising, particularly on the plains, where drought and flood alternate. Here one sees a kind of hardiness alike in what is produced and those who labour to produce it. The "unfit" stand a poor chance in Hungary.

It was pleasing to note the increase in wheat growing. Both England and America can give Hungary points in this direction, though no better flour is produced than by the Hungarian roller process. With half the land sown with cereals a good show is made. The strength of State intervention appears to have been spent in other directions. Cattle breeding and viticulture answer for much of this. Seed distribution, however, goes on. Take, for instance, the cultivation of potatoes. In England good seed is cheap and plentiful, and most men with a garden are experts. Prior to 1901 it was not so with Hungary. In that year the Minister of Agriculture made arrangements with three large farms in Bars, Nyitra, and Szepes, to grow special kinds of potatoes, from seeds provided by the Minister. These potatoes for seed purposes were distributed the following year to smaller farms owned by the lesser clergy and schoolmasters, on condition that the next year the process of handing over should go on, and the smaller farmers benefit. In this manner the seed was distributed until it covered all the cultivable areas. Hence potatoes are good, but few know how to cook them properly. Attention is also specially paid to the cultivation of barley for malting purposes. The State started by using the farmers' clubs as a medium of distribution. Then special barley fairs were encouraged, and finally co-operative societies were formed for its production and

distribution. Cultivation was taught, and the best seed provided at cost price. The State railways also aided the development of barley by making special rates for its transit to Fiume for export.

Experiments in hemp cultivation have not been altogether encouraging. In this department also enlightenment was necessary, and particularly in those districts inhabited by the nationalities. The State has had to occupy the position of a great teacher as well as a great helper. Away in the past agriculture was hampered by the continuous wars, by lack of labour, and undeveloped means of communication. Strife over, these evils have in a large measure been remedied, but incompetence and ignorance were the hardest elements to dethrone. Considerable attention has been devoted to hemp and flax cultivation Artificial hemp-damping stations were started, buying halls opened, dépôts for buying and preparing the flax instituted, and all interest focused upon those areas where both the land and the people evinced special aptitude for progress.

Hop growing is another aided industry. Hungary is scarcely able to supply more than one-half of the home demand. Here again a similar process of distribution is observed. If the visitor would see what Hungary has done in this direction, he must go down to Segesvár, in Transylvania. The cultivation of tobacco has perhaps been one of the most encouraging, spirit-distilling being another. In 1896 the Minister of Agriculture decided as far as possible to establish model peasant farms in each county. In the first six years 82 were started. The area of the model peasant farms varies according to local circumstances, the average arable land being between

eight-and-thirty holds (about twelve holds to forty-five acres). Help of all kinds is given, such as agricultural machines, cattle for breeding, seedlings, seeds, and sometimes means for the improvement of farm buildings; but the whole amount or value must not exceed £80. Added to this the farmer is supposed to lend his implements to a fellow-farmer whenever possible.

In the realm of statistics the Ministry of Agriculture excels. To-day it must have nearly 2000 correspondents who collect every imaginable form of agricultural data. For instance, a correspondent notifies the presence of a pest in a certain district, means are instantly instituted then for its abolition. By such means also a forecast of harvest is easily attainable. The Department publishes every ten days during the summer the reports of the various correspondents on all subjects of vital interest. "And when all the crops are gathered at the end of October, the correspondents draw up, on the basis of the known data, a final valuation of the produce of the agricultural year. These reports are summarised by the Central Statistical Office for districts and counties, and then published. In 1900 the Hungarian Government made an agreement with the Government of the United States of America to exchange their reports on the condition of the crops in the summer months by telegram." It is clear even to the casual observer that agriculture is the nation's staple industry.

Naturally one who is at all socially or economically minded turns and says, "What is the condition of the worker amidst such an elaborate scheme of administration?" It is too often true that the agricultural labourer is the last man thought of by nations in their



A FARMHOUSE NEAR PÉCS, TRANS-DANUBIAN HUNGARY

desire for progress. Man, like politics, is too often taken for granted. Opinions are at variance both in Hungary and without concerning the conditions of life and labour on the farm. Even legislation—recent legislation—has been variously apprehended. The Socialists aver that a system bordering upon feudal service exists, whilst the landed gentry repudiate it. Doubtless there are exaggerations on both sides, but it must not be lost sight of that Hungary is only just awakening to the trumpet call of modern Western civilisation, and old systems are not destroyed in a single campaign, neither does truth and right always seize hold of the complete man all at once. In England some reforms were frightfully slow in coming, particularly those touching the land and the labourer. Things are therefore in Hungary not as bad as they say they are, and not as good as they ought to be. Wages, though on the rise, have not yet reached the contented standard. The enormous exodus to America has in a measure influenced the movement towards betterment, for a demand has been created. In 1902, for instance, labourers received a shilling a day in the spring of the year, about one and threepence in summer, twopence less in autumn, and ninepence during the winter months. These amounts represent more than they do in England. It is always a mystery how the poor live.

In viticulture the giant struggle has been against phylloxera. It was a terrible battle; and not until the best vineyards at the Balaton, on the hills of Ménes, and Tokaj, to say nothing of Eger, Szegszárd, and Villány, had been destroyed, did the country really awaken. In the districts mentioned misery and poverty flourished after the destruction of the vineyards,

and the pacification of this led perhaps more than anything else to a recognition of the value of viticulture both for the State and the people. Altogether 55 per cent. of the vine-producing parishes were practically infected. The State first of all set to work to preserve those districts which had escaped destruction, then followed the planting of new vineyards. It was a slow, giant task, and the State were perhaps better fitted than private enterprise to accomplish such a task. Everything was done, experiment followed experiment, until success dawned. Look at this picture! The extent of vineyards before the advent of phylloxera was 622,488 holds; of the number up to 1902, some 444,333 holds were destroyed. But, taking together all the new vineyards and those reconstructed, together with those which escaped destruction, the extent is now (1903) 428,277 holds, or only 194,211 less than the original figure. Here is another example of the marvellous recuperative qualities of the nation. Schools and lecture courses, together with special courses for cellar masters, illustrate the educational work done in connection with viticulture.

Turn for a moment to horticulture. I was simply amazed when I visited the Agricultural Museum, to find such a grand native horticultural display. Strangely enough, a decade ago, in spite of the fact that nearly every part of the country is suitable for fruit cultivation, and that many of them produce fruits of the richest flavour, the import of fruit was almost as large as the export. To remedy this a special section was created. The country was deficient in fruit trees. In 1896 there were only some 60,000,000 fruit trees in the country, and half of these were plum trees, of which

only a miserable fraction were of good quality. The aim then was to increase the number of fruit trees by the multiple ten. In 1899 the Government gave a large number of farmers nearly 100,000 young trees quite free. The State orchards also supply an enormous number of seedlings, either quite free or at a reduced price every year. For example, in 1900 they supplied more than 950,000 apple seedlings, 391,000 pear, 163,000 plum, 81,000 cherry, 92,000 peach, and 229,000 mulberry trees. Not content with such provision, the horticultural training is remarkably complete. A modern orchard farm near Budapest is well worth an hour's study. The Hungarian clergy have rendered signal service to horticulture. Winter courses were arranged, and continued. Papers and pamphlets also do their own work. One of these, *Termeljünk gyümölcsöt* (Let us grow fruit!) is published in Magyar, Slavonian, Ruthenian, German, Servian, and Roumanian. Here, again, the State had to come in and act as the great educator. The people had not merely to be taught how to cultivate and produce, but how to trade. Local fruit shows were arranged, and from these international participation was stimulated; co-operative marketing societies sprang into existence, and finally came the production of fruit baskets. After having read the fluctuating but thrilling history of the nation, and divined somewhat of the character and disposition of the Magyar race, it is not difficult to discover the need of all such aid as the State rendered. The Continental system of packing had to be mastered ere any attempt at competition was mooted. There is this much to be said, the State has more patience, and as a rule is more thorough, than a private individual. Had it not been so, Hungary could never

have made the advance in agriculture that she has.

The things that interest most visitors to Hungary, whether it is in the form of a deputation like the Essex farmers, or the Eighty Club, are cattle-breeding, dairy farming, and horse breeding. In the past the breeding of cattle was a leading occupation, partly I suppose because the primitive people had few wants, and these needs, owing to inadequate means of transit, had to be produced; partly because in those warlike times farmers with such movable property as cattle could the more easily flee before an invading army. To-day the importance of cattle breeding increases daily. A great change, however, came over the nation about the middle of the eighteenth century. Both Maria Theresa and Joseph II. did much to stimulate sheep breeding, first by importing Paduan sheep, and then Merino sheep. These Merino sheep were divided into three classes in Hungary. There was the superior, small-bodied Electoral (fine, superior wool), and then the Infantado-Negretti breed, which derives its character from its good abundant wool and massive bodies. From these two the Electoral-Negretti type was developed, and wonderful cloth wool was the result. In 1903 the Exchequer expended more than two million crowns to promote cattle, swine, sheep, and poultry breeding. The old pig markets were very distant, and it must have been a tiresome, tedious journey. Servia then as now was a great swine producer and competitor. The fattened pig trade of Servia had two routes. One took the right bank of the Danube, the other the left; *i.e.*, from Orsova through Budapest to Györ, which was in the old days the centre of the Hungarian swine trade. A drove of pigs, fattened on

the way, thus reached Györ market in about 130 days. Those old methods won't do to-day. Some of the pigs I have seen looked as if it had taken all that time to fatten them.

Poultry farming is another feature extensively promoted. I visited the farm at Gödöllö, on the King's estate. It was a revelation. Here was organised a school for educating farm labourers in poultry farming, and the men were wonderfully well equipped in all branches. Even in poultry the system of distribution appertains. Its development is perceived in the rapid rise in exports. In 1900 the exports stood for poultry and its products at 72 million crowns, an increase of 80 per cent. in five years. The butter and milk industry is also making great progress. In the last seven years ending in 1902 the increase of the net export was more than ten million crowns, derived chiefly from the extraordinary development of the butter industry. Bee-keeping was carried on in the old days, days prior to State aid, but through the medium of the Ministry of Agriculture it has reached its zenith almost. The State bee farm at Gödöllö was opened in 1902, and the interest increased yearly. Less emphasis is placed upon apiculture than sericulture. Here quite a story can be told. The first attempts at sericulture carry one to the period between 1717 and 1832. One of the first of the nobles to seriously interest himself in this art was Count Claudius Mercy, who in 1734 died a hero's death at Crocetta. Mercy laboured hard on the Banat to found this industry, whilst his daughter did the same for Tolna. No one seemed to interest themselves in the work when Mercy died, but fortunately traces of his efforts were not all destroyed. Directly Count Stephen Szechényi com-

menced his commercial activities he caught up some of these traces, and in Sopron county began to work. At the same time another prominent Hungarian seemed imbued with the same idea, and the period saw Stephen Bezerédy energetic in Hidja. He it was who in the south called into new life the silk industry. It was owing to his activity and influence that the huge mulberry plantations were commenced. All this was pioneer work of great value, but which demanded not only infinite capacity, but infinite patience. The Magyar easily tires. Thanks to the son of Stephen Bezerédy, the excellent work begun was not allowed to die out. One important feature of sericulture in Hungary is that it provides the poorer section of the population, without any outlay, and by using the weaker elements of the family (women, old men, and children), with considerable benefit just before harvest, that period in agriculture when much need is experienced amongst the poor. Another stimulant to sericulture lies in the fact that Hungary absorbs annually some 50 million crowns' worth of silk merchandise, which is paid to foreign countries. The aim, then, is to direct this huge expenditure into home channels. Even to one not absolutely an expert on such matters this seems possible, seeing that the Hungarian raw silk is capable of producing the essential refined manufactured material; and further, that the population has the ability to undertake such work. To secure this end distribution and education upon a large scale has been introduced. Up to date 2254 kilos of seed (*i.e.* silk worm eggs) have been distributed gratuitously to rearers. During the past twenty-six years the Government has distributed 77,976,055 mulberry trees, two to three years old, to agrarian schools, or for hedging, 4,874,294 mulberry trees full grown.

I find there is a law which enacts that in all counties or areas suitable for sericulture unoccupied land and the sides of all the roads shall be planted with mulberry trees. Over 500,000 pamphlets on sericulture have been distributed, and free lectures were delivered annually in 1300 districts. This industry has so developed that now a lecture can only be given every second year, for 3000 districts are engaged in silk cultivation. Another point. The Government undertakes to purchase all the cocoons produced. This in itself is a great incentive. Recognising ability to work in filatures, the Government immediately set to work to arrange that the cocoons should not leave Hungary for reeling purposes. This further ensured a better advertisement for Hungarian silk. Some seven or eight filatures exist, the bulk of which are leased to foreign and private firms. Such enjoy special privileges. One is only just beginning to hear people speak of Hungarian silk. What is the quality of it? The special qualities of Hungarian silk are colour, brilliancy, and fibre, as well as a remarkable elasticity and flexibility, which render it peculiarly amenable for weaving in its raw state. These qualities apparently arise from the leaves of ungrafted trees, imparting, as they do, better feeding properties to the silkworm. Another factor is the pure European seed that is used. The Hungarians employed in this branch of industry are mostly from the families of the small trading classes. And the wages are the same as in Italy, and less than in France. This little survey I am sure will interest many. But what of pisciculture? How things change! At one time the carts of the Tisza fishermen stood in the Budapest fish market, and one could buy a kettle of fish for a few pence. Not so to-day. It sounds

something like a fable if, when listening to one of the fisher worthies of Szegvár, or Hódmezö-Vasárhely, he tells of having stationed himself in the slough armed with hook or spear and caught the big fish as they returned to the Tisza from spawning. Until the first half of the last century Hungary abounded in fish, more than sixty different species existing. Fishing was then a profitable business, and was cheap as food. Then came the great water regulations, reclamations from flood, and the drying up of ponds. These restricted the natural increase of fish. After 1888 this began to be remedied, and trout breeding and pond farming was undertaken by the State, and has proceeded with much success.

Another prominent feature of State aid is in connection with horse breeding. Here was something in which at least the Magyar of the plains might revel. He was at home in this business. State studs sprang up everywhere. At Kisbér one finds English horses, whilst at Bábolna the Arabian. Mezöhegyes—which I thoroughly enjoyed visiting—breeds are crossed with the English, thus producing a particular half-breed suitable to Hungarian requirements. Away towards the Roumanian frontier at Fogaras, horses are bred which meet the needs of the colder and harder climates. In all these studs the military department has more or less direct control on behalf of the Minister of Agriculture. From time to time full-bred English and Arabian horses are bought. In 1898 the Government purchased the full-bred English stallion, Bona Vista, which cost the Hungarians nearly £17,000; whilst in 1903 another stallion, Not Out, was secured for about £1200. The same principle of distribution and loan is employed,

whilst a good export trade goes on. In 1900 nearly 60,000 fine horses were exported. Now Hungary is supplying Japan with a large number.

The baffling variety of the industry employed by the Ministry of Agriculture is astounding. It is decidedly one of the most efficient and best equipped Government institutions in Europe. But it is not content with all this, and continually spreads out its long arm to aid new undertakings, and institute new ones of its own accord. The cultivation of rice, and sugar. This latter industry will soon develop into something powerful. In 1905 the value of the export was nearly £2,000,000. Independent of all this it runs four State Spas, or baths. Two of these I have tested thoroughly, and they cannot be very well beaten. Herculesfürdö and Vizakna enjoy quite a reputation of their own. The situation perfect, and their health-restoring merits are unparalleled. Excellent work in connection with these State Spas is done every year, by allowing a number of the State officials of small stipends and their families to free baths and bedrooms.

Forestry in Hungary is a big business. Not a whit too early did Hungary realise that the forests supplied a large amount of raw material for the development of many other industries. One has only to travel through Transylvania to realise how wonderfully rich Hungary is in forests. So rich, indeed, that many were wantonly destroyed without any realisation of it. But on the general awakening to needs, as well as to possibilities, the question of forestry engaged the attention of the various Ministers of Agriculture. In what manner, then, did the State set to work to utilise its power? It was no easy

matter to tackle. Interest crowded in upon interest. These were private, political, and others arising from a variety of causes which defy definition. A permanent fund was built up for purchasing purposes. This was absolutely essential. Then barren territories were planted. Some of this work was of the utmost value, for those engaged in river regulation were constantly exposed to dangers brought on by these exposed barren tracts. The distribution of seedlings goes on on a large scale. "The aim of State forestry is not only to manage and make valuable the forests under their management, but to help, where it is possible, while looking to its own business, other branches of agriculture also." These are the words of the present Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Darányi. Timber export increased steadily up to 1900. Then followed a depression. German export decreased, owing, it is said, to the crisis in the building trades. Austria and France also called for much less than hitherto. Then a new market was found for pine in England, and South Africa was also regarded as a possible field. Thus in a measure rise balanced fall. In the direction of the Orient thoughts of any great increase of trade have practically been abandoned, Roumania and Bulgaria having entered into the arena as important competitive factors.

In Hungary the system of colonisation still goes on. Two elements enter into consideration in the large question of colonisation — devastation and over-population. These have ever been the governing factors of the Hungarian State administrators. Down on the Lower Danube peoples were rendered homeless and landless by floods. These naturally had to be provided with a sphere for activity. There is also



A TOWN ON THE DANUBE

the settlement of the Csángós, re-emigrated from Bukovina. At first the complaints attending colonisation were so pronounced and numerous, that doubts of its success were entertained by not a few. The policy of land tenure was assailed. Difficulty largely vanished, however, with special and permanent Government control. The entire scheme of State aid is so enormous that one can only select for description—and even then only touch in passing—a few items. There is the question of veterinary administration, the control of the rivers, the means taken to develop the congested areas in the North-East Carpathians, and the way the Ministry of Agriculture has met the difficulties surrounding the economic conditions of the Széklers. All these are in themselves intensely fascinating.

Agriculture must needs go hand in hand with commerce, and it is by a skilful combination of these two State departments that the larger future of the country will be assured. If only the Ministry of Finance will develop the mineral wealth of the land, these two institutions will be materially strengthened. Commerce and industry are with agriculture on the move. In 1906, Hungary's foreign trade showed an increase of 151 million crowns. The three prominent articles of export are textile goods, corn, and cattle. One often hears about the desire of the Hungarians to open up trade on a large scale with England. Whilst some of this is really sincere, much of it is only airy talk. The business methods of the countries are so diverse, and the habits of the Hungarians tend towards slowness. One of the chief difficulties is that of credit. England is perhaps very conservative in business methods despite all her supremacy, and one

is assured that some change will have to come sooner or later. On the other hand, the inability of so many of the Hungarians to depart from the Oriental habit of reckoning and thinking—more or less—is a factor that undoubtedly limits their progress in keenly commercial and Western States. Promptitude, whether it is the promptitude of the Minister in answering a letter or keeping an engagement, it is all the same, promptitude counts for much in business England. What measure of progress will be achieved depends upon a multitude of causes, all of which the Hungarian himself is able to control if only he realises it.

CHAPTER XIX

FROM BEATEN TRACKS

"It matters not, where I am going, whether the weather be cold or hot."—CHANCELLOR ELDON

FINISHED with my long tours with all their little side trips, on looking at the map and on consulting my notebook, I found a number of places to which I was drawn, but which stood for the greater part far from beaten tracks. It was bewildering, for they stood isolated, and defying classification. Each, so to speak, content with its own glory. Therefore, where it was possible, I joined up a few places, and thus made up a short tour. Some of my most pleasant memories are associated with these trips. In every town something or somebody is indelibly stamped upon my mind. One has its church. It was the service I attended when depressed, when utterly home-sick, when longing to be insular again, that left its mark upon me. The simple splendour of the worship that autumn morn led me to see yet once again

"Every common bush ablaze with God."

These are the abiding memories. At another a winsome Magyar maid, clad in all the loveliness of her race, and endowed with those wonderful eyes

that steal a man's heart before he is able to fortify it. Another disclosed a view, oh! so superb, that gazing at it wondrously I lost the train, and in losing it found a friend who housed and homed a friendless soul. Then one little place, so primitive yet so entertaining, stands out so vividly because of its atmosphere. I must have been in the perfect mood to appreciate it, for I can imagine one calling it dull at times. Every movement of the cattle, of the peasants, and of the queerly clad children, was in perfect harmony with an atmosphere which came from without. So appealing, so transforming, and yet so pervasive, that nothing of the scene has been lost. One cannot touch up canvases like these. They alone are the privilege of the wanderer. Trips such as these I am about to describe were full of little compensations, and I feel now that I should not have known Hungary had I left without making them. The real traveller is distinguished from the tourist by the measure of his leaving the beaten track. Joy unspeakable, experiences untold, awaits every soul with sufficient courage to draw up his own plan. After all, there is nothing else to do, for no tourist society goes beyond a certain line. It is easy to perceive that I am making a plea for originality in travelling, and seek for all by such a unique holiday.

In some such mood as this I left Budapest one morning and rode direct to Györ. The name was not new to me, and I could even pronounce it tolerably correctly. I had passed it several times before; one does this coming from Vienna *via* Bruck. It is a busy-bodying little town. If you have not much luggage, take the omnibus, and for a penny you are placed in the very heart of the town in five minutes. You will

not be there long before you are told of the celebrated iron cock of Györ. When under the régime of the Turks, the old pasha of the town said that this strange iron bird would crow when the Christians reconquered the place. History is again silent, and doubtless the bird was also. The churches are old, but no time should be wasted over them. Spend the time usually devoted to church-seeing, as I did, by exploring the places round Györ. The fascination for things Napoleonic never diminishes. I confess to a weakness myself for places associated with the "incomparable Corsican." In Király utcza stands—a fitting place for the house, for "Király" means "King"—the old Zichy Palace in which Napoleon stayed in 1809. To-day a girls' school occupies the rooms. To what strange uses—— There is an ancient flavour about Györ. You immediately become curious about its ancestors. At night, when the outer life has quieted down, echoes and memories are awakened. In my odd little room, tottering with age, the very walls seemed to have a secret they were guarding. Peering into the deserted street, imagination bridged over the centuries, and gradually it re-peopled. The effect was more than panoramic. Almost the first to appear were the stalwart sons of Rome. I recognised the conqueror in their attitude, and the stranger by their garb. These were the old citizens of *Arabona* then. One by one they passed as if on parade. Others came who seemed to be talking of their friends amongst the Árpád kings. And one who spoke so loudly that I learned a bishopric was founded here by St. Stephen. It was fascination itself. Costume changed repeatedly. It was a procession of periods. All seemed so familiar with the place. Later I learnt that the Hungarian

kings were fond of dwelling within the walls of the city. This accounted for the number of privileges it possessed. Then a blur, a sad sounding wail penetrated all. It was an echo of 1809. Was it not here that Napoleon defeated 60,000 Hungarians? Memory explained the sadness. Musing thus, the nights were passed. By day I sought the sequestered suburbs. One of these places, only four hours from Györ, was in itself worth the entire visit. It was the famous Abbey of Pannonhalma. There is no mistaking the place, for it stands on a high eminence. Here was established the first abbey of the Hungarian Benedictines. The generous friend is supposed to have been the father of King Stephen. A legend has it that St. Martin the Bishop of Tours was born here. This rocky situation has three summits, all of which have been utilised. On one stands a convent and the abbey, and in the centre is the State erected calvary marking the millennial year. This calvary on examination is found to contain a statue of Abbot Astrik, who was the medium used by Pope Sylvester II. for conveying the crown to King Stephen. On the remaining peak is found the Chapel of the Virgin Mary, the spot where the Benedictines were interred. To visit the place alone, and sit a while amid the grandeur of the view and think, is indeed a joy. It is like turning over a page of ancient church history. The Benedictines are supposed to be the wealthiest Order in Hungary. They were the first of the missionary elements. Book-lovers revel in the old library, one of the choice specimens of which is a deed of the foundation of the abbey. This is put down at 997, but experts disagree. A richly embroidered mantle of great age would rouse the envy of all ladies. The

abbot keeps a watchful eye upon this precious gift. Quite apart from all its treasures, scenic and other, the genuine hospitality of the inmates makes it very hard to quit.

Taking the line which leads to Bécs-Ujhely, I arrived at Sopron. I had only a dim idea of what was to be seen, and was prepared for surprises. It was so near the Austrian frontier that I felt somehow that it was a neglected area that I trod. An immense amount of novelty was crowded here. It was less typically Hungarian than many of the places I visited, yet not far removed. A forgotten past seemed to appeal to one. Every little place appeared to say, "I am not what I was." Hotels of a sort were plentiful, and of a variable character. The unexpected and unsolicited was always provided, but the English necessaries were forgotten. It was stupid of me to expect more. Those narrow old-fashioned streets and buildings, with their antiquarian interest, seemed in perfect harmony with those of its inhabitants that I met. Every such place boasts of its historian, and I met him sure enough around the festive board at eventide. He was a hale old soul, full of memories. Every turn I took with him disclosed a picture or unravelled a mystery. There was the Town Hall to be visited, with its steeple. They say this steeple is one of the highest in Hungary. Trudging through the courtyard of the administrative buildings, attention was drawn to a stone block let into one of the walls, which declared that here once were encamped the 15th legion. What travellers the Roman soldiers were! Then there was the Storno House to be seen, or rather its collection of antiquities. It is the usual collection, locally overestimated. Church gazers are usually

drawn to the little thirteenth-century Gothic church. I must confess that it disappointed me. But its neighbour, the Prefecture and Benedictine convent, had special charms of its own. Several new buildings struck a note of contrast. There is the customary Museum, the chief attraction of which is a Celtic skull said to be 3000 years old, and an exceedingly fine collection of almanacs. Visit Sopron during the fruit season and you will see it at its best. Here is one of the most celebrated fruit markets in Hungary. There is also a Roman beacon some sixty metres high. Several other churches will provide architectural entertainment for an hour or so. A day can thus be well spent. I am a great advocate of spending a night at a place. Having slept in a town gives it an entirely different character, and you depart with the feeling that you are on better terms with it. My night reflections were again of those Roman legions who in the now forgotten past did duty by the city walls. I also sat and thought of Gibbon and Mommsen.

On the morrow, scrip and staff in hand, I wended my way to Nagymárton, on the Vulka. It was not so much the old fortress there that I wanted to see, as to walk on as far as Fraknóvár. From Nagymárton this takes nearly an hour and a half. Like Scott, I am fond of castles. As a boy a romance without a castle always struck me as inadequate. Here at Fraknóvár is an ideal castle. It belongs to the Esterházys. On three of its sides it is inaccessible. Regarding it thus, imagination filled in many little details. The castle proper is a large square building bearing the arms of Nicholas Esterházy and his wife. You may enter the castle by a wooden bridge which

spans a gully, and here a gate in the Renaissance style is fixed. The prison door—for it was described as such to me—is on the right, and it bears the following inscription: "*Hic discursus de præteritis, præsentibus et futuris.*" On the left is another stone, which popular belief interprets as an old-time pillory for the prisoners. Having passed the outer portal, one is faced by the main door of the inner Castle, and passing along an arched portico one is able to reach the Castle square, or courtyard. Here stands an equestrian statue of Paul Esterházy. One of the strange-looking doors leads to the famous treasury. Here one may find rich specimens of the goldsmith's art of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. The Castle simply abounds with interest. See that long chain? That belongs to the Castle well. This well was made by Turkish prisoners, and is 142 feet deep. What an occupation for Turks! Mount the watch tower, and what a view is disclosed! Even those massive staircase walls have their secrets. Were people really walled in here? I was told so. A crown given to the porter is poor payment for all he has shown you.

Continuing my journey, now across uneven roads, I eventually arrive at Kis-Márton. Forsaking the ancient for a moment, by way of contrast I longed for the modern, and here found the beautiful residence of Prince Esterházy. The park, hothouses, and a statue by Canova is all one can see. Sightseeing of this order never tires one, if there is no worrying about time to be done. One can never see a country without leisure. The impressions taken while the ship is coaling have their place doubtless, but sometimes one seeks what is rather than what seems to be. Therefore I

pushed leisurely back to Sopron, and in so doing had to cover much of the same ground. Doubling is necessary occasionally. My intention on this short trip was to visit two more places; one was Szombathely, the other Jaák. At Jaák was the one church in Hungary that I really was anxious about seeing. Szombathely gave me a surprise. Nothing of supreme interest, but a multitude of small attractions. It was a change. I attended a political gathering here on Sunday, and the entire scene deeply impressed me. There's a fine collection of Roman bronze articles here, and a speciality has been made of the Stone Age. All these are worth a special visit. They ought to be much better known than they are. In buildings, the Bishop's Palace and the Cathedral must satisfy the sightseer. The Cathedral is imposing in a way. Inside it contains one of Winterhalter's great pictures. Once upon a time the Romans seem to have thought much of Szombathely, for in 193 it appears that Septimus Severus was proclaimed Emperor here. Nearly 25,000 people live very comfortably here. From Szombathely I made two excursions, one more than I had intended. It was a fortress with a history that drew me out again, and this time to Köszeg, only about six miles away. A strange little town of about 7000 inhabitants, but simply steeped in history. You may see it written on the faces of the old men and women. Look at that three-steepled church built by one of the great Pálffys! What a picture! Turn now to yonder fortress. Read up its past, the story of its battles. There was Nicholas Jurisics, who in 1532, with his troop, which consisted of 28 hussars, 18 German cavalry, and 700 unarmed fugitive peasants, resisted for no less than twenty-five days the huge Turkish army of 300,000 men. It was

something more than the impregnable walls, it was the spirit of fight these men possessed, which led to a withdrawal of this huge Turkish force. What a triumph! The very thought of it made my blood tingle with excitement, and I stood at the base and gazed up at the grey walls. Spend a day here and feed at the village inn. Visitors are rare in these parts. The following day I started for Jaák, a much smaller place, but with a really great church. This church was built in the thirteenth century, and consecrated by Bishop Omode in 1256. It has two steeples and a cupola, and is a fine example of Roman architecture. The doorway is wonderful, and is ornamented with Greek designs. The first two pillars rest upon the back of a savage-looking lion, symbolising the Evil One, then follows a plain pillar, after which four ornamented pillars, preserving this order throughout. There is nothing like this church in this part of Europe. Every architectural line upholds its reputation.

Returning to Budapest, I heard much of the beauties of Hungary's inland sea—Lake Balaton, so I determined to bathe in its waters. Packing up luggage for a week, I soon learnt a new maxim: "An Englishman proposes, but Hungary disposes." Stopping on my way to Lake Balaton, I explored the town of Székesfehérvár. The town is not as important as it used to be, and it feels it. It even does more, it lets the visitor feel its annoyance. This is pardonable after all, for a town is very human, and it is human to do this. Both the churches and the restaurants are good without being excellent. I bracket them together because it is impossible to escape either. You would never believe this town was once the capital, and the coronation

town. Many Hungarian kings rest here. The great St. Stephen was buried here. Those destructive Turks destroyed the tombs of the old monarchs. Throughout Hungary the Turks left a bad impression. Székesfehérvár has three hotels and more than 30,000 inhabitants. As I was so near, and because I had read and heard so much about it, I determined to take just a peep at Veszprém. The Cathedral is evidently the thing to see. Curiously enough, it stands within the fortress. Visit the crypt if you will, the Gothic is good. What I enjoyed gazing at was the hanging gardens belonging to the residentiary canons. The priest as a rule knows where and how to live. St. Stephen is said to have made Veszprém a bishopric, and invested that ecclesiastic with the right to crown the monarch. It was summer, and I longed for the sea. Fortunately I was not far from the Balaton. The quickest way is to go direct from Budapest, for in an hour and a half you are there. Strangely, I have never felt like raving about the Balaton. Thousands around me have chanted its praises, and chanted them so enthusiastically, that the lake, its surroundings and its inhabitants when I was confronted with them, disappointed me. Probably it was something lacking in my character that led to this. But there it is. It is a huge concern, 51 miles long and from 2 to 9 miles wide, and said to be the largest lake in Central Europe. This lake has its peculiarities. Here the bathing is good, but the lake-storms are of such moment as to make the stoutest heart quail. Fishing is excellent, and a particular species, the *fogas*, makes a fine meal. Wine near here has its own special virtues. It is probably—taking into account all its excellences—much better than I

have been able to make out. I was glad to have seen it, for it simply had to be seen. But, after all, what is a lake compared with the real sea? After leaving Balaton, and whilst riding down to Uj-Dombovár, which is a kind of junction, I was aware that in order to carry out my plan properly I must stay away from Budapest for more than a week. In order to finish up with this part of Hungary I must needs take two long rail journeys, which I did—but leisurely. From Uj-Dombovár I trained it to Pécs. I have already spoken of this town a little. Here is another old Roman town. During the fourteenth century a University flourished here with more than 2000 students. These men were not only scholars, but in 1426 they proved their worth as soldiers, and the bulk of them with their professors laid down their lives at Mohács. St. Stephen also founded a bishopric here. The Cathedral is the second finest in Hungary. It was the intellectual keenness of the town that appealed to me. I suppose Pécs is the most musical town in Hungary, and certainly one of the most artistic. Much of this latter quality is due to the influence of the Zsolnay family. In the realm of pottery the Zsolnays are unequalled in Hungary. I will even go further and say that in majolica work the firm has few superiors in Europe to-day. Collectors will understand. Beauty is the reigning attribute of the Zsolnay house. Passing through their works, the rich variety of style, the originality of treatment and design, astounded me. If you wish for a real Hungarian souvenir, buy a piece of Zsolnay ware. It is not cheap, but its quality is unrivalled. Visitors are always welcomed at the works, and whilst there ask someone to take you over the garden. If possible, arrange to

spend a Saturday and Sunday at Pécs. Visit the market, and gaze, simply gaze, at the women from the country. I always rave about them. Their costumes! Just imagine it, I spent more than a week at Pécs. As I was leaving I espied the parish church almost hidden away in a corner. It was once a mosque. The nuns' chapel was also once a mosque, and its minaret stands out clearly to this day. Pécs is peculiarly noted for its music. Choirs abound. There is the *Dalárda*, or celebrated Choral Society, and a wonderful ladies' choir at the Synagogue. It's quite a big town, with its 43,000 inhabitants. I was sorry to leave the town and the Zsolnays behind. How to reach Fiume from here was a problem. To get into Bosnia was an easier matter. There was nothing for it but to go back to Uj-Dombovár, and catch an express to the chief town of the Hungarian Littoral.

Now I have visited Fiume half a score times, but every time I discover something new to interest me. This will explain much. There the town stands, well in the arm of Quarnero Bay. I expected a soft Southern atmosphere, and I was not disappointed. Here the greater part of the people speak Italian. The feel of the town was so anti-Hungarian. Yet it's Hungary's only bit of sea. Herein lies much of its importance. When I arrived the place was all astir, for the British Fleet was expected, with Lord Charles Beresford in command. Fiume had dressed herself in her best. Italian and Magyar enthusiasm and admiration ran high. I preferred the town a trifle more normal. When the English tars marched into the Piazza Adamich, they encountered that crowd which "sits and stares and silently admires." But if I preferred normality, there was something pleasing



BEHIND THE TOWN OF PÉCS

in seeing so many homely faces and hearing one's mother tongue again. A day or so later, Fiume settled down for me to see it as it really is. I heard the "banda cittadina" play, and visited the "torre della città." This old fortress is covered with inscriptions. Here one may learn that there was a great earthquake in 1750, and also that from a spot quite near the city of Fiume sent its contribution of earth to the coronation hill of Francis Joseph I. One needs a large notebook for Fiume. Leave the main street, the one main street, for a moment, and enter the *Gomila*, and you will find a bit of old Levant waiting for you. How I revel in these parts of a historic township! Look at those narrow, uneven lanes, literally swarming with people. Stand in the middle for a moment, and listen a while to the almost monotonous hammering of the coopers, then contrast it with the sharp metallic ring of the locksmiths. It is like treble and bass of human life, with none of the middle parts to make the harmony complete. Southern peoples crowd in on one here. How sweet their language, what liquid rippling sounds! And their gesticulations, how different from the Magyars! It made one jealous for a moment. Enter that ramshackle old building which men dignify by calling it a shop. The smell, the dirt, the disorder—but the beauty of the articles! What do I call them? These are remains of the old Venetian goldsmith's art, and in the language of the people are called "*moretti*." Bring one or two away as mementoes, for we may not pass this way again in life. How thrilling it all was! It was just like touching a battery. But come with me to the *arco romano*, or old Roman gateway. If you want to see age, look at this for a few moments, for it's the oldest thing that

Fiume can provide. What does it represent? Opinion, thou vacillating knave, speak now, and truly! Alas! one has to fall back upon "it is said" to be the triumphal arch of Claudius II. Close to it is the Cathedral, and the old *castello*. Here are some bells—I've spoken little about church bells—which are only stirred into song when one of the patrician families dies. Leave not the *Gomila* until you have carefully noted the flag-staff on the municipal building. Insignificant looking piece of wood, but remember it is a monument of that brief spell of Venetian rule. To-day another colour waves from here—the red, yellow, and blue.

Fiume is full of markets. Stroll beside the wharves, watch the play of the sea, gaze at the lazy vessels and the busy sailors. I hope you will be as fortunate as I was, and see the Chioggian fishermen arrive all in gala costume, and bringing with them the best fruits of the deep. But perhaps you like churches better. Let me tell you who the patron saints of Fiume are. *Vid and Modestus.* Neither you nor I could have guessed it. One of the churches is dedicated to these two saints. It is only a fourteenth-century church, but it has a legend. Once upon a time—how like a fairy story!—an intoxicated Fiumeite named Peter Longarich threw a stone at a crucifix which stood on this very spot. Apparently the stone struck the Redeemer in the side, and blood flowed freely. It being the age of miracles, a church was erected on the spot. Who shall quarrel with the devout? Therefore one may see fixed over the main altar the very crucifix and the stone, appended to which is the following inscription in Latin:—

"Ex hoc crucifice hujus lapidis ictus excussit sanguinem."

Every church in Fiume has its own stock of legends

and relics. Fiume grows more beautiful and important every year. There is the great tobacco factory, and the torpedo works; the Whitehead torpedo, if you please. Lovers of modern palaces may find pure delight in the "Villa *Giuseppe*" owned by the Archduke Joseph, and the Governor's Palace. The view from both of these, with all their tropical associations, is superb. On one side is the "Monte Maggiore," looming lazily over the villas of Abbazia, whilst on the other is Tersatto Castle.

Fiume has both a past and a future. Its past is deep set in history, whilst its future who dare prophesy to-day? In the days of the Romans it was noted for its fast sailing ships. Apparently the town has had many vicissitudes, and by reason of its repeated change a subtle charm has settled upon it. The Avars, the Frangepans, the Ducnos, and the Walsees. Then followed some three hundred years' rule under an Austrian Archduke. It will be noted that the Turks did not really penetrate as far as Fiume. This does not mean that the town was immune from trouble. The Venetians caused no end of bother, and though they captured it once, it only remained four days in the possession of the Republic. After this Fiume was harassed by the *Usks*. These were a pirate crowd. Fiume was made a free port in 1725, and Maria Theresa annexed the town to Hungary in 1776, whilst Napoleon in 1809 incorporated it with the Illyrian kingdom. Such were its fluctuations. It will interest Englishmen to hear that in 1813 an English fleet began to bombard the harbour. In connection with this incident the story is told of how Caroline Bellenich, the daughter of one of the rich burgesses, heavily clad in mourning attire, appeared before the English admiral

and obtained from him a cessation of the bombardment. A little later, French dominion ceased, and in 1822 it was annexed to Hungary, but at the close of the Revolution in 1848 it was governed as a separate territory. Finally, in 1868 it again came back to Hungary, where it has remained ever since. Fiume demands more than a tourist day. Its surroundings are worth more than that. Tersatto Castle, the seat of the Frangepans, Castelvecchio, and Cirkvenicza. Most of all this beauty had to be dug out. Travellers are lazy souls, and are too often guided by a picture post-card, or sixpenny book of views. Time after time has one been forced to remark, Why was not this and that place included? So is it at Fiume. The hidden arched streets and gruesome entrances have ever a picture to disclose. This is all for the visitor, but Fiume is becoming a great port, and this is all for Hungary. On taking the long journey from the Adriatic to Budapest again, I determined to break my journey somehow at Lipik. Here is a charmingly situated, amply equipped health resort. It was the very soul of restfulness. There are no finer baths in Hungary than at Lipik. Some day these will be noted. Stay as I did with Dr. C. Demjén. Here you will be in the centre of a Slavonian county surrounded with all its characteristic scenery. You can get everywhere from here. The Adriatic, Zágráb, and Bosnia. It is new ground to break.

At last back again in dear old Budapest, with all its limitations. I stay but a few days before going out again to complete my grand tour of the country. All the really exciting places are over, but more of commercial Hungary remains to be seen. This time it was going to the real home of the Magyars again.



FIUME

Kecskemét on the direct line to Temesvár, and Orsova is typically Magyar. Just one of those biggish towns whose size and importance for ever remains unexplained. Of sights it has nothing to show, yet there it is so big that you feel you must see it. You are afraid of the reproach: "What! not been to Kecskemet?" A three hours' coach drive with all the unique charm of the *puszta* on either side brings one to Pusztaszer, where the ruins of a church dating back to the Árpáds may be seen. This is the historic attraction. In a comparatively short time from here, Szeged, the second largest town in Hungary and the capital of the Alföld, is reached. Here are more than a hundred thousand business-minded people, a very good thing indeed for Hungary. It lies on both banks of the river Tisza. I visited Szeged in order to gauge the measure of genuine Hungarian activity and industry. Nothing in the form of monuments is to be found here of surpassing interest. It is a business place for a business man. An English writer who visited Szeged about 1830 described it as one of the most disagreeable towns in Hungary. It has outgrown all this. In 1879 the river Tisza burst its banks, and the town was practically destroyed; this accounts for its newness. If you would visit Szeged, do it at the end of spring, and watch the Tisza "bloom." It is a natural phenomenon "arising from the Ephemera (Tisza virag), millions of which settle on the water to lay their eggs." Before going to the Banat, I determined to pay a hurried visit to Szabadka. Now I am glad that I did this, though I stayed longer than I intended. This royal free borough is really on the direct road to Belgrad, though quite near Szeged. You would never believe that more than 80,000 people live here. And what a race! Here the people

interest, not the buildings. The usual meed of churches and monasteries, but the wonderful race variety enthrals. These pictures—for every person is a picture—and the historic hospitality of Szabadka provide all the interest necessary. Look at the Bunyeváczs, those descendants of the Dalmatian emigrants! Did ever mortal man see such women, or such rich and picturesque costumes? What a head-dress! Let me tell you its name, even though you forget it to-morrow! It sounds grand, for it is called the "Pletenicza." What originality of manners and customs! The gold-embroidered short chemisette, the richly coloured silk bodice, and the rustling silk skirt! Attention is immediately commanded. Then there is the Sokácz people, with all their Slav blood. I first met some of these in the market-place of Pécs. These are the real sights to see in Hungary; make a list of them and determine to see them before you leave. In Hungary the superlative interest is live men and women. I have almost completed my tour, and the shadows of departure already loom. Returning to Szeged, I took the State railway direct to Temesvár. Temesvár is the capital of the Bánát. But what is the Bánát? It lies in the south-east corner of Hungary, between the Tisza, Maros, and the Danube. About two hundred years ago the Turks were in possession of this district. Joseph II. did something towards rendering it equally civilised and populous with the rest of Hungary. Land was sold at extremely moderate prices, and settlers of all nations tempted. The soil, a rich black loam, when well ploughed yields extraordinary produce. Amid all this lies Temesvár. Not much of the old remains. In 1718 it was little better than a collection of huts. Thanks to Prince Eugene, who then besieged the town, the Turks were driven out

for ever. The Prince then planned a new town. Even to-day traces of Turkish occupation remain,—truly not so pronounced as fifty years ago,—for you see the black eye and delicately arched nose of a character perfectly Eastern. In 1413, John Hunyadi built the fortress in which John Zápolyai captured George Dózsa, who was a kind of Hungarian Wat Tyler. In the middle of the town a chapel is built on the actual spot where Dózsa was roasted. History says that Dózsa was seated on a throne of red-hot iron, a red-hot crown was placed upon his head, and a red-hot sceptre in his hand. Forty of his followers had been confined without food for a fortnight; nine of them still survived the starvation, when they were brought before their tortured leader and commanded to feed on him while living. Those who hesitated were cut down, while the rest tore the flesh from his bones and devoured it greedily. "To it, hounds! ye are of my own training," was the only remark which escaped the lips of the dying man.

Those were brutal days, gone it is hoped for ever. One looks at the spot now with a shudder. To-day Temesvár is the Southern Manchester, and a trading centre of which more will be heard.

There are many places even now that one wants to visit, but on returning to Budapest only one seemed stamped with the sign of the imperative. This was Eger. Being of the Sabbath's day order, I determined to make this my last descriptive place. Many times I had passed by on the other side, but now the moment for a Samaritan's act had come. It was to be a motor ride this time, so we—for I had some friends with me—went direct to Füzes-Abony, and then side-tracked. I know I ought to have looked at

those prehistoric bronze furnaces, or at least the remains of them. But I didn't. Eger is a small town with a large history. Amongst other things it boasts of having an archbishop. It had also two very habitable hotels. The Cathedral is average. Let description stop at this. Life is not focused here, neither is history. On the top of the Almágy hill stands a ruined fortress, together with the tomb of one Stephen Dobó, renowned for his heroic defence of Eger. In this neglected spot is found all the credentials of notoriety, the annals of fame. With only 2000 men at command, Dobó defended the town against an army of 150,000 Turkish soldiers. Man after man fell during the siege, until Dobó found his ranks thinned to a paltry 700 men. When almost beset with fear, the brave women of Eger rushed to his assistance, and by pushing down huge pieces of rock, and pouring boiling oil upon the Turks, were successful in saving the prestige of the town. Four weeks' siege was enough for the Turks, who retired after having suffered tremendous loss. Thus went abroad the fame of the brave Eger women. The perfume of that heroic act pervades this quiet town to this very day. Far from the beaten tourist tracks of Hungary I was able to understand a trifle more clearly the undying temperament of the Magyar and his associates, to estimate more accurately the historic value of events and places, and to foresee, though perhaps only dimly, somewhat of the destiny of the country. It was not a mere peep that I took, but a long steady gaze. And what of the future? This must be told now.



TYPE OF SOUTHERN HUNGARIAN

CHAPTER XX

THE FUTURE OF HUNGARY

"Nations are beginning to realise that there is no destiny so inevitable as that which they shape for themselves."

WHAT is the destiny of Hungary? I have been asked the question a hundred times. It is of interest at least to foreign publicists, but it seems least of all to interest the Hungarians themselves. This is because they are to-day more political than practical. I too have asked the question. What was the answer that I received? It commenced with a shrugging of the shoulders, and ended with a tautological evasion. I then consulted the prophets—those political crystal-gazers of distant lands. They told all they knew, but less than what they felt. The great elements of the question they studied and tested, but ignored the lesser. Could I not begin, then, where these giant souls left off? It was an idea, and I worked at it patiently. I looked and hoped for results differing from theirs, and what I looked for to some degree I found. I was confronted with all the standard sayings concerning Austria-Hungary, all the prejudices, all the ignorance. For a time all this haunted me, and I could not shake it off; its appearance of reality loomed like a darkening shadow over every new experiment. Difficulties hampered me on every side. Time after

time I abandoned the quest. It may seem a commonplace, but I arrived at the conclusion one day that the destiny of Hungary was the measure of its commercial and political genius. This seemed to reduce matters a trifle. Let me at the outset state that I believe in the possibility of Hungary to exist as a separate kingdom—but not at present.

Undoubtedly the aspirations of the nation are towards full independence. To this to-day are several barriers. There is the barrier of Austria, with its superior position consequent largely upon the failure of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848, and not the inherent genius of the House of Habsburg. To retain this superiority, which asserts itself in diplomacy and military affairs, Austria has always to fight, losing a little at every struggle. Austria fights to retain, Hungary to regain, hence the measure of fighting enthusiasm must rest with the Magyars. This is a common or ordinary factor to remember always. But this is not the greatest barrier to Hungarian complete independence. The great enemy Hungary has is herself. Hungary has not yet commenced to realise that there is no destiny so inevitable as that which it is shaping for itself. All nations of the future will have to possess qualities which are absent from Hungary to a great degree. By this I mean that such qualities of character are to-day o'ershadowed and retarded by a too generous application of parochial political ideas. Let me repeat, Hungary is over political. A Hungarian engineer who had spent several years in America and Mexico was lamenting this fact to me one day. Said he, "What is wanted is that all the Ministeriums should have at least fifty young Americans in them." There is much in such a proposition. Genuine business

capacity is scant indeed in Hungary, and without it no State can stand alone twelve months.

There is another need equally pressing, it is the need of a man with a clear definite programme. What does the nation want? That is the question! So far as I can judge, the nation has not yet made up its mind; and what is equally bad, there appears no one living to help it do so. Herein lies a grave defect. Austria realises this, and the so-called interested Powers are equally aware of it. Hungary demands men of action. The only logical political party in Hungary is that which stands definitely for independence. To be a Constitutionalist only is not doing much. To be a Clerical is less. To be a Socialist is to be one-sided. But to stand first and foremost for independence, realising all *that* means in commercial and industrial activity, in the securing and building up of an army, and in the political genius which permeates and penetrates diplomacy, is an ideal which is realisable, and which by united effort Hungary is able to achieve. There are Mazzinis and Cavours in Hungary, but I have looked in vain for a Garibaldi.

Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm. Where is that genuine, spontaneous enthusiasm to-day? From the chaos of high-sounding phrases, from the canting epithets of party spouters, from the disruptions and distortions of political axe-grinders, a great man, and only a great man, will be able to deliver the nation. By such a man, I mean one who gives you a "sense of mass." One of those men impossible to displace or overset. Such a man will enable Hungary to breathe. It is one of the requirements of progress. The future presses. To-morrow cannot wait. This man of

action must not be afraid of making mistakes, not afraid of criticism, and not averse to the responsibility of constructive politics. Modern politicians in Hungary are more fond of criticism than construction. The future of Hungary lies in the hand of the great man. What are the resisting forces which independence as an ideal must encounter? They are ranged up in order by the prophets in all their national battle array. Look at them, the Teuton, the Slav, the Latin! These are supposed to be the hereditary foes of Hungarian independence, of separation from Austria. Hungary must needs keep an eye upon the whole of them. Difficult political detective business to accomplish. But the great leader of men could do this. It has been done before. Therefore one of Hungary's essential needs is action, and behind it a clearness of vision which discerns direction. Let these two qualities develop amongst Young Hungary, then the future is secured, be that future what it may. It is the one all-conquering force in the world. Until this great man arrives what is being done, or will be done? Some even suggest that such a prominent figure will never arrive! I do not share this view, for I am firmly convinced of the potentialities of Young Hungary. It is in this direction that he must be looked for. But in the interim?

Consciously or unconsciously, and withal slowly, forces are at work preparing the nation for the arrival of the great man. Let me enumerate them. Magyarisation. As a language, Hungarian is becoming more universal than ever it was before. There is also an increased commercial activity, a striving on the part of some to develop industry. Signs of a tendency amongst the old nobility to bring themselves more

into line with the needs of the country. This aloofness is a great barrier. Power and authority need to be more evenly distributed. Therefore a new hope may spring from the new franchise law. Slight changes in the economic relationship of Hungary to Austria is another factor of value. But granting that Hungary desires independence ultimately in its fullest sense, the most important work remains to be done. This work is first of all the "language of command." It is absolutely ridiculous to sit and consider the fact of Hungary without an army, or Hungary with an army commanded and officered in German. If the Magyars are wise, directly the franchise reform has been effected they will immediately and stronger than ever agitate for an army of their own to defend and protect that which they are so keen about developing. This will naturally awaken all the forces of alarm in Austria. But the struggle is vital to Hungary's destiny. On this question of two armies and two languages, General Blumenthal, one of the great Prussian commanders, was once asked whether it would weaken the military power of Austria-Hungary. "Not one whit," was the General's unhesitating answer, "provided His Majesty's rights, as commander-in-chief of both armies, were stretched far enough to secure unity in their operations." That is an absolutely unbiased military opinion. The need, the immediate need, is then a Hungarian General Staff, a supply of competent officers, and an artillery division. To-day the Magyars are only journeymen soldiers, a fact true also of the officers. This must be changed, and they must be schooled to fight *for themselves*, not another nation. Let there first, then, be a separation of the military force. This will naturally involve increased

financial responsibility, which the nation must be prepared to incur. It can easily be done by the rich Jews and richer magnates spending more money in Hungary, and less in foreign lands. Charity begins at home. If I were a Magyar, I would be content with nothing short of this. It must, of course, be obtained step by step, and the nation must be taught to see the need of it.

What kind of a show does Hungary get in naval matters? This also must be changed. Then there is the question of a Hungarian Bank. It may seem unimportant, but it's not. Hungary for years has suffered at the hands of Austria in this direction, and even if it had not, it can never hope to realise the ideal of independence without achieving such details as this. Changes have been made in commerce, but separation is distant. And finally separate consuls and a special diplomacy is needed. The diplomatic aims and needs of the two countries are not identical, and they never can be. All these things are within the range of practical politics. But they need to be placed before the nation as urgent and practical politics.

I admit it is a titanic task. But in looking over the pages of Hungarian history I find it full of titanic achievements. Let me continue. Another need is solidarity. Dealings with the nationalities must be more give than take. Friendship with even the smallest alien group within their confines must be courted, must in fact be won by generous deeds. Such friendship, then, must always be kept in repair. The root basis of opposition must be sought, and in this lies half the battle. Non-Magyar resentment must be honestly disarmed if ever independence be

secured. It is good policy, and the politician better than anybody else knows the moral value of a majority behind him. Finally, a larger measure of morality must come into politics. These are the internal needs and dangers, the power of coping with which the Magyar alone possesses the key.

Presuming, then, that all this is accomplished, and that the Magyars stand alone as a nation before the world, are they then immune from danger? Certainly not. Even whilst such a huge undertaking is in progress of development, signs of international unrest and concern will be visible. Austria and her friend the German will contest every step. What is it that gives Austria such an air of superiority? A million or two more of population? Is her organic unity stronger? I admit a larger intellectual sense and a more finely developed industrial system, but more than this I cannot. Yet one always feels something of the senior partner in the firm about Austria. As soldiers and politicians are the Hungarians inferior to the Austrians? Who dares say that they are? Is there more harmony amongst the nationalities in Austria than in Hungary? Not a bit. On this question Lucien Wolf has something to say:—

"Hungary and not Austria was in reality and has always remained the predominant partner. The Compromise was virtually made at her dictation. She had the knife at the throat of Austria in the dark year of 1867, and the Compromise was consequently a capitulation to her wishes. Since then her predominance has strengthened year by year, owing to the fact that the Magyars enjoy a more perfect cohesion than the Germans in Austria. The mortification thus produced in Austria is accentuated by

another curious fact. In order to give the illusion of her predominance a semblance of reality, she agreed in the Compromise that she should pay two-thirds of the common expenditure, while Hungary should only pay one-third. Thus, while the Magyars call the tune, it is always the Austrians who pay the piper."

Even the Magyars scarcely realise the truth of all this. It would seem that Hungary is essential to Austria's continuance as a State. Must Hungary for ever be kept from developing itself along the lines that lead to independence, in order that the considerations of an European balance of power be preserved? It would be a pitiable position for two such States to occupy. Who is the political or diplomatic deity in Europe who has thus decreed? Is he German? It is not to be gainsaid that Germany is a powerful factor to consider in connection with the future of Hungary. It is perhaps the all-important outside factor. There are those who imagine that Germany's aggressiveness is entirely focused upon the sea. This is not so. The German commercial officials dotted here and there over every country, are much more than mere commercial consuls; they are, it is true, all this most excellently, but with a strong sedulous political bias. The great needs of the Berlin Foreign Office find expression occasionally through the medium of these men. This is particularly true of those countries through which some definite line of policy is hoped to pass. I admit that Germany is more anxious to hit England very hard on the sea, but I am also aware of her ambitions in the Balkans, and that Fiume would be a useful piece of seaboard. It is unwise of the Hungarians to imagine that Germany is too much engaged in promoting the downfall of England's

supremacy of the seas, to pay no attention to affairs so important and so near home. Why, any opportunity of securing Adriatic seaboard would only add to her power on the sea, and render her more able to cope with England. Italy and France would not interfere, and if Italy did, the struggle would only be a short one. Germany is more dangerous than Hungary imagines.

There is also the Latin and his ambitions. Italy is much more concerned with Trieste than Fiume. If it were a struggle between Austria single-handed and Italy, the latter would win, and Trieste would soon be flying the Italian flag. But if conquering Germany were to push on through the German part of Austria, and although winning all the way along, the Italians would be in a better position to succeed against their tired troops, and they might also be joined by many Austrians. It would also be a long way from their base, and it would open up such a possibility of crushing Germany on the part of its enemies, that one is assured that Germany is much too sane to leave its guard open in such a manner. It is not so much her power to cope with either Austria or Italy, or even both, but the danger she exposes herself to by doing it. But supposing such a possibility, then Fiume, Trieste, and Pola would make Germany impregnable in the Adriatic, and provide a great barrier to England's reign over the Mediterranean. Italy, on the other hand, would be content with Trieste, whilst Austria, having lost its only seaport, would have little use for Pola. Hungary might have a shot for it, with several of the Dalmatian towns, though little Montenegro would probably have something to say. It is obvious that Germany is

to-day the European ogre. In all these differences between nations, Hungary, if well equipped, might play an important part. But Hungarian statesmen must beware even to-day of the flattery of German Chancellors, whose aim is to deceive. There is that in the Hungarian character which is susceptible to apparent kindness and flattery, and the Teuton has already discovered it. Crispi was caught in the toils of it, and men equally vain exist to-day. Andrássy the elder soon played into the hands of the German Foreign Office, and foreign policy along the ages has shaped itself on those lines. Here, then, comes the need of a far-seeing, penetrating, great man.

There is also the Slav with his ambitions. Russia is much too engaged with her internal bothers to worry for years about an extension of her already too large empire in Europe. On the break-up of Austria-Hungary Russia would perhaps be called upon to interfere. In the Dual Monarchy the Slav element predominates. This potent force hates Germany, and under existing conditions is not prepared to be swallowed up by Russia, and by doing this lose all its liberty and free institutions. But, having to choose between Germany and Russia, the Teuton would lose. It is in this direction that I foresee a possibility which ripens to some extent daily. If the existence of Austria-Hungary is a necessity to the balance of power in Europe, then something must take its place, or Europe will topple down. The Slavs of the Dual Monarchy and the Balkans are more aware of all this than comfortable politicians think. It is therefore within the limits of possibility that a new Slav force, united, competent, and strong, may spring into being. The Slavs of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Servia, and

Montenegro might combine, and thus realise their ideal, or at least join together for defence against their common enemy, which would be Germany. Russia would hold a watching brief on behalf of these elements. The Magyars and Italians would also have to be counted against by Germany. Where are the allies of Germany? Her splendid isolation would then merit splendid destruction. The idea of a great Slav nation is as present to-day as when Count Krasinski lectured in England. In 1848 he wrote: "This feeling of nationality has now become stronger and more universal than ever amongst the Slavonians, as well as the belief that one race is destined to assume a position in the world proportionate to its numbers and the extent of its territory. This belief is not founded upon any visionary speculations of imaginative minds, but is the natural result of a dispassionate examination of the present and past history of the Slavonic race. . . . The strong intellectual movement animating all the branches of the Slavonic race is attended by a growing tendency towards a union of all these branches amongst themselves, as well as their separation from nations of a different origin, with whom many Slavonians are now politically united. This tendency is a natural result of an increased communication between the different branches of the Slavonic race, because they have led to the universal recognition of this important fact, that all the Slavonians, notwithstanding the various modifications resulting from the influence of different climes, religions, and forms of government, are in all their essentials one and the same nation, speaking various dialects of the same mother tongue, so nearly connected amongst themselves that the sailors of Ragusa can freely

converse with the fishermen of Archangel, and the inhabitants of Prague as easily communicate with those of Warsaw and Moscow."

This, but to a much larger degree, is true of to-day. Look at another element of this Slav possibility! The Heir-Apparent of the Dual Monarchy is Francis Ferdinand. Students of Austro-Hungarian politics must surely be aware of his Slav proclivities. He is a more clever man than many imagine. Doubtless he has foreseen the hopelessness of resting his hopes upon the German element of the empire-kingdom. He is wise. His wife is a Slav, he speaks a Slav language, and his friends are Slavs. His men are now striding into power. Aerenthal is more Slav than Teuton, and the Heir-Apparent's Christian Socialist friends have a distinct Slav flavour. Is the Austrian Chief-of-Staff pro-German? In both Austria and Hungary he is seeking to capture the Clerical Party. Look at the huge number of important Czechs in the Austrian Clerical Party. He is in favour of a big Slav empire, is fond of Russia, and his aim in founding such an empire would be to combat Emperor William's invasion of the Adriatic and the Balkans. Crown Princes when they assume responsibility change much. These evidences must not be disregarded altogether. The possibility of a new Slav Empire is a great opposing force to the ambitions of the Emperor William. A distinguished writer some few years ago said:—

"It is now more than possible that our science, our civilisation, our great and real advance in the practice of government, are only bringing us nearer to the day when the lower races will predominate in the world, when the higher races will lose their noblest elements,

when we shall ask nothing from the day but to live, nor from the future but that we may not deteriorate."

That day may be nigh at hand, and if one watches the development going on amongst those Slav races of the Balkans it becomes more than evident. There is a revival going on amongst the younger or smaller nations. Look at Bulgaria and its army, Roumania and Servia, Montenegro and its yearning for constitutionalism. Look again at ignored Hungary! What a military front such a multiple alliance could provide! A full realisation of German ambitions, and the hopelessness of Austrian dependence for opinion upon Berlin, will usher in the day of such an alliance, sweeping away with its dawn all the narrow bickerings and petty frontier ambitions which Germany for so long enjoyed watching. In a new Slav nation what niche could be found for Hungary? Here is a problem. Its very language is a barrier. On the other hand, there is little German about the Magyar. Amongst a multiple alliance what position could the Magyars attain to? In political genius they are superior to their neighbours, their territory is larger, their army superior for the most part, their population larger, their education higher, and finally they are nearer the great West. Magyar superiority runs along these lines, and naturally, with such a capital as Budapest, power could well be focused in those marvellous Parliament buildings. All this sounds like ushering in the glorious millennium. To those on the spot watching the grey undercurrent of political opinion, grave and ominous changes are imminent. What form in its initial stages such will take no one can estimate, simply because it is impossible to know what the impressionable Magyar is likely to do next. The

great and enduring future of Hungary depends upon the utilisation of all the forces at present within its grasp. A wresting from Austria of those elements of control and power without which it can never hope to secure its independence, or having it hope to retain it. A recognition of the need of action, and of deeds. That industry and commerce have no less an exalted position than politics. That the great future depends upon the great present more than the glowing past; a future in which every unit of the State, magnate as well as artisan, must contribute his best and most. And that all alien peoples must be taught by extended privileges, by that larger freedom which in giving also receives, and by that due and rightful recognition of nationality, to harmonise, to make for solidarity against, the common enemy not only of the Magyar but of the Slav destiny. Then the so-called Roumanian ambitions on Transylvania, together with the ambitions of Servia and Bulgaria, will vanish in a single night. Upon all these, none of which are impossible, the future of Hungary depends.

"And if it be a dream—
If the great Future be the little Past
'Neath a new mask . . .
Such visions are of morning,
Theirs is no vague forewarning.
The dreams which nations dream come true,
And shape the world anew" (LOWELL)

INDEX

Ada Kaleh, romantic island of, 295
Agricultural Museum unequalled in world, 106
Andrássy, master of constitutional law, 162
Apponyi, his newly won success, 36
—— orator and statesman, 159
"Arad Day," nation's mourning day, 21
Arany, Shakespeare of ballad, 87
Armistice, terms of, 36
Arpád, coming of, 4
"Ausgleich," the famous Compromise, 25
—— and the Delegations, 276

Balassa, his wonderful technique, 131
Balaton, the beauties of, 324
Bánffy is commercial, 163
Báthory, man of exceptional gifts, 173
Batthyány, the martyr, 21
Bela IV. not devoid of qualities, 7
Benczur, leader amongst painters, 98
Bessenyey, appearance of, 132
Bethlen Gábor, his two constant aims, 12
Bocskay, defender of Protestantism, 12
Brassó, prettiest little town, 202
Budapest, the population of, 28
—— its rapid growth, 92
—— its history, 93
—— and art, 97
—— and its coffee-houses, 104
—— best at night, 109
—— the Royal Palace, 113.
—— the police, 118.
Bulla Aurea, Article V. omitted, 6
Bulla Aurea, integral part coronation oath, 7

Capistran, John, marched on Belgrade, 9
Charles Robert of Anjou, an excellent ruler, 8
—— Louis, son of, 8
Charles III., the reign of, 15
Croatia, integral part of Hungary, 5
—— a Slav nation, 222
—— history of, 223
—— Slavonia, its autonomy, 226
—— and the *zadruga*, 229
—— the minstrels of, 232
—— a marriage custom, 234
—— and its costumes, 237
Csárdás, dance of temperament, 214
Csokonai, the lyrist, 68
Csoma and Tibet, 127
Csorba, the road to, 43
Czinka Panna, "Dance of Death," 213

Darányi, a political agriculturist, 163
—— thanks to, 298
Deäk firm and moderate, 149
Debreczen, so-called Kriscana, xvii
—— "City of the Magyars," 66
—— its Petöfi associations, 67
Diploma Leopoldinum, what it was, 175
Dobsina, the ice cavern, 54

Eastern Question, began to disturb Europe, 8
Education, its brilliance, 117
Eger, the brave women of, 334
Election, a country, 152
—— method of polling at, 156

Election, humours of, 158
Endre II., ambition and craft, 6
Endrödi, his *Kurucz* songs, 143
Eötoös, though dead yet speaketh, 138
Erkel and Hungarian opera, 267
Esztergom, its picturesqueness, 286

Fejerváry, socially boycotted, 34
Fiume, Hungary's only bit of sea, 326
—— its quaint streets, 327
—— and the Chioggian fishermen, 328
—— a past and a future, 329

German colonists, why introduced, 7
Gipsies and Joseph II., 206
—— and the Archduke Joseph, 210
—— influence on Kubelik, 218
—— hypnotic influence of music, 220
Gipsy children, enormous number, 53
—— music a speciality, 204
Gladstone, famous Wirral speech, xix
Goldmark, composer of power, 268
Görgei, his despicable act, 20
Günther, a clean reputation, 163
Györ, ancient flavour of, 317

Haynau, the butcher, 21
—— thrashed in London, 22
Herczeg, his clear-cut wit, 144
Hortobágy, magnificent sunrises, 75
House of Habsburg, Hungary's first blood-tax paid, 7
—— succession in the male line, 13
—— succession in the female line, 15
—— dethroned by Hungarian Parliament, 20
Hungarian, a speedy absorbent, 26
—— Parliament cleared, 36
—— roads, 44
—— sport, 120
—— a language of affixes, 126
—— fond of gambling, 244
—— a great smoker, 245
Hungarian love of show, 252
—— music, 256
—— institutions, principle of, 274
—— hemp cultivation, 301
—— viticulture, 304
—— horticulture, 305
—— cattle, 306
—— sericulture, 306
—— horses, 310
—— forestry, 311
—— need is solidarity, 340
—— possibility, 347
Hungary, land of surprises, xvi
—— practically unknown, xvii
—— great sufferer, xvii
—— why misunderstood, xx
—— sentinel of Western civilisation, 8
—— rallying capacity of nation, 13
—— independence of, 14
—— and passive resistance, 24
—— again save Austria, 25
—— agitated, 35
—— and juvenile crime, 60
—— religion in, 122
—— and the Reformation, 130
—— relation to Austria, 272
—— and agriculture, 300
—— the destiny of, 335
—— the aspirations of, 336
—— demands men, 337
Hunyadi, John, his fiery genius, 9
—— the deeds of, 170

"Iron Gates" opened for traffic, 292

Jaák, a really great church, 323
Jew, the ubiquitous, xx
—— and Hungarian commerce, 30
Jókai, the master creator, 138
Joseph, Archduke, compiled czigane dictionary, 212
Joseph, the autocratic, 16
Jósika, founded Hungarian novel, 138
Justh, a powerful man, 156

Kassa, its railway activities, 56
—— and Bocskay, 58
—— magnificent cathedral, 59
Katona, his *Bánk Bán*, 135

Kazan Pass, the grandeur of, 293
Kisfaludy, Alexander, and the sonnet, 133
—— Charles, career assured, 134
Kölcsey, the dreamer, 135
Kolozsvár, the Magyar element in, 180
—— outstanding features of, 182
Könyves Kálmán (Koloman the Studious), 5
Kossuth the eloquent, 17
—— an English speech, 149
—— death of, 150
Kossuth Ferencz, authority on commerce, 162

Ladislaus of Bohemia, a mere shadow, 10
Ladislaus the Saint, in literature, 5
Lajos II., killed retreating, 10
Laski, seeks aid of Sultan, 171
—— rewarded, 172
Leopold I., treatment of Protestants, 13
Leopold II., played at constitutionalism, 16
Liszt lifted up Hungarian music, 264
—— captivated men, 265
—— creator of rhapsody, 266

Madách, *The Tragedy of Man*, 142
Magnates, House of, 164
Magyars, paprika-fed, xvii
—— enjoy retrospect, 1
—— descendants of Scythians, 3
—— superstitious, 42
—— description of, 72
—— and practical joking, 240
—— generosity, 243
Máramaros Sziget, my first play, 85
Maria Theresa and educational reform, 15
Matthias Corvinus, his reign, 9
—— created "Black Band," 10
—— and learning, 129
—— the court of, 130
Mongols overrun the land, 7
Munkácsy's facial repertory, 100

Nagy Enyed, destruction by Wallachs, 191
National Museum of immense interest, 107

Oderberg, xv
Orsova demands attention, 294

Paál, his work remains, 100
Palmerston and Hungary, 18
Parliament, procedure of, 157
—— number of members, 147
—— history of, 148
—— period of, 150
Parliamentary Franchise, nature of, 151
Pest fifty years ago, 30
Petöfi, "Talpra Magyar," 23
—— his poetry, 141
Pozsony, Protestant persecution, 13
—— and Hungarian movements, 282
—— to-day, 283
Pragmatic Sanction, weakness of, 15
—— what it did, 274
Protestants received complete religious freedom, 12
Puszta, helpless on the, 76
—— inhabitants of, 80

Rákóczy, George, man of peace 12
Rákóczy II., his history, 14
Rákosi, Jenö, dramatist and publicist, 145
Reich, most readable of modern writers, 145
Reményi and Brahms, 215
Rónaszék, the salt mines, 83
Rudolf the melancholy, 12
Ruthenians, characteristics of, 88

St. Stephen, Christianising influence, 5
Saxons were fortunate, 199
—— their clergy, 200
Slav, ambitions in Near East, 344
—— possibility, 346
Slovák, the memory of one, 44
—— village, 45
—— home, 46

Slovák, nature of, 46
—— mothers, 49
Sopron, its forgotten past, 319
Szapolyai, heading a movement, 10
—— crowned king, 11
Széchényi, apostle of reform, 17
—— sad end of, 94
—— and navigation scheme, 291
Szeged, capital of the Alföld, 331
Székely, great fresco painter, 99
Széklers claimed nobility, 177
—— origin of, 187
Szinyei-Merse, master of colour, 98

Tátra, those dim grey heights, 40
Temesvár, capital of the Barat, 332
—— and Dózsa, 333
Thököly and the Kurucz, 13
Tinódi, the minstrel, 130
Tisza, Istvan, undoing of his party, 34
—— ability in abundance, 161
Tokay, the vineyards, 64
Tompa and his allegories, 142
Transylvania a separate entity, 166
Transylvania, historical associations, 167
—— city of refuge, 168
—— the Diet of, 175
—— union with Hungary, 178
—— Magyars of, 179
Trencsén and its environs, 47
"Tulip League," boycott of everything Austrian, 35

Vajk, successor of Árpád, 4
Vámbery and Turkish nationality, 3
—— an amazing linguist, 145
Vereczke, pass of, 3
Vörösmarty marks a new era, 136

Wallachs not romanised Dacians, 191
—— their own language, 193
Wekerle and clerical reforms, 28
—— qualities for leadership, 162
Women's work, active, 117

Zágráb surprisingly lively city, 235
Zrinyi, Nicholas, appeared, 11
—— soldier and poet, 132
Zsolnay and art, 325

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
General Literature,	2-22
Ancient Cities,	22
Antiquary's Books,	22
Arden Shakespeare	23
Beginner's Books,	23
Business Books,	23
Byzantine Texts,	24
Churchman's Bible,	24
Churchman's Library,	24
Classical Translations,	24
Classics of Art,	24
Commercial Series,	25
Connoisseur's Library,	25
Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books,	25
Junior Examination Series,	26
Junior School-Books,	27
Leaders of Religion,	27
Library of Devotion,	27
Little Books on Art,	28
Little Galleries,	28
Little Guides,	28
Little Library,	29
Little Quarto Shakespeare,	30
Miniature Library,	30
Oxford Biographies,	30
School Examination Series,	31
School Histories,	31
Simplified French Texts,	31
Standard Library,	31
Textbooks of Science,	32
Textbooks of Technology,	32
Handbooks of Theology,	32
Westminster Commentaries,	32
Fiction,	33-39
Books for Boys and Girls,	39
Novels of Alexandre Dumas,	39
Methuen's Sixpenny Books,	39

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